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THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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VOL. XI.] WAKE FOREST, N. C., OCTOBER, 1891. [NO. 1.

*"ONLY FRIENDS."

"Only Friends," the last words spoken,
"Only Friends," forever last;
Even more, she gives no token
In remembrance of the past.

"Only Friends," it is forever,
Speaks one heart so calmly taking
From the other, loving ever,
All the hope that keeps from breaking.

Now sadly passing out of sight
Going thus for aye apart,
To wander e'er in gloom of night,
I say farewell with breaking heart.

E. T. C.

*From the above it is evident that one of our ex-seniors is already experiencing the "sad realities" of life. We extend to him our deepest sympathies, with the hope that his evident anguish will preserve some guileless youth of '92 from a similar fate.—ED.

THE SCATTERED NATION.

Thebes, Ninevah, and Babylon, covered with the drifting sand or overgrown with thorn and thistle, still preserve on their gloomy walls the memorials of their founders and the deeds of their mighty heroes.

In the gray dawn of creation, while the world was yet fresh from the plastic hand of its maker, their brazen beaks plowed the foaming waves, and their palaces and domes met the gaze of the traveler, while yet afar off, as they reflected the mellow glow of the weary setting sun.

But now, what a scene! O thou corroding hand of Time, how cruel thou art! It is here, "He who runs may read" the lives of dynasties who ruled in the dim twilight of early morn, of long-lost arts that modern civilization has never grasped, and of empires long forgotten, whose ruins are buried beneath the drifting sands of rolling centuries. Here the traveler hears not the busy hum of life, the rippling brooks, and the rustling leaves; but standing with trembling form, wondering over the secrets of buried centuries, he hears nothing but the weird sound of the desert wind. But amid all this desolation, instead of being obliterated by the mailed hand of Father Time, it seems that he has come with the brush to retouch the tints, and to carve deeper the letters that tell of the glory and the grandeur of these proud cities of bygone days.

But I come not to tell of the grandeur and the glory of these once proud cities, but of a people with whom the God of heaven hath communed, and hath preserved as a distinct people for more than four thousand years. A race hoary, yes, white with the frosts of centuries, but possessing that vigor, that individuality of person that characterized them while wearing the shackles of Egyptian bondage.

The gentile may pour forth his soul, poisoned by the prejudice of ages, and heap his anathemas upon the poor Jew's head, but he must remember that this people lived in a high state of civilization among the olive forests and groves of palm by the turbulent waters of the Jordan, rested beneath the cedars of balmy Lebanon, watched their flocks by night on the gentle slopes, or mended their nets on the peaceful waters of Galilee, while your ancestors and mine, clothed in the skin of the wild beast, were spending their miserable lives in the damp, dark caves of northern Europe.

When we glance down the dark meanderings of the stream of Time and see how many nations have been wrecked and been borne by the hearse to the city of the dead, and when we see that the Hebrew has maintained himself against the powers of earth and crumbling age, we are almost ready to exclaim that the fittest do survive. A mighty people in a glorious land! Yes, a land given them as a heritage by the King of Kings, over which the manna of heaven had been scattered and upon which the celestial dews had fallen, whose heaven-favored soil is almost too sacred for the rugged path of man, whose verdant slopes and gentle vales, watered by the sylvan streams, yielded their fruits to gladden

the heart of the weary toiler. O, thou land of love! limpid, sparkling, bounding streams flow forth from thy pure fountains that make glad the city of God. Yes, they are "the chosen people," but their history is filled with many checkered scenes. They have stood still while death seemed to be on every side and waited to see the salvation of the Lord; and they have stood in reverential awe at the base of Sinai's Mount, while the skipping lightning and the roar of the sullen thunder told of the presence of the King of Heaven. They were the chosen of God to be his representative people among the nations of earth, but it took long years of Egyptian bondage and forty years in the desert wild to teach them to obey the oracles of heaven. "The battle and the tented field" made mighty the sword of Gideon, and they were the forge in which they were welded into a great nation. The ark of the covenant was borne in their midst as they went to battle, and as the throbs of the drum and dulcimer rang out upon the still air of twilight from the glittering lines of the Assyrian hosts, clear and shrill the jewish trump would re-echo defiance.

Being the favored sons of heaven, they never sat with folded arms and expected the heavenly manna, but have made the earth yield her fruits and trade her increase in accordance with the heavenly mandate, "In the sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread."

Nothing so elevates, and gives strength and dignity to a people, as that willingness to take hold with coats off and sleeves rolled up, and to cause Nature to yield her gems and man his praises, making merit the criterion and wisdom the pillow of cloud by day and of fire by night—but blasted be forever this broken-down aristocracy which exists but in name; withered be the hand that refuses to labor; silent the poisoned tongue that laughs at honest poverty; and cursed, yes, doubly cursed be the soft brain that never had a manly thought.

But alas! Israel heeded not the warning voice of the prophet, but now lived in luxury and ease—that damnable state that has eaten up the core of so many proud nations. O man, how delusive! The fates lure you on by false hopes, and then destroy you.

They had "line upon line, precept upon precept," but they followed the weird chanting of the siren, and soon caravan after caravan from Solomon's gates was seen wending their way with the wealth of Ophir to swell the coffers of him whose chariot bands had turned up the sacred dust around the temple walls, and like a rolling wave had swept over their purple standards. Judah was not quite destroyed by the King of Ninevah, but e're long, says the historian, the harp of Judah, silent upon the devastated banks of the Jordan, was hung upon the Babylonian willows. Once

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happy maidens sang the songs of Zion beneath the soughing boughs in the wildwood shade, and talked in mellow tones to joyous youth by sparkling brooks; old men and matrons, once happy in the land of their inheritance, whose music would melt on the leaves of palm, would now sit on the banks of the Tigris and weep for Jerusalem until "night's candles" one by one would disappear.

But the sound of revelry was heard by night in the palaces of Ninevah and Babylon, and their destruction was soon decreed by the courts of heaven, and the Jew was once more allowed to return to the land of his love and to rebuild the temple of his God. The Pharaohs of Egypt have published to the world throughout the ages, on obelisk, pyramid and temple-front, the grandeur of an older time; so the monarchs of Ninevah and Babylon have entrusted their glory high on their palaces and domes. Though literature may lose her softer page, these imperishable tablets, blushing with the life-current of a crushed nation, telling of the violence and suffering that the Israelite endured, will defy the rush of oceans. Earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, even the crush of worlds, may come, but amid the wreck a new race of strange beings, while searching for the secrets of a by-gone age, will read the story of the Assyrian kings, whose pearls were the tears of captives and whose crowns were made of the gold of Ophir.

But why want your deeds read in after years, unless read with a blessing? "The stone cries out of the wall and the beam out of the timber shall answer it: Woe to him that buildeth a tower with blood and establisheth a city by iniquity." The exiled Jew, now free from the shackles of bondage, begins to rebuild his temple walls and his lovely city. But alas! how often is our rejoicing turned into weeping! Just as the gods decreed the destruction of proud Illium, just so the edict had gone forth from the heavenly tribunal that Jerusalem should be again razed to the ground, and the Jew, even the chosen of God, should be an outcast and wanderer—that race which lit the beacon fires in the dusky hours of creation, and has kept them burning down through the ages till the star of Bethlehem arose to light up the pathway of the way-worn traveler who might be journeying on to that New Jerusalem, on whose jewelled walls and gates of pearl are engraved in letters of gold the names of those who fought for their king. Gladly do we let the veil fall on the miseries of the past, and shrink from raising it to reveal the cruelty of a modern world. But the end is not yet. The volume is not closed. "While yet the vapors of chaos and confusion wrapped the world in mystery, there went forth from some mysterious spot in Central Asia a race that was, after the lapse of centuries, to make Europe the seat of power and

civilization." The historian says, that upon the night of barbarism there flashed first the splendor of the Hellenic beacon, followed soon by the blaze of Rome, so, in his turn, came the Goth, kindling slow like anthracite; then through long centuries making bright the central plains and islands of the sea, a torch, late, but vivid with promise, shone at last upon the north-eastern steppes. Meanwhile the Atlantic, barren of tempest and surge, was at last broken, and the western world, even to the Ocean of Peace, has become all alight. So the Aryan, with face ever toward the setting sun, has run his flashing series till the West is East again, and the round world is becoming better with his light. It is a tale of conquest never ending, of the spreading of a radiance that never grows dim. The exultant Aryan as he stalks from continent to continent, from island to island and from sea to sea, encounters the Semite from the Syrian hills and the plains of Jericho, marked by the fetters of Egyptian bondage and bleeding under the lash of Babylonian taskmasters. The story is the same. Again and again, being snatched away from his lovely city and the temple of his God, he has been dragged beneath the harrow of invasion. But, thank God, the victory is only superficial. Russian tyranny may grind, the streets may run with blood, but while the mailed hand is about the throat of the victim and the iron knee of the victor is upon his breast, the Semite will appeal to his captor from the depths of his soul to cast away his strange gods and look to one that is mightier. Yes, the dying captive will say: "Ended forever be libation and augury, chant of vestal and the oracular whisper of the sacred oaks. Jupiter and Mars are nothing but phantoms—come kneel at the foot of the cross with thy soul, which has fallen back exhausted from the heights it has endeavored to climb unaided and alone"; and as he closes his eyes and humbly prays as did Elijah of old, he catches the vision of his scattered race—slowly but surely they come up from the north, east, south and west, to dwell once more a united and happy people within the walls of Jerusalem, and the shadows of death, passing for a moment, he penetrates the gloomy mist, through which the thunders roll and the lightnings cut their way, to the dazzling glory of the sun—beyond worlds unknown, even until the splendor of heaven breaks upon his vision and he beholds the New Jerusalem, and the uplifted gates through which the blessings of heaven flow, and standing there in reverential awe he hears that grand anthem as it rolls over the jewelled walls, "Lift up your heads O ye gates, and be ye lifted up ye everlasting doors and let the King of glory come in."

ROBERT. N. COOK.

OUR COLLEGES—THEIR WORK.

There is no institution established in the world that does not possess a greater or less influence for good or evil.

There are many institutions and organizations which are, perhaps, almost entirely productive of evil. Even our best institutions have doubtless some tendencies which are not for the highest good.

There are, however, institutions which, although they may have some little harmful influence, still perform a work, the results of which lead to a vast amount of good. Such our colleges may be termed.

It is sometimes the case that a college gives greater influence to a man whose power in the world leads to much evil, but with pleasure it is to be said that a large proportion of young men and women, whose influence is enlarged by college training, make society purer, and the world better by their lives.

Take a young man of an honest, upright character, and some natural ability, and it is astonishing how so short a course in college will start him on a career of power and usefulness.

There are four things that may be seen in the work of a good college.

First, it draws to it the youth, the rising power of our country, and especially the youth of the more immediate section. To-day Chapel Hill, Trinity, Davidson, Wake Forest, and the female colleges of the State, are drawing to them the boys and girls of North Carolina and adjoining sections of country; so likewise the colleges of other States are drawing to them the young aspirants for knowledge from their immediate sections.

True, there may be some students from distant points, but almost every college receives the large majority of its students from within a short distance, and exerts its influence more largely in elevating those who immediately surround it.

In the next place, college training elevates these students to a higher and broader plane of influence. So that when a boy or girl has taken a course at college, much more is expected of him, and what he says or does is valued by the communities in which he lives much more than it would otherwise have been.

Again, we notice that this process of elevating their influence is carried on very hurriedly, and what is done in this direction is accomplished in from three to six years, so that the course received by students at college is a constant rushing forward, impelled by the influnce of scholarly and strong-minded men, through the means of well selected text-books, and in a short time they have received

that training which will introduce them into good positions—positions all over our land which will afford them the opportunity of doing well themselves, and of being a blessing to humanity.

This leads us to observe, lastly, that the college, after giving to students this blessing, then gives them back to the world to be more widely dispersed among the nations, and to exert a far greater influence than would have been possible without this training.

Doubtless the whirlwind is a good illustration of what is intended to be expressed here; for as the whirlwind draws within its power those leaves and particles of trash which are near around, and rapidly lifts them to a higher plane, then scatters them over a much broader space, so the college brings in the young from their immediate vicinity around, and in a little time elevates them above their former level, and then more widely disperses them over the world. There is one difference, however, the leaves and particles of trash are passive in the whirlwind, while the boys and girls are active under the influences of college training, and their influence after they are sent into the world depends greatly upon themselves as to how they are subject to this power.

We see, therefore, that it is largely due to the work of our colleges that the world is being supplied with young men and women who will prove themselves to be valiant soldiers in the great struggle against idleness, ignorance and superstition.

Thus the colleges are doing a work for which they deserve the support and hearty co-operation of all our people. Therefore, let parents and guardians remember that the colleges are not simply money traps, but that they always give back to the world more than they receive from it. Let them remember, also, that they owe it to the world that those who are entrusted to their care shall receive the best possible training for lives of usefulness in the interests of their fellow-countrymen and the generations who shall come after them.

The colleges, seeing this weight of responsibility resting upon the parents of our land, reach out the hand of assistance, and say: "We will help you in this great work, and with your co-operation and support we will together send out those influences, which, like the warm, enlivening rays of the sun, will melt away the ice and chill of ignorance, and cause all lands to bloom with the fragrant flowers of knowledge and prosperity, and the united voices of happy and progressive nations to drive away despondency and sadness, and fill the homes of earth's millions with gladness and hope."

I. T. NEWTON.

THEY WANTED A KING.

In a distant land of the Orient long years ago the people's prophet had grown old; he had been his nation's strength and ruled it well, but the great oak was bending beneath the winds of many seasons and the frost of many winters was on his brow. He abdicated his government and placed it in the hands of his sons. But they followed not in the footsteps of their father, but heeded the voice of self-aggrandizement. Soon the people grew tired of this system, and approached the prophet and demanded of him a king. Jehovah ordered that a king be anointed, but that they be warned that they were deserting Him; that their new king would enslave them, that their sons and daughters would become servants and hirelings; but they heard not the words of warning. And thus what we often pray for and demand becomes a curse. The greatest gift the worst evil. In the days when Zeus reigned on the Olympian Mount there was strife between him and men. He deprived them of fire, but wily Prometheus stealthily entered the halls of Zeus and brought fire down from Heaven. When Prometheus for this crime was bound on the crags of the Caucasus and was enduring the unutterable anguish of the vulture's gnawing, he told his people to accept no gift from the gods. But Zeus was not to be surpassed in cunning, so he had fashioned a beautiful woman. Athene clothed her in a beautiful robe and placed a jewelled crown upon her brow, and said to the people, "Ye toil hard, ye children of men; behold one who shall cheer you when the hours of toil are ended. The undying gods have pity on you and offer this gift; hence is her name Pandora." Then the people forgot the warning of Prometheus, accepted the gift and made obeisance to the gods, for the beauty of Pandora enslaved the hearts of all. But not long did they rejoice in their possession, for in the room she saw a great chest and lifted the lid, and from it came strife and woe, plague and sickness, theft and violence, grief and sorrow. Then in terror she put the lid down and Hope was shut within, so that it could not comfort the race of mortals from the evil thought.

And though to-day we approach no Samuel and beg a king, though there is no Zeus to send us disguised curses, we have the great masses of the people who are sovereigns instead, and to them is the appeal made, those who in high places of church and State offer us modern Pandora. The world seems determined to accept them. This is a fast and fickle age; to become prominent and noted, you must tear down, be an advanced thinker, live abreast of the age, be sensational.

The man of popularity to-day is not the man who toils faithfully in the old approved way, but he who conjectures new plans and systems, who can face the multitude and abuse them. We call that man *courageous*, but to my mind it is not true courage. He knows well enough that such will gain him followers, for men will say, "Well, we do not agree with him, but we admire his courage."

In my estimation it requires a truer courage to enter the highways and compel men to come in than to stand on the street corners and invite them; more courage to speak the simple gospel of truth to the hungry, ignorant multitude, than to hurl vituperations against men in high places; more courage to give a penny to blind Bartimeus by the wayside than to attend charity balls. The truest hero is that man who, knowing that he can stand laurel-crowned among the potentates of earth, yet willingly spends his days with the meek and lowly. True heroism and devotion to a cause are as rare as golden gems. In God's workshop there is no more cunning workmanship than the disinterested man; rarely is done a worthy deed without a single thought of fame.

Great risks are run, great dangers encountered, because—

"There is something of pride in the perilous hour,
What'er be the shape in which death may lower,
For Fame is there to tell who bleeds
And honor's eyes are doing deeds."

I read with pleasure the deeds of Hector around the walls of Troy, but I always remember that the eyes of his Andromache were resting upon him.

The story of wily Ulysses is charming, but he knew while in the midst of the toils of Circe and in the cave of Polyphemus, that way across the dreary waters in rocky Ithaca his faithful Penelope was still weaving; Achilles sulked in his tent by the sounding sea-shore because the eyes of the fair Briseis followed him not in battle.

At the present time there is a striking analogy between the condition of the state of Israel and our own country. True, they do not demand a king, but other questions, fraught with more importance than royalty, are demanded. It is well to examine them thoroughly, for on your shoulders and on mine will fall the great responsibility. The tourist searching amid the ruins of Pompeii sees nothing magnificent and beautiful; but the guide goes down upon his knees, and with a few strokes of his hand brushes away the ashes and cinders and there appears on the tessellated floor the fierce glare of the wild Numidian lion. So ought each of us on bended knee to brush off the dust and cobwebs that have accumulated on the world's great questions, and see where the truth really lies. Oftentimes the mist and fog are so thick above the river Thames that the city of London

is obscured. Thus frequently does the mist of agitation grow so thick and dark that the real question is lost to sight and to memory. Simply to agitate is very easy, to stir up the minds of the people is a simple task, the least pebble cast into a great ocean will disturb its slumbers. To agitate without advising only begets discontent and dissatisfaction. Who pictures the horrors of death and offers no escape makes the burden heavier.

Men are turning their backs on old customs and rites and ceremonies. To my mind there is no sadder scene in all history than when Moses, returning from the summit of the mountain, looked down into the valley and saw the white tents of Israel stretched before him, but in the centre stood the golden calf. The men whom he had led from Egypt, with whom he had fled from Pharoah and his army, had deserted his God and returned to the idols of Egypt. 'Twas love's labor lost; the hands in the great clock of time were turned back and how woeful was the penalty. And so oftimes it is that when we think we have done some noble work we have only begun; the mountain top may almost be reached when a false step may send us far back and down. A political party may be almost in reach of the goal for which it has labored many years, when some new move may thwart its best laid schemes, the work of days is undone, the fabric is unravelled, and like the web of Penelope it must be woven again and again.

'Twas the close of a summer's evening, the long shadows were falling across the plains and the valleys were growing dark. A weary exile, far from the land of his birth, lonely and disconsolate, was seated on one of the hills of ancient Hellas. His mind reverted to former days and former deeds, and he tuned his harp and sang:

"I looked on Marathon, and Marathon looked on the sea,
And I sat and mused an hour how Greece might yet be free."

Spread out before him lay the arena where the battle of the world was fought, where Western civilization triumphed over Eastern barbarism, where the valor of Miltiades lighted the fire of ages. But all was changed; no longer stood the citadels of freedom, the soldier no longer guarded the sleeping army, but a barbarian race offered sacrifices in their holy places; and thus it is that the arenas of the world's greatest struggle lose their prestige. Persia, where Darius and his satraps held their court, the scenes of magnificent splendor and enormous wealth, is to-day a dreary, sandy waste; the hills of Judea, that once bloomed as a rose and flowed with milk and honey, present to-day a barren, sterile landscape. And what is the cause? The blight of Moslemism holds them steeped in darkest ignorance.

Tennyson tells us very beautifully the story of the lotus-eaters. For ten years Ulysses and his followers had fought against Priam, and the walls of Ilium had fallen. They drew their ship into the sea; with shouts of joy they took up their long oars to sail to their distant island home. For many days they went toward the land of the setting sun, till a mighty wind blew them to a strange country. Fair indeed it was; the sun looked down from a cloudless sky, fruits and flowers covered the laughing earth, far away beyond the lotus plains rose the blue hills in a dreary haze, the lagging waves lazily slept on the shore. Ulysses bade his companions learn the name of the island and its people. They went ashore; saw men and fair maidens feasting under the trees on rosy fruits; they ate of the fruit and drank of the water; a strange, sweet spell came o'er them; they forgot their distant land and homes, faded the recollection of rocky Ithaca. And so it has been with every nation that drinks of the water and eats of the fruit of Moslemism. They lose their manhood; their efforts cease; a strange spell, a terrible languor comes over their limbs. There are men to-day, who, well armed for the conflict of life, dream their lives away in sweet forgetfulness. But such must not always be. The day is coming when the vultures will devour the last remains of a rotten Turkish government, and the nations that are now bound by the spells of lotus-eaters will take up their oars again and perform God's intended mission.

There is agitation in everything. Every profession and industry is making its demands. Some are wise, some are foolish. The church cries heresy, and the reply is toleration; the church is betrayed from within and besieged from without; government is shaken by becoming the contention of partisans and becomes the prey of spoilsmen; class legislation is demanded and secured; there are too many men "who bend the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning."

There is in India a serpent that always carries with it a stone; this at night emits a radiance that attracts insects, and thus it secures its food. So there are men in church who are always propounding new doctrine, in government new theories, to catch the people's fancy, and sharp must be the eye that mistakes not the glittering stone for the diamond.

I believe in progress, in letting the old pass away when it has fulfilled its mission but I "had rather bear those ills we have than fly to others we know not of."

But there are great and eternal principles that will forever stand. All the wild vagaries of petty reformers cannot shake the truths of revelation; the foul realism of Zola will never undermine the citadel where float the banners of Shakespeare and

Scott; the foul contagion that may arise from the garbage that has been scattered over the country in the last few years cannot contaminate the purer principles of Thomas Jefferson. This rock of Gibraltar will stand firm against the waves of the Mediterranean and the billows of the Atlantic; it is the people's ark of the covenant; the world's great questions must be fought out on these principles, and may not one of them fail, may there be no lost star in that Pleiades, may none in that galaxy grow dim, may that emblem of democracy move on and wave forever, but if ever it should wave in an unjust cause, then, Oh! God, reach forth thy great right hand and take back those stars to Heaven.

While great political questions are agitating the people, and the war of heresy disturbs the tranquility of the church, the country demands the true citizen, the true man and the true woman. That woman who instills noble impulses into the mind of the child lights a holier fire than any vestal virgin ever guarded on Roman altars; that man who kindles the fire of noble patriotism and manly virtue, burns sweeter incense to liberty than ever rose from Jerusalem's sacred temple. The brightest jewel in creation's crown is the man, the true citizen.

Mr. Talmage, in his usual sky-sweeping style, said, in his eulogy on Mr. Sherman, that "the great spirit of the age had taken its flight." Though Mr. Talmage may say it, and his great congregation utter an amen to it, I do not believe it. I do not believe that the greatest spirit that the great God in Heaven can make can only lead bloody armies to burn the unprotected homes of unprotected women and children, but prefer to believe that far from the busiest haunts of man and the great highways of life, in some little hut on some lonely mountain side, unseen by the gaze of the world, live the great spirits of the age.

I have seen the headlight of the engine as it came dashing along at midnight, heedless of danger and fearless of opposition, casting its wild glare into the inky darkness, and I thought it was grand. I have seen the great vessel with its long waving streamer and its huge volume of smoke move across the long rolling billows, and it seemed grand. I have seen the lambent lightning play trippingly across the dark heavens and light up the chaotic clouds with a wild weird splendor, and it seemed grand. I have seen "the rosy-fingered dawn," daughter of the morning, stand tip-toe on the misty mountain and change each tiny dew drop into a diamond, and I felt it was grand. But when I see the light of God's sun shedding its beams upon an honest man, with honor enshrined in his heart and truth on his brow, true to himself, his country and his God, then I know that it is grand, for an honest man is the crowning work of God, and "though clad in simple Lincoln green, Snowdon's knight can be Scotland's king."

THROUGH MEXICO.

SALTILLO TO GUADALAJURA.

If the south-bound train had not been late that July morning, we would have had to spend still another painful day amid the dry heat and dust of Saltillo. As it was, we had ample time to arrange for tickets and overweight of baggage, though the good-byes and "last things" had detained us at the Madero Institute until actual train-time.

As we slowly steamed from the station I lay upon the Pullman cushions, as comfortable as possible under the circumstances—the circumstances adverse, being rheumatic and sciatic pains consigned to a journey of thirty-three hours, fierce throbs of agony, intolerable stiffness and consequent crossness; the circumstances propitious, a Pullman to ourselves and three pleasant companions, not to speak of the sweet, brown-eyed baby. Our party consisted of Mr. W. D. Powell of the Baptist Mission, a Lieutenant of the U. S. Army, his wife and baby John, and the rheumatic one.

The battle-ground of Buena Vista, a few miles out from Saltillo, first called our attention, with its cañons, its one historic tree, its hills and defiles, and the space in which Lee formed his famous V. The train passed these points all too quickly, although the rate was slow, as the road climbs toward the higher table-land. It was a mid-summer day, yet so cool at the height of six thousand feet that we kept the windows closed and traveled on through the cactus-plain, free from dust and cinders. Lifting the curtain every now and then on my "sunny side," I watched the fleecy clouds sailing across the blue heavens above, and the fleecy herds below, scampering over the meadows, shouldering and pushing each other out of the way, as we hissed and steamed along among them, while the wide-eyed shepherd watched us dubiously from beneath his tattered *sombrero.*

As we skirted the lonesome country road at one point, Mr. Powell showed us the deep holes in the hill-side, like deserted quarries, into which, a few years ago, before the railroad was brought through, the robbers which infested it would throw the dead bodies of their victims, and we saw the spot where he had been accosted by two robbers in disguise, as he rode along one day, with his attendant a mile or two behind him, on the road. The usual plan adopted by robbers seems to have been, that while one pretended to be lying sick by the road-side, doubled up and groaning with

pain, another would address the traveler, begging aid for the sick man, their weapons being concealed by their blankets. During the parley the sufferer would recover suddenly and the tables be turned, with the most disastrous results to the purse and life of the traveler. This game was attempted with Mr. Powell, and only his *sang-froid* and his pistol saved him, though he had but to show the latter as they stopped him, and continue showing it as he rode away from them. His attendant met the two would-be robbers a little later on, the sick man and his companion, striding on with their carbines over their shoulders. Surely God still preserves his own!

A little further on we passed the *adobe* village, the headquarters of the robber-bands. It is said there is not a man fully grown in that village who has not killed his man—a father, brother, or some wayfarer. When the railroad came along the company passed the village by, though the houses lie along the track, and quietly placed their neat, stone cottages a few hundred yards beyond.

Soon we reached the estates of ex-Governor Bustamarte, of San Luis, who is a warm friend of Mr. Powell. He lives with his charming family in the midst of his *hacienda*, and gives a welcome, and room and lights for worship to our missionary whenever he stops off there for preaching.

Catorce was reached about noon—not the city, which is built on the top of a mountain, "like a nest upon the crest," eight miles from the railroad—but the station, where an excellent dinner refreshed the party, the writer, however, keeping to her cushions. That mountain town is a wonder. If you will excuse it, I will copy a few lines from the guide-book: "Silver was discovered here about 1780; ore of fabulous richness was found, and the records show that for more than thirty years, commencing with 1790, the value of the out-put amounted to over three million dollars annually. * * Here are found the customs of Mexico in their purity, unaffected by the influence of the stranger. Difficult of access, the town can only be reached by horse-back or on foot. Catorce has seldom been visited by any except those making business trips. The ride up the mountains into the town is something, once accomplished, always to be remembered, partly from its element of personal peril, but more from the beauty of the landscape at every turn. Glancing down as you near your journey's end, you catch the gleams of the white walls of the town of Los Catorce outlined against the green of the mountain-side. Thousands of feet below shimmer the waters of a mountain lake. The shifting coloring of the mountains, as light and shade chase each other over this rugged expanse, the browns and greens of the valley far below, and the hills in the hazy distance, are

'beautiful exceedingly.' The Real de Catorce (the city) is built on the side of a ravine near the top of the range, and has a varying population of from eight to twenty thousand, as the mines are paying well or poorly. Catorce has a fine cathedral and a pretty *plaza*, the only level spot in the place. To use a railroad phrase, it is a combination of a cut and a fill, so that to tumble into it on one side or out on the other would be extremely disastrous. The streets are neatly paved, and run up and down hill, many of them at an angle of forty-five degrees. It is said the echo of the roll of a carriage-wheel was never heard in the city; yet there are pianos in the town, which have been carried thither by the sure-footed little *burro!*"

Towards sunset we reached the large and beautiful city of San Luis Potosi, with its elegant brown-stone railroad house and grand domes and spires. We all went in to supper, while the cold wind swept the open *plaza* and dark, driving clouds reminded one of November.

In the car again, descending now toward Celaya, the lowest point on the road; it began to rain, and we rushed on through the darkness and wet for six hours more. The lamps were lighted and the baby slept, because *he* did not know that he was to get up and hurry out into the damp night at 12 o'clock, and so found no difficulty in composing himself.

We reached Celaya at midnight, and putting on all the wraps we could command—some of us had expected a tropical day's travel—we stepped from the train into a street car. For, at Celaya, the Mexican Central R. R. crosses the National, and we were to take the former at day-break. The big trunk was lifted upon the car and the little mule trotted us off up town to our hotel, which proved, after several moments of earnest confabulation between the porter and Mr. Powell, not to be our hotel at all, as there were but two rooms vacant. We had passed all the others coming up, but with true Mexican patience, the mule was transferred to the other end of the car, and we entered and were trotted back. Nor did the next prove to be our hotel, for here there was even less room, though I must say that the Mexicans could not understand why such a small party should need so much room! Finally we were successful, and leaving the trunk on the car—I have no idea where it passed the night—we entered the hallway of a queer-looking place. A huge coach nearly filled the space, but an antique stone stairway led upward, promising better things. We do not have stairways in Saltillo and the climb, consequently, was a sensation to stiffened limbs, but the sight presented at the top was a diversion. The keeper of the house met us. Thought I to myself, "You have either come out of a book or ought to go into one, on the spot!" He

was fat and old and grizzled, and dressed in his night-clothes, having just arisen from his bed at the head of the stairs. There lay his wife asleep; the bed, a mat upon the brick pavement, and his little calico pillow vacant beside hers. We were shown a large musty room with a window opening upon the street, which was soon occupied by the military part of us. The rest were assigned to two tiny rooms without windows. Tired as I was, I sat in a rickety chair and laughed as the old gentleman carefully made my bed, his red flannel shirt, loose white trousers and intent old face seeming comically out of place about a housemaid's duties.

I had to retire with my door upon the corridor left open, as not a breath of air entered otherwise, and the night was hot and close in Celaya. This fact and the hard bed and the noisy horses in the stable directly below my room effectually banished sleep, even during the few hours granted us for rest. In the gray of the morning when we met again, I found that I had fared no worse than the others, rather better in fact, as they had had to pay a double price for their balcony looking upon the alley!

The street car again, a tiresome waiting in the depot, a sleepy examination of opals in the dim light, while the opal vender tried not to scorch our eyelids with his lighted matches, and as the day broke we left Celaya for Irapuato.

An hour's ride brought us to Irapuato and breakfast. We were hungry enough to enjoy the tender steak, potatoes and strong coffee. Irapuato is noted for its strawberries, which can be had any day in the year. We bought a basket containing four or five quarts for twelve cents, and there were scores of such baskets. The natives have queer, ingenious little toys for sale at the station, and I wish I could picture, in all its vivid coloring of coffee-colored complexions, scarlet scarfs, blue shawls and crimson fruit, the scene just before the train started for the west. As we stood on the platform of the car a struggling crowd of men, women and children massed about the steps holding up their wares and screaming vociferously. Great bunches of tuberoses perfumed the air and were to be had for a few cents, the baskets of ripe, red strawberries, pretty stained baskets of every shape and color, tiny baskets as large as a thimble but perfectly finished, little *sombreros* and toy imitations of house-keeping utensils were offered for a song. Soon the first-class car was perfumed with our limes and strawberries and we began the last stretch of rail that intervened between Irapuato and Guadalajara.

We were now entering a region of such greenness and vegetation as gladdened my eyes, long-used to the dry, dreary plains around Saltillo, where there had been no rain for months. Here there were gushing

waters, miniature lakes, great fields of grain, leafy trees and vines and flowers everywhere. All day I lay, with the balmy air rushing over my face, watching the exquisite pictures hurrying by, framed by the car windows, not caring to read or talk to anyone. Stretching from the railroad down to the very banks of the great river of Santiago were immense fields of corn, the second crop, I was told. The brilliant orange-colored flower of the parasitical *ingerto* gave variety to the steady green of the groves, and the sleek cattle stood knee-deep in the luscious grass, looking *so* satisfied, in contrast to the great eager-eyed creatures seen on the plains of Northern Mexico, searching among the dry tufts of grass for a tempting blade here and there.

The family groups portrayed as we rushed swiftly by an *adobe* hovel by the roadside were often picturesquely comical. Lying close up against the sun-warmed wall the pig of the family lay, protected, perhaps, by a shed wreathed with morning-glory vines. The hovel itself, often caving in and roofed with an old mat, was sure to have flowers about the door, flaunting dahlias, delicate balsams and sturdy tree-like geraniums. The brown babies gathered about the door, clothed mostly in Nature's adornment, signed *adios!* as we whirled past, showing the whitest of pearly teeth in response to our hurried salutations, while the mothers washed or grinned on undisturbed by the imminent danger into which their unsuspecting offspring might tumble or crawl at any moment.

The houses of the land-owners were substantially built and well roofed with red tiles, and I saw the familiar old well-sweep in the corrals, for the watering of the cattle. The rich loam of the fields was of an inky blackness, and half-naked men were at work with hoe or plow preparing for new crops. The old plow, "a crooked stick," was worked side by side with that of the most improved pattern. Once I saw "somebody's improved wheeled machine for something," abandoned and rotting in the midst of a field. I have seen such before, in other climes.

I missed the whirring pine forests of our Old North State, as we left mile upon mile of our long day's travel behind us, but I was consoled by the evergreen freshness of the whole country. Ferns reached up to the very summits of the lofty hills, the latter seemingly divided into patchwork squares by the straight stone-fences climbing and crossing them. Everywhere the neat, substantial cottages of the railway buildings showed the progress of Northern civilization in the country. In one word, I seemed to have found something which is never known in Saltillo and which for two years I had lived without, namely, a vivid springtime, and July! The temperature of

the table-land about Saltillo is that of an eternal fall, until the winter winds sweep down from the mountains.

Soon after the domes and towers of Guadalajara hove in sight across the wide fertile plain, we gathered up basket, bundle and baby and left the train with a refreshing memory of our day's ride through the highlands of the Tropics.

JANIE P. DUGGAN.

GUADALAJARA, MEXICO.

LINES. *

"If in realms of highest fancy
Or bewitching necromancy,"
Or in dreams, or wildest vision,
Or in wanderings Elysian,
I had sought to find the purest
Likeness, or the most demurest —
If in all this broad, wide nation
I had sought delineation
Of you two, so debonair,
With your lovely, twisted hair
Perched upon your arched brow —
Ah! methinks I see you now —
I had failed to find a semblance
Of you two, which in resemblance
Would come nearer like the real,
Would be nearer the ideal,
Than the miniature before me.

If to me there had been given
Every pigment under Heaven —
All the ochres and burnt umber,
All the violets without number,
Every orange, brown, and yellow,
All the flesh-tints, soft and mellow;
Then, if I had been so gifted —
Out of my old dead self lifted —
That I were Fra Angelico
Toiling in the old San Marco,
Or if, forsooth, a Donatello,
Or the goldsmith, Botticello,
Then, with brush in hand, and mixed,
Of each paint the best elixir,
I'd undertake the order given
Unto me, of all 'neath Heaven,
That upon the canvas I should paint
A likeness of you two so quaint
That all men looking thereupon
Should know 't was you two I had done,
Although I'd have so much to choose from,
Although I'd have so much to use from,
The subject's self would be so high,
As painting the picture I would try,
That the whole would then be such a rout
As fit only to be cast out,
And trod upon by all.

Then if, instead of brush and palette,
I should handle sculptor's mallet,
And with the marble set before me,
E'en Phidias' inspiration o'er me,
I must obey the same injunction —
What need to me were Angelo's unction?
The marble I would make so jagged,
The marble I would make so ragged,
That jockeys could claim it for their own,
To have it for their mounting-stone,
So miserably would I fail.

O ye Graces, swift and airy!
O, thou queen of every fairy!
Why didst give to these so well?
Why to them the bosom's swell?
Why to these two all your charms?
Why to them the snow-white arms?

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* Written by a Junior, acknowledging the receipt of a photograph of two lady friends.

Why to them that nameless grace
Which sits enthroned on sweetest face?
Enough! the answer will not come;
Fair Gloriana's mouth is dumb;
Euphrosyne, Aglaia, tell us nought,
Nor does Thalia tell us aught;
Their reasons they will ne'er unfold,
But keep them as their own.

So, with your inspiration o'er me,
Now here I sit with you before me —
Not you, 'tis true, in flesh and blood,
But likeness taken in kindliest mood;
Not you, with swiftly-beating heart,
But likeness taken by artist's art.
And as I sit, and look, and think,
I let my burdened memory sink —
Sink back upon the years gone by —
The time has sped so speedily! —
Sink back upon the lapse of years —
The time that's hallowed by sweet tears;
Sink back upon each passing mile —
Each one is brightened by a smile;
Sink back upon the time that's passed
And gone forever!

But let's into the future look!
For that's the material for our book
Which we must bring to judge at last,
When life's dark, murky vale is passed.
So let's into the future look,
And search into each hidden nook.
What lot must I now wish for you —
What blessing hope now for you two?
Alas! I know not what to choose;
I know not what you best could use;
But knowing how you've come thus far
I know you will not lightly mar
The picture you are making.

WILLIAM EDGAR.

EDITORIAL.

"VOS SALUTAMUS!"

With faltering hand '92 takes up the pen which '91 has but lately laid aside, and, with mingled feelings of hope and dread, launches forth upon the untried waters of journalism. With the present issue THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT enters upon the eleventh year of an uninterrupted course of prosperity. For ten long years it has resisted the adversities of energetic foes and inactive friends, and now, under the guidance of a new and, as yet, unsophisticated staff, it seeks to add another volume to its former trophies, and to maintain its reputation as the peer of any magazine within the realms of Southern college journalism. Whether this object shall be attained will depend in a great measure, perhaps almost entirely, on the support which it receives from the student-body and alumni of the institution. From the first of these we look for the material with which to make THE STUDENT what it should be—a model college magazine. Though no standard of excellence has yet been erected to guide the weary editor in fulfilling the true functions of a college journal, we believe that the one most nearly approaching the ideal is that which represents the tone and spirit of the institution from which it comes. We believe that one error of the college press to-day is the sacrifice of home productions to the excellence of foreign merit. We deem the college magazine to be the proper sphere in which the "young idea" should be "taught to shoot," the training school to fit the youthful mind for life's great arena. Hence, it is to the college student that we look for material to fill these pages. On him rests the duty of maintaining the standard of excellence which preceding years have secured. Gentlemen, take pride in your magazine! Believe in your magazine! And lend your aid in making it worthy of the institution from which it comes.

But to the Alumni Association there remains another duty. Kind words alone will not suffice. Without means we are powerless. We believe that every true son of his Alma Mater will give his support to the magazine which represents her interests. Without your patronage we can do nothing. With it we can and will preserve the standard which our predecessors have erected. And now on this the threshold of our journalistic career, we would pause to bid farewell to the outgoing staff, with the hope

that when it shall become our turn to close the volume of our writings, it may be with the knowledge that the success which crowned their efforts has not suffered at our hands. The future, with its possibilities, with its realities, lies before us, and with the prayer that the mantle of our predecessors may fall on our unworthy shoulders, the present staff consigns itself to the mercy of an indulgent public. W. W. V.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

He who enters a large library for the first time finds himself bewildered when he begins to consider that, of the thousands of volumes before him, he can read but very few, not more than a few hundred in the whole course of his life. With the masterpieces of all ages in all departments of literature, crowding the shelves and inviting his perusal, he is like a child in some vast flower garden who, although he wishes he could pluck every flower in view, yet for a moment stands hesitating, not knowing where to begin. And to follow the figure further, many thoughtlessly seek the brilliant pansies which fade in an hour, and leave the roses and lilies untouched. To such the following suggestions may not be amiss:

In the first place, it will be found that books, to occasion pleasure to the reader, must be such as he can readily understand. The average student, on entering college, would hardly be profited by reading Pascal's Thoughts or Amiel's Journal, and would certainly fail to duly appreciate their beauties.

History is an excellent thing with which to begin. Every one not familiar with it could not do better than read a history of the world; indeed, a close acquaintance with the principal facts of history is indispensable to him who would read with enjoyment any other book. In his subsequent course of reading it casts its light over the way and discovers to him, at every turn, some old friend clothed, it may be, in the most beautiful garb of poetry, or the finest apparel of prose. No longer a mere compilation of facts, histories are written in elegant idiomatic language, so that the reader will acquire with his knowledge of events a taste for good literature.

It is well, also, to be informed as to mythology. That of the Greeks and Romans is generally known, but the traditions of the Norse and Scandinavians are read by very few; yet they are, in all respects, as interesting and frequent reference is made to them in current literature, a fact which renders a knowledge of them very valuable. Besides, it must delight everyone to know what were the religious beliefs of his ancestors of two thousand years ago, and what fairy tales they told around their evening fires.

Not many find time to read poetry—it soon grows distasteful. Perhaps

the reason for this is that the mere rhymer, from his want of sentiment, wearies the reader, while the true poet requires careful study to be appreciated; every sentence, every word, every syllable must be understood. Nothing short of this will enable us to discover the poet's full meaning and enter into his spirit. No one, however, should think of leaving Shakespeare unread, and sometimes, when weary from other work, it will be found a pleasant recreation to read some of the sweet songs of Robert Burns or the elegant lines of Goldsmith.

As to novel-reading—and by novel in this sense are meant both novel and romance—much has been said for and against, but it is now generally conceded by all capable of expressing an intelligent opinion that it is not to be condemned, but rather to be approved. The sensational stories with which the country is flooded should not be touched. Nothing is doing more to debase public morals and destroy a taste for wholesome literature than this pernicious trash. It is said that Napoleon once, finding a maid of honor in his palace, reading a novel of this class, took it away from her, lectured her soundly, and threw it into the fire—a fitting place for the whole class. But no branch of literature is more suitable for general perusal than the fiction of the higher order. Disdaining to degrade their talents by writing wild tales of revenge, such as the Count of Monte Cristo, the English novelists, true to the characteristics of the people which produced them, have been honest in their portrayal of life and manners. The result is that the English have a prose fiction, pure in its tone, free from vulgarity and sentimentality, full of pathos, wit and humor, abounding in an infinite variety of types, towering as high among the novels and romances of other languages as does our Shakespeare among their dramatists. Its perusal can result in no harm to the reader; it gives him a wider and more accurate knowledge of men and things than he possessed before, and sets him to thinking of questions of social and political economy of which he had never dreamed, kindling in him a desire for knowing more of these things, which may never be satisfied until it has consumed many volumes of such writers as John Stuart Mill and Charles Kingsley. So that, while novel-reading is a pleasant recreation, it is also a great educational instrumentality—second, perhaps, only to the newspaper.

Every one with books at his command, especially the college student, should, every day, devote some time to reading. Four years converse with the greatest minds the world has ever known will improve and refine as no amount of regular study will do. Many who have graduated from this and other colleges will say this is true. GEORGE W. PASCHAL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

With the death of the man whose name heads this article passed away the greatest literary man of his age. His place in literature has not only been recognized by Americans, but also by the highest English authority. His life will ever stand as a good example for all those who strive to rise above mediocrity in all things which constitute the Christian gentleman and the scholar. His character as a Christian has never been assailed. His ability as a scholar of no small renown, as a poet of the highest order, as a critic of the first distinction, and his position among the foremost men of letters of both England and America, which has been accorded him by common consent, have not been questioned. Descended from a long line of eminent ancestry, distinguished for their wisdom and piety, he inherited the best of all their good qualities, and although the son of a minister, his whole life has been an argument against the sneer about "ministers' sons."

Mr. Lowell was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, when it was nothing but a small country village. His father, who was a Utilitarian minister, was known throughout New England for his learning and the depth of his religious feeling. All his genealogy, which can be traced back to the time when the Mayflower landed her cargo of pious Puritans on Massachusetts soil, were men of renown, his grandfather being a Judge and very prominent among the learned men of his day. Coming thus from a stock of scholarly men, and being surrounded from his earliest youth by the literary influence of cultured Boston, the tendency of his mind was naturally towards a literary career. Being exceptionally precocious, he entered Harvard College at the age of sixteen, and three years later graduated with distinction. At first it was his purpose to practice law. With this end in view, he also graduated from the Harvard Law School. But young Lowell did not take kindly to the profession of law, and determined to turn his talents into a channel which was more suitable to his natural gifts and more congenial to his nature. His first effort in poetical composition, his chosen calling, was the class-day poem, which, however, he never recited, on account of some school-boy trick which, unfortunately, history has not recorded. Soon abandoning all pretences of the practice of law, he published his first book, entitled "My First Client." This was the inception of a long and brilliant literary career. Volume after volume of poems now followed, which soon won for him distinction as a poet. His was not that distinction of the ephemeral kind, which causes men's works to be read and discussed for a day and then pass out of existence forever, but, coupled with the renown

as the scholar and the critic, his position in literature and in the affection of the English-speaking world is fixed and permanent. W. B. D.

"THE STUDENT" SAFE.

Great anxiety has doubtless been felt by all friends of THE STUDENT lest it should not be able to survive competition with the *College News*. By an admission, however, in the opening editorial, the *News* proclaims that it is not necessarily antagonistic to THE STUDENT. By which generous concession, on the part of the *College News*, it will be seen that we are granted a new lease of life, and it is with great pleasure that we announce to our patrons that THE STUDENT is still safe. W. W. V.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

As we enter upon any new enterprise in life, instinctively we look to the time of completion and anxiously ask ourselves of the result. So, as we enter upon the work of a new year and assume new responsibilities, this inquiry thrusts itself upon us and clamors for a solution of the problem which it suggests. Now it is not with any intention of attempting to make a forecast of the future that we propose to discuss this question, but only to notice some conditions favorable to success.

Now that we find ourselves trying to perform the first duties encumbered upon us in our new relation to THE STUDENT, it may not be inappropriate to speak of what it should be and of what we would like to make it. When we think of the able men who have preceded us and the eminent success they achieved in giving excellency to the character of *our* magazine, and then consider our own inexperience, we anxiously ask of the result of our work, Will THE STUDENT be a model college magazine as in previous volumes, with "Excelsior" for its motto, or will the eleventh volume be inferior to those of by-gone years? The answer to this question will be largely determined by the co-operation and support which those more immediately in charge shall receive from our students, professors, alumni and the friends of the college. The editors, be they ever so able, would fail, unaided, to make it what it should be. THE STUDENT is dependent upon the students and friends of the institution, and *will be* what they make it.

Then we think of the year just opening, and, peering into the future as far as human eye can see, we strive to know what it will bring forth. Here we find students who have come for the last of college work, others of every class down to those who have come fresh from home and the many tender and endearing relations to try their lot with us for the first time. When we think of the characters to

be found, of the destinies to be determined and the unmeasured possibilities for good or evil, again we ask of the future, what shall it be? With many the whole college career is to be made, which the first year largely determines. Then, of how great importance it is that they begin right, thus making their stay at college pleasant and so developing their capacities as to make the future years abound in joy and success! The taking leave of home and beginning college life is a crisis in the life of every young man. Often, for the first time, he is thrown on his own responsibility among temptations of a peculiar nature. But here, as elsewhere, our habits will be what we choose to make them. For, "Honor and shame from no condition rise, act well your part, there all the honor lies," is as true in reference to college life as in all other relations. Many students seem to look upon a college course as an end rather than a means to an end. Some have been brilliant in this career, but after the degree had been obtained seemed to think that their life's work was complete. Not so, however. We should look upon it not as the aim of our existence, but only as the preparation for something nobler, as the means by which we may become our very best selves.

This development is often very one-sided; developing the mental faculties to the entire neglect and abuse of the physical, moral and spiritual natures, and the student goes away a wreck in one or more of these. With all the advantages offered here for the symmetrical culture of all these faculties, there is no excuse for a one-sided development. Our well equipped gymnasium, together with the interest already taken in athletic sports and the new stimulus in this direction, which would come as the logical outgrowth of setting apart one day out of each year as field day, is assurance that the physical man will keep pace with the mental in developing the heretofore unused faculties.

That the work of the institution is conducted by prominent men of the leading denomination in the State, together with the excellent moral tone of the place and the many advantages offered for moral and spiritual growth, ought to be a sufficient security that the moral and spiritual natures will not be neglected.

Some one has said, "An honest working purpose is a power, which if you straightway seize upon the moment will make its progress surer every hour." Then let the purpose of each one be to make of himself the very best man, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, that he is capable of making, and then, using properly the advantages offered here, we need have no fears as to what the future will bring.

E. S. REAVES.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

AS EDITOR of this department of THE STUDENT, we shall strive to express our views honestly and sincerely, but with due respect to the feelings and opinions of others. While nothing of a partisan nature, either political or religious, shall be said, we shall not hesitate to set forth our opinions of matters to which our attention is directed.

* * *

RECENTLY an article appeared in a prominent secular journal in which young preachers are enjoined to marry only those girls who come of a good family. From the writer's definition of a good family, we would suppose that he meant one that had enjoyed superior advantages for culture and education. It seems to us to be cruel, unjust and unchristian for any one, whether preacher or layman, to discriminate in this manner in the choice of a wife. The girl, who, owing, for the most part, to her inclinations, becomes cultured and educated, is entitled to as much respect as the boy who toils for an education, and is worthy of even greater commendation than he. Every American is proud of the fact that boys of low or obscure birth, under the cherishing influences of our institutions, have become distinguished as men of affairs—as journalists, as warriors, and as statesmen. And why should we confine to one sex those superior talents which caused the doors of the White House to open to him who was born in a log cabin, and led Horace Greeley from obscurity to become one of the greatest journalists the world has ever known? It is not very plain why young ministers, coming, as many of them do, of families not the very best, should be so careful that the parents and grandparents of the young lady whom they would marry should have been able to dress well, and live where culture could be obtained. It is time that this thraldom, or rather this caste system, by which woman has been subjected and forbidden to rise higher in society than her parents, was broken; when she should be regarded, not for her long line of ancestors, but for her own noble qualities of heart and soul, which no family connections give, but which are largely in her own power to cultivate and improve. In selecting a wife we believe that no set of rules will do to follow, but that every one, following his own disposition, will find that woman whose

nature so complements his own that in their relations as husband and wife they will enjoy an unbroken round of true happiness. That girls who cannot boast of high descent sometimes make good wives, we would cite the instance of a lady who, although a cook when married, was afterwards highly regarded as a lady of refined and chastened manners by the very best society, while her husband was a prominent State officer and a member of Congress. On the other hand, as instances of those who do not make good wives, although well connected, we might refer to the ministers' wives spoken of in the article in question, but we are far from believing that these excellent women are more responsible than their husbands for the wildness of their children. If heredity is the cause, are we to understand that evil dispositions are inherited from the mothers alone?

* * *

THE ABOVE brings up some thoughts on the other side. It is shown by the catalogues of some female colleges we have taken the pains to examine that not more than forty per cent. of the Alumnæ marry. Why is this? It is not because they are less pure, virtuous or beautiful than other girls. Not at all. We fear that there is a cruel prejudice against college girls. People generally have been taught to believe that after leaving school girls can do nothing else than read French novels, put all the house out of patience with their Italian songs, look sentimental, and talk to a dude; that the sight of a bread-tray or a cook-stove would throw them into convulsions, and even a dusting broom is to them a thing of horror. So, it is with a show of reason that the young man, fearing to take so much refinement, looks for some one less cultured. But this is wrong. The college-bred girls should let the young men know that these charges are false—every word false; that their school-life made them more useful and industrious, and fitted them to be suitable companions for them, remembering that actions speak louder than words.

* * *

THE SOUTHERN EXPOSITION opened in Raleigh October 1 and is to continue two months. It will far surpass anything of the kind ever before seen in North Carolina. Every Southern State will have an exhibit, but that of our own will be much the largest of any. Many counties have subscribed an amount sufficient to get together an exhibit that will fairly represent their resources, and in those counties that have failed to do this, patriotic citizens have been at work with the same end in view. Frequent excursion trains will be run from the Northern cities to give those who wish to know more of the South an opportunity of coming as cheaply as possible. In order to secure a large attendance of the farmers, a commodious camping-ground, which will be

regularly policed, has been laid out for them near the Exposition Grounds where, at all times during the Exposition, will be seen their white covered wagons, arousing in some thoughts of boyhood days and the pleasures of their first journey to town; suggesting to others, perhaps, the booths erected by the visitors at the ancient Olympic games. The success of the Exposition has been assured by the untiring and patriotic labors of Secretary Patrick, whose worth, tried by our people in other instances, is seen to greater advantage in this greater work.

* * *

THE TWO MEN about whom we have heard so much in recent years, Boulanger and Balmaceda, are dead. There was much alike in the careers of these two men. Entering early into public life, both gave evidence of exceptional ability; both rendered valuable services to their respective countries, and both were rewarded with the highest office in the gift of their countrymen; both attempted to carry their power beyond the constitutional limits, and were, in consequence, disowned by those who were before their staunch supporters; both ended their lives by suicide. How tragic were their careers! What a lesson they teach! No one, however talented, whatever his services to his country, and however popular he may be, can hope to take with impunity the power of government which the people rightly claim and guard with a jealous eye. To be banished, to be hated by his countrymen, to be spurned by the world, a miserable remnant of days, melancholy, and suicide, is the lot of the man who essays it.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

PERHAPS no book in the line of fiction written by an American in recent years has produced a greater stir in the literary world than "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" by Helen Hunt Gardener. Dealing with a perplexing question, the different standards of morality for men and women, the bold author strikes at the very root of the evil, and mercilessly derobes society of that hypocrisy which would pass unnoticed in our sex; crimes which, if committed by the other, would forever debar them from the pale of society. Conventionalities of church, of state, and of society, are severely arraigned as upholding this wrong. New England bigotry,

especially, is made the object of her bitterest irony. While in a few details she may have gone too far, there is little doubt that her vigorous attack upon society and what some call "the church" was loudly called for by the unreasonable inequalities with which men and women are regarded. Such books are recognized as looking in the right direction, and will ever be sought after by anxious readers.

SINCE the death of Lowell, eminent critics on both sides of the Atlantic have been giving their estimates of the worth of his writings and the quality of his genius. All are agreed that, as a man of vast and profound knowledge, as a critic, and as a scholar, he has had few equals, and no superiors, in America. The English critics, Archdeacon Farrar and George Stewart, B. C. L., think his poetry peculiarly American, a fact which suggests that originality is found in a marked degree in his productions. It is true that in his youth he professed himself an admirer and a disciple of Tennyson; it is true that much that he has written may be found expressed in some manner elsewhere, but it is no less true that in his methods of thinking and expression he is one of the most original poets America has produced. He shows us things in new lights, and what is this but originality? Shakespeare did no more. We would say, however, that we think him rather a New Englander than an American. His poetry is that of a townsman; it displays none of that imagination and picturesqueness of thought which is begotten by a love of natural scenery unsullied by the hand of man. Those whose vision has been limited by brick walls may find Lowell one of their most congenial companions, but the wild fancy of Bryant pleases better those whose childhood's horizon was outlined by woods in their primeval grandeur. Lowell was a New Englander; his friend, Oliver Wendell Holmes, says it; his own poetry says it; but his glory belongs to our whole country. As a critic, we are told that he occupied the very first place among his countrymen, and, according to Mr. Stoddard, "Whether he wrote of Milton or Dryden, Lessing or Rosseau, Dante or Shakespeare, he was alike incomparable and admirable."

ONLY TWO are now living of that band of authors which was the glory of our early literature. They are known to every home where a newspaper comes — John G. Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes. In the October number of *The Atlantic* there is a poem by the latter on the death of Lowell, which is the best thing in the line of panegyric it has been our privilege to read. The old poet's soul is in it; admiration and love, sorrow and grief, by turns, find expression, in a style worthy of the great writer.

THE LAST installment of Amelie Rives' "According to St. John" appears in the October *Cosmopolitan.* After such a long silence one had reason to expect something better from this talented authoress. She has lost none of her powers of describing the various and sentimental moods which one feels when he fancies himself in love. But in this case Mrs. Rives-Candler makes the startling discovery from the Bible that such a victim has the God-given right to commit suicide when disappointment in love cannot be averted. Suiting this revelation to the action, she permits the heroine of "According to St. John" to fall in love with a married man, marry him after the death of his wife, and, upon finding out that her husband's heart is still in the grave of his former wife, she seeks her own destruction by the administration of a hyperdermical injection of morphine, in order to drown her grief.

If this had been the only revolting scene described in the story it could have been excused, in the consolation that this was the conclusion of the story. But the poor, unfortunate girl, in her mad desire to benefit humanity, is allowed to associate freely with the course and vulgar Maman Cici, and to prevent her, in a drunken fit, from murdering the mistress of her husband in a low café, to take a suicidal maniac of the slums from the place where she intends to make the fatal leap, into a café for a "square meal" before she "shuffles off this mortal coil;" and, to cap the climax, the artless creature is permitted, after making music on her violin for a bevy of vile, drunken wretches of both sexes, who are carousing in a midnight revel, to be grossly insulted by one of these fiendish villians.

After dwelling on these scenes, one turns away in disgust, feeling that neither the long period of the author's silence, nor her advance in years, has served to purify the sentiment of her novels. Let the silence be forever, unless she is going to change her style. The world will be better without such sentimental bosh.

ALUMNI NOTES.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

—As we undertake the work of this department, we find in our possession a catalogue of the graduates of our institution, containing three hundred and ninety-five names. Many of these names are unfamiliar to us; many of their faces we have never seen. Quite a number of these are

filling prominent positions in church and state, with credit to themselves and honor to their *alma mater* and the State of which every true North Carolinian is proud. Others are distinguished as leaders in their chosen professions, while many are filling positions of less pretensions, though none the less honorable. Not a few have passed beyond the bounds of their native State, some of whom have won national reputations.

This department, especially, is intended to keep the old students informed about what their brothers are doing. We cannot make it what it should be, unless you aid us. If you know of the success of any of these, will you please inform us of it, that we may tell it to their brothers so that all may rejoice with them. Whatever it may be, let us know, and so receive the congratulations or sympathy of the brotherhood of Alumni. Every graduate of the college should subscribe for THE STUDENT, and so keep fresh in mind the many pleasant memories which cluster around their *alma mater*.

—'91. J. C. Beckwith is engaged in the lumber business, as a partner with his father, at Glenmore, Ga. We wish him much success in the business world.

—'91. S. M. Brinson has a good position as teacher in the graded schools of his native city, New Bern, N. C. The State needs more of her cultured sons at home.

—'91. R. L. Burns, formerly of Moore County, is now in charge of a flourishing school at Palestine, Texas. He says Texas is the place for young men. May success crown his efforts in the State of his adoption.

—'91. W. M. Gilmore spent the greater part of his vacation preaching. He is now employed in teaching the higher classes of Pocket High School, Tempting, N. C. He is well pleased with his work.

—'91. C. L. Haywood is principal of the school at Bryson City, N. C. He has already enrolled the names of eighty or more pupils, and reports an encouraging outlook.

—'91. W. O. Howard has also left his native State to try his fortune in one of her Southern sisters. He is professor of Latin and Mathematics in Jefferson Davis College, Miss.

—'91. R. G. Kendrick is principal of a thriving school at Simpsonville, S. C. The people of the Palmetto State always extend a hearty welcome to energetic cultured young men.

—'91. J. I. Kendrick spent his vacation preaching in South Carolina, under the direction of the State Mis-

sion Board. He has gone to the Theological Seminary, Louisville, Ky., to prepare himself more thoroughly for his life's work.

—'91. We are glad to note that J. L. Kesler, ex-editor of THE STUDENT, has an excellent school at Beaver Creek, N. C. We extend our good wishes.

—'91. B. K. Mason is principal of Cokesbury High School, Harnett County, Chalk Level, North Carolina. We think his employers made a wise selection.

—'91. Wayland Mitchel, we are pleased to note, has a good position as principal of Aulander High School, Bertie County, North Carolina.

—'91. W. A. Osborne is unlike the majority of his class in that he has accepted work in the busy marts of trade. We hear that he has a paying position as tobacco buyer in Virginia.

—'91. R. L. Paschal is at his home in Chatham County. We hear that he will go to Texas soon. The good wishes of THE STUDENT will go with him.

—'91. J. H. Pridgen has gone to Johns Hopkins to pursue his studies in the modern languages. We were glad to see him on the Hill several days at the opening of the session.

—'91. F. M. Royal spent his vacation preaching in the Robeson Association under direction of the State Mission Board. A leading pastor says of him: "He has captured the hearts of God's people in this section, and when he goes to China our people will stand by him." He has gone to Louisville to enter the Seminary.

—'91. H. A. Royster has gone to the University of Pennsylvania to take a medical course. We wish for him professional skill commensurate with that of his father.

—'91. E. W. Sikes, after spending his vacation at Harvard, preparing for his work, has come back among us Director of the Gymnasium. Judging from the thorough and systematic course of training which we are already receiving under his direction, we expect to be well developed, physically, ere the year closes. His presence adds new stimulus to the interest in all athletic sports.

—'91. We were pleased to see the smiling countenance of B. W. Spillman on the Hill a few weeks since. He is preaching at Smyrna, Carteret County, and reports a pleasant location.

—'91. R. B. White is private secretary of the Rogers law firm, Norfolk, Virginia. Bruce is a talented young man, and will no doubt achieve success.

—'91. C. B. Williams is pastor of the church at Winton, N. C., and is also serving two other churches. He comes last of his class, but for that reason is by no means the least.

—'90. J. B. Spilman is located at Starrville, Texas. He is the principal of a large and flourishing school. THE STUDENT sends friendly greeting.

—'90. B. S. Mitchell spent several days on the Hill before going to Johns Hopkins to pursue his favorite study—Chemistry.

—'90. C. F. Hopper has gone to Mt. Olive as successor in the pastorate to W. E. Crocker ('90), who will attend the Seminary this year.

—'89. H. A. Foushee is Professor of Mathematics in the Chowan Baptist Female Seminary, Murfreesboro.

—'88. R. B. Lineberry, besides being principal of the Sanford High School, is editor of the *Sanford Express.* We were pleased to see him on the Hill at the opening of the session.

—'84. Rev. W. B. Morton is the popular pastor of the Weldon Baptist church. During his six years of labor there the cause has grown from a mission station into a self-sustaining church, paying its pastor a good salary and contributing liberally to other objects.

—'83. Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York, recently paid his native State a short visit. On the evening of the 30th ult. he delivered his most recent lecture, entitled "The Almighty Dollar," at Metropolitan Hall in Raleigh, and on the 1st inst. he favored us with his popular address, "Backbone." It is needless to say that he always receives a hearty welcome in the Old North State.

—'80. J. T. Alderman has gone to Reidsville as principal of the graded schools.

—'79. Rev. W. L. Wright, for many years the beloved pastor at Reidsville, has accepted a call to the Leigh Street church, Richmond, Va. The State can ill afford to give up such men.

—'75. L. W. Bagley opened his school at Littleton a few weeks ago, with an increase of forty per cent. over his former enrollment.

—'70. Rev. George W. Greene and family recently sailed for Canton, China, where they will teach the benighted heathen the way of life. We were glad to have him with us last year as Professor of Latin. The students of the College, together with the entire Baptist brotherhood of North Carolina, wish him success, and will be glad to hear frequent reports from him.

—D'Archy Bradsher, who lef tcollege in '72 in his Junior year, was married, September 15th, to Miss Sue Merritt. Mr. Bradsher is Probate Judge of Person County. We extend our congratulations to him on assuming the matrimonial bonds for the second time.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. B. DANIEL, Editor.

—Fresh!

—Foot-ball!

—Base-ball!

—These are daily greetings.

—"Sophs., where *is* your caps?"

—The college campus has been mowed.

—Two hundred and twenty-three students have registered up to date.

—Dr. Edwards is erecting a handsome residence on Pennsylvania Avenue.

—The monotonous routine of college work is upon us with a vengeance.

—Mrs. Lawrence, of Scotland Neck, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. T. Wingate.

—Mr. W. J. Ward, of Wilson, was with us for a day at the beginning of the session.

—The Faculty have elected D. A. Bridges Librarian, and R. E. Major Superintendent, of the reading-room.

—A few new students, after being here several days, got home-sick and returned to their mammas to be petted.

—Senior (to students): "Look here, boys, how big is that training table and how often do we have to run round it?"

—The Soph. class elected W. L. Foushee, President; W. A. Hubbs, Vice-President, and T. G. Hawkins, Secretary.

—Old student: "Come on, boys, let's go to the 'shoofly.'"

Freshman: "Tell me what sort of a thing is that 'shoofly,' anyhow!"

—When the Junior class was organized E. G. Webb was elected President, J. C. Kittrell Vice-President, and Frank Hobgood Secretary.

—The old store of Mr. T. M. Purefoy, on the southern extension of Pennsylvania Avenue, has been converted into a dormitory for the convenience of students

—Mrs. and Miss Julia Lanneau, the mother and sister of Prof. Lanneau, are on the Hill on a visit to the family of the Professor.

—Mrs. Q. E. Holding has been quite ill with fever for the past three weeks. She is convalescent now, we are glad to announce, and will be up in a few days.

—The base-ball team played its first match game of the season with a team from Rogers' Cross-Roads. Wake Forest, as usual, was victorious by a big score.

—We chronicle with much regret the illness of Prof. Poteat's little daughter, that has been suffering from pneumonia for some days. She is on the road to recovery now, we are glad to say.

—Miss Lena Allen, another gem that Wake Forest delights to own, spent several days in Warrenton some time since, where she was invited to participate in a young people's concert.

Miss Carrie Cooke, of Baltimore, her numerous friends will be pleased to know, returned to Wake Forest Saturday last, and resumed the management of Messrs. Wingate & Simmons' millinery department.

—On the Hill, for a couple of days, we were pleased to see, recently, the handsome and beaming face of Mr. Carl Lee Felt, of Emporia, Florida. He was *en route* to Pennsylvania where he goes to enter a medical college.

—Miss Willie Frank Simmons, one of Wake Forest's loveliest daughters, to the delight of her many friends here, returned home, a few days ago, from Warrenton, where she has been visiting relatives for the past three weeks.

—On August 24th the Wake Forest Academy opened with a large attendance and exceptionally good prospects for this session. Misses Fort Simmons are principals, and better talent cannot be found in North Carolina.

—The college buildings are being handsomely painted and penciled. The work now is nearing completion. No one can imagine how much it adds to their appearance, and especially the old dormitory which before loomed up in the center of the campus as some grim and ghastly sentinel.

—The students of most of the colleges in North Carolina have recently drawn up resolutions discouraging and condemning the practice of hazing new students. Wake Forest has long since repudiated this relic of barbarism, and is glad to observe that other colleges are following its good example.

—We were glad to have on the Hill, for several days after the opening, Messrs. Pridgen, Spilman, Mitchell and Seawell. Mr. Spilman has since accepted a position to teach in Carteret County. Mr. Pridgen was making preparation for his entrance

into Johns Hopkins University, where he will pursue the study of modern languages. Much success to you, Jimmy!

—Professor Johnston, out of his bounteous generosity, at the beginning of the session invited the students *en masse* into his grape vineyard, where, it is needless to say, the boys did ample justice to the tempting and luscious grapes of the kind-hearted professor.

—On the 18th inst., the *College News*, a sprightly and newsy little sheet, devoted mainly to the interests of Wake Forest College, made its appearance among the students, with Mr. B. H. Mathews, author of "In the Clouds," etc., as editor. Mr. B. W. Spilman also appears as associate editor, but said gentleman disclaims all knowledge and responsibility of its first issue, and says, furthermore, that his name was used without his consent. THE STUDENT extends to its sister journal and esteemed contemporary fraternal greetings, and bespeaks for it a long career of usefulness and prosperity. But would earnestly advise the editor to employ a good proof-reader, for the first number of his paper was noted for grammatical and typographical errors.

—Soon after the opening of the session the ladies of the Hill gave the students, new and old, a grand reception in the campus. Fruits, viands, cream, sherbets, ices of all kinds, etc., were served in the most elegant manner. Every boy did justice on the courses, and expressed himself as enjoying the occasion immensely. This garden party was given to the boys in order to bring about a freer association between citizens and students. The good people of Wake Forest are always on the *qui vive* for the welfare of the boys, and never lose an opportunity to make them feel at home. Later, the boys in turn gave the ladies—the *young* ladies especially—a reception in the literary halls. This was an evening of real enjoyment, and our only regret is that a repetition is not possible oftener.

—The remnants of the old Athletic Association, with other enthusiasts of such sports, assembled in the little chapel on September 9. After a ringing speech by our excellent Professor of Physical Culture, which revived the latent interest that the boys used to manifest in athletics, an organization was effected. Mr. W. C. Dowd, of Charlotte, was elected honorary President; Prof. E. W. Sikes, Vice-President; J. W. Millard, Secretary; E. Y. Webb, Treasurer, and W. W. Vass, Business Manager. A finance committee was appointed to solicit members; also a committee on college colors, which, at a later meeting, reported in favor of the same old colors—old gold and black.

—Since the defeat(?) of our football team by Trinity over a year ago,

interest in this popular college game has gradually died out, and our team has almost disbanded. This state of things did not come about because we have not the material, as this session is going to prove. As an indication of the enthusiasm now rampant among our boys, each of the classes, Senior, Junior and Sophomore, has organized its own foot-ball team, with Howell, G. Blanton and Crudup as their respective Captains. These teams play frequent match-games, and in a short time a foot-ball team will be selected of which Wake Forest may justly be proud.

—At a meeting of the Senior Class on September 29, the following officers were elected: W. B. Daniel, President; Robert Lide, Secretary; O. H. Dockery, Orator; W. A. Garland, Poet; J. P. Spence, Historian, and Irving Hardesty Prophet. Inasmuch as the Faculty have seen fit to institute a Field Day, the Class-Day exercises will occur on the evening of the same day. This new feature will, no doubt, be hailed with delight by the boys, and the patrons and admirers of the College may expect something on that day worthy of the high standard which Wake Forest has attained in each of her departments.

—Mr. E. W. Sikes ('91), has been selected as the Director of the Department of Physical Culture. He spent the summer in the gymnasium of Harvard in preparation for the duties of his position. The Trustees were especially happy in making this selection. Our Enoch is a man of symmetrical parts, physically and mentally. The short time which he has held the place, and the interest and enthusiasm already aroused in the boys for his department, are a sufficient guarantee of the ultimate success and popularity he is going to win.

—Professor J. C. Maske ('90), was elected by the Trustees Adjunct Professor of Ancient Languages, by reason of the promotion of Prof. J. B. Carlyle to the chair of Latin, made vacant by the resignation of Prof. G. W. Greene, who resigned his professorship to become a missionary to China. Mr. Maske, after distinguishing himself while here as a thorough and accurate student of Latin and Greek, spent one session at Johns Hopkins pursuing his favorite studies. He comes back to us amply qualified to fill, with credit to himself and to the institution, the high position which he holds.

—The vacancy caused by the resignation of Professor Greene, the Trustees filled with Professor Carlyle. This was a wise and far-sighted selection, which cannot fail to give universal satisfaction to all parties concerned. The students, especially, hailed his promotion with evident pleasure and delight. During their contact with him in the lecture-room they learned to love and respect him,

not only for his superior knowledge as an educator, but for his general bearing as a Christian gentleman who has at heart the good of the young men whom he instructs. The promotion was a deserved compliment to his scholarly attainments, and he is the right man in the right place.

—Rev. G. W. Greene, who so admirably filled the chair of Latin in this College the past session, with his wife and children, left this place, on September 14th, for Canton, China, where he goes as a missionary. It is with deep regret that we part with Prof. Greene. During his short stay here as professor he endeared himself to all, and especially the students. But, at the call of duty, he relinquishes the home of his birth, severs the ties that bound him to his many friends here, gives up a high position, and cheerfully makes his home in a far-away country among heathens. Before his departure, farewell exercises were held in the church of Wake Forest, where the rich blessings of God were invoked upon the head of the beloved parting brother, in touching and tender talks by Dr. Taylor, Dr. Wm. Royall, Prof. Lanneau and Pastor Gwaltney.

—Our professors, during the summer, spent their time very pleasantly and beneficially at the various health-giving places in the Old North State and at Wake Forest, which by-the-way, is not excelled very far by the so-called health-resorts. Of course, all of them were in attendance upon the session of the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly at Morehead City, which no progressive teacher in the State can fail to do without dereliction of duty. Some, after the adjournment of the Assembly, spent several days in travel, visiting most of the Northern cities and the places of interest which they contain. Prof. Lanneau, with his niece, Miss Sophia, passed the entire vacation in Montana, on a visit to his brother, in the region of Flathead Lake. One of our bachelor professors seemed to have a peculiar hankering for a little city in Eastern Carolina, which was the last place he visited. If rumor can be credited, he is to visit said city again some time this fall and ——, and, and ——, well, we had better not tell the whole truth just yet.

Rev. Tom Dixon's Lecture.

[Reported by E. G. Webb]

Rev. Thos. Dixon, the North Carolina oratorical genius, lectured here Thursday night, October 1st. Subject, "BACKBONE."

In the Memorial Hall he met a large, eager and appreciative audience. He prefaced his lecture by expressing his long and lasting affection for his *alma mater*, and indeed he knew of no dearer spot than the hallowed grounds of *Wake Forest.* He then proceeded in his striking and

cogent manner to show the imperative need of men of genuine backbone; the world is in a state of revolution; the age is an age of transition, change, crisis and development, hence arises the double demand for men of moral convictions, who are not afraid to assert and maintain what they believe, and take a stand and *stand* there regardless of the sneers and jeers of those who, seeing their final success, would be first to shout huzza and give their hand in congratulation.

A man who, thus determined, takes his stand will most assuredly win, and not only win, but though he sometime be wrong, he will nevertheless command respect for his convictions from those around and opposing him.

Backbone is as essential to a man in his social, political and religious relations as it is to his physical nature, and, indeed, he may dispense with most any other organ, but he *must* have a backbone; life is indolent and imbecile without it.

By many inimitable and vivid illustrations, couched in elegant dramatic diction, he pictured how backbone and will-power had led men from obscurity to fame, from the painfully uncertain position of a wooer to the realization of happy dreams of connubial bliss, and even snatched him from the very clutches of death, and led him back to the pleasures of three years happy life.

With a great deal of humor, interspersed with striking comedy, he then pictured the caucus in which he was nominated for the Legislature of North Carolina, and the many struggles on the hustings between him and his elder opponent, each striking for the mastery; that it is utterly useless and the highest folly to try to please everybody; he tried it on his campaign speech and found if he heeded everyone's suggestion of dissatisfaction he would soon have had no speech at all. Then by a very beautiful and impressive illustration he forcibly contra-distinguished man and machine, moral action and mere automaton. With eloquent praise of man's nobler being lingering on his lips, he stepped from the rostrum amid the wild hand-claps of two hundred admiring students.

Reader, do not leave it to the weak and humble pen, which grows unsteady with emotion while thinking of this towering genius to tell you of his wondrous persuasive, dramatic and oratorical powers, but if he ever lectures near you go hear him for yourself, and you will agree with us when we say he is the incomparable North Carolinian, the phenomenon of the age.

COLLEGE NEWS AND EXCHANGE.

W. W. VASS, Editor.

THE OPENING NUMBER of the *Guilford Collegian* lies on our table. It is in every respect up to the standard. In addition to being one of our most valued exchanges, it seems to be the only one among their number whose editors possess sufficient energy to make their *debut* in the first month of the collegiate year. Judging from the September number, it will find no difficulty in maintaining the position among college magazines which its past record has won.

ELEVEN SOPHOMORES of the La Fayette College, of Eastern Pennsylvania, were recently suspended for hazing.—*Exchange.*

From the foregoing it appears that the crusade against hazing, which is now agitating the collegiate world, is not confined to North Carolina. The awakening on the subject seems to be general, and a combined action on the part of the leading colleges and universities of the land is contemplated against the system which has long been the Soph.'s delight and Freshman's terror. The Old North State has taken a leading position in the matter. By the general consent of the Sophomore class at the University, the long-established custom has been abolished. The Y. M. C. A. of Elon College has taken the matter in hand, and committees from that body are now sent to different points of the State at the opening of the session to render all possible assistance to the new students on the way to that institution. At both Davidson and Wake Forest the Fresh. class of '92 was tendered a reception and otherwise honored. Verily, the days of the persecuted and insignificant Freshman are no more, and his star seems to be at last in the ascendant.

THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER of *The North Carolina Teacher* comes to us with its usual quota of valuable and scholarly information. It is always a most welcome visitor.

FROM THE FOLLOWING, which we clip from an exchange, it appears that the time-honored question, "What's in a name?" has not been satisfactorily answered to the mind of at least one North Carolinian:

"A gentleman who recently visited Egypt, North Carolina, ran across a colored family of six children having the following names: Maggie Dora Katie Sickler Atwater; Easter Ann Cindy Lizabeth Atwater; Roxana Baltimore Washington City Hamburg Atwater; Annie Maudie Rosa Lamb Irene Fannie Moses King of Priests Atwater; Rufus Hayes Settler President of this United States Sam Lee Wo Han Garfield Atwater; G. S. George Jonas John the Baptist Baptism Christianity George Washington Atwater."

WE ACKNOWLEDGE with pleasure an invitation to the inaugural ceremonies of the newly-elected President of the University, which occurred on the 14th inst. We congratulate the University on the election of President Winston, being assured that under his efficient management the future of the institution will be even brighter than the past.

THE ACCIDENTAL FALLING in of the main tower of the Trinity College building at Durham has delayed the proposed removal of the institution to that place for some time. Previous to the accident, the management had hoped to begin the present session in their new quarters. But from the exhibitions which we have already had of Trinity energy, we are disposed to think that it will hardly be balked by a refractory tower, and hope to see it established in its new home at the beginning of the new year.

A TEAM of American foot-ball players have arrived in London. They will play matches in Ireland, Scotland and England.—*Exchange.*

THE SPIRIT which at different times and divers seasons has ornamented the bulletin board with editions of the "Borer," "Howler" and other specimens of juvenile journalism, has reached its culmination in a new industry recently originated at this institution. The opening number of the *College News* lies among our exchanges. It is a semi-monthly sheet published in common by the Agricultural and Mechanical and Wake Forest Colleges, purporting to be the organ of both. In regard to the first issue we are warranted in saying that it is certainly a remarkable one. Among other things, its appeal to the Sophomores in behalf of their "caps" is truly pathetic, and will doubtless result in reinstating the time-honored head-gear of that worthy class. We wish and predict for it the greatest success.

ALL LOVERS of the diamond will have an opportunity to witness some fine ball in the near future, when Guilford and Oak Ridge cross bats to decide the recent match which resulted in a tie of fifteen innings.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to reorganize the "North Carolina Foot-ball Association," which, it will be remembered, was discontinued during the session of '89–'90, on account of opposition from the faculties of the various colleges concerned. The experience of a year without foot-ball, in comparison with the two preceding, has about convinced its opponents that inter-collegiate athletics are a necessity, and the visitors at the Exposition will probably have an opportunity of witnessing again some exhibitions of the great American college sport. Every lover of the game will doubtless hail the idea with delight, and THE STUDENT begs to add its wish that such an end may be attained.

W. H. EDWARDS,

DEALER IN

General Merchandise

WAKE FOREST, N. C.

☞BOYS, GIVE US A CALL AND SAVE MONEY!☜

I. WINETROB,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

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VOL. XI.] WAKE FOREST, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1891. [NO. 2.

LOVE IS DEAD.

The breezes blow through the grasses tall
  And the sun shines bright o'erhead.
All nature laughs and joyous seems,
  But love is dead.

Yet what care I for the spell of love?
  What is love but the phantom of light?
Let love go hang; and sing, my heart,
  Though dark the night.

To work! To work! Let ambition instead
  Be my idol, my solace, my stay—
A star to beckon me on and on
  Up life's dull way.

And yet, and yet, though sweet love is dead—
  Is no part of my life—He seems
To cheer me still, though he only comes
  In twilight dreams.

C. L. F.

LITERARY ADDRESS.*

I am glad to come within the classic shades of this historic spot, to breathe its pure and inspiring air, and to meet and mingle with the students and the friends of this vigorous and progressive institution. It gives me unalloyed gratification to learn of its wonderful and ever increasing prosperity, of the brilliant future opening before it, measureless in its possibilities for good, and of the certainty of a large and substantial endowment for which acknowledgments are justly due to the munificence of a distant friend and the wise and patriotic liberality of the Baptists of North Carolina. This great college, which has played such an important part in the education of the men of North Carolina, deserves the warmest sympathy and the liveliest interest of every friend of educational progress.

Unfolding from its modest beginning "even as a great tree grows from two soft leaves to spread its shade afar," it has unceasingly extended its power and its influence, gathering strength with each advancing year, until it stands to-day upon an exalted plane, promoting education and virtue and morality among the people, a nursery of good citizenship, a bulwark against the growth of ignorance and vice, the educational organ of a great denomination which has done and is doing so much to foster education, to teach patriotism and to diffuse morality in this Commonwealth. Long may it stand, tranquil, prosperous and progressive—an honor and a blessing to this good old State, whose richest treasures are her faithful sons.

I dislike to come before you with an apology, but it is just both to you and myself. If I could have foreseen the unexpected engagements which have come to me, the pressing duties of a busy life, impossible of evasion, and which have obstructed me in my desire to pepare an address worthy of this occasion, I would have felt justified in declining your invitation, as much as I valued the honor which your partiality bestowed upon me. But I did not so discover until too late, when there would have been no exculpation from the criticism such declination would have brought. I am therefore here to-day, in obedience to your behest, and put myself upon your gracious indulgence.

And it is with a hesitancy, sincerely felt, that I follow the distinguished men, whose eloquence has filled this hall in former days, especially the gentleman who last addressed you—

* To have been delivered before the Philomathesian and Euzelian Literary Societies by Hon. C. M. BUSBEE, Raleigh, North Carolina.

the distinguished statesman, whose rare ability added to his wide experience entitled his utterances to more than ordinary regard. I feel like Aeneas following his father Anchises, *non passibus equis.*

But young gentlemen if I can hope to be of any service to you either by stimulating your exertions—by impressing you with adequate convictions of your responsibilities—by imbuing you with right conceptions of your capabilities for good—or by sounding any note of warning or encouragement that will avail you in any way, however slight, in the life that lies before you, I will not regret my visit here to-day. I am not vain enough to imagine that I can add anything, either of originality or value to the salutary teachings of those who have preceded me in this office. I shall this morning indulge in no attempt at oratory or figures of rhetoric, but I will endeavor to present for your consideration, a few plain, practical truths that occur to me as not unworthy of thought or inappropriate to the occasion, and I will speak to you of things that are familiar. I beg you to remember that there is nothing new under the sun, and that we do not need new truths so much, as we do the recoining of old ones and stamping them with new and legible inscriptions.

The young man coming into active life in the South to-day comes at a time when he will have need of all the resources which the mental training which he has undergone during his college life has given him. The conditions that confront him, the circumstances that surround him, the outlook that incites him—aye, the duties that bind him, are such as to fill him with hope and nerve him with energetic action. Never before in the history of North Carolina have her young men had greater cause for patriotic pride. There are latent dangers in the body politic, to which I will presently allude, but this State is in the van-guard of progress, the drift of wealth and enterprise is this way—*Southward* the star of empire takes its course—her bosom is pulsing with healthy, vigorous life—the whirr and hum of busy industries, increasing every day, is heard within her borders; the eyes of her people are turned to the rising sun and their thoughts are resting upon the coming days. Remembering the past without bitterness, although learning its lessons—glorying in the present without boastfulness—we peer into the opening future with eager gaze, for we can see the dawn of the approaching day when in the providence of God this State will be a splendid empire within and of itself. On her young men swiftly coming to the front, devolves a high responsibility. On her educated sons, going forth from school and college to take their allotted parts in the affairs of life, she relies. The time has passed, and

passed forever when to hail from North Carolina was a matter needing explanation. That was in the days when we did not cultivate local patriotism. Now it is very different. A North Carolinian now, wherever he may be, is proud to call himself a North Carolinian--proud of her history and her people—proud of the valor of her sons, displayed on an hundred battle-fields—proud of the devotion and ennobling virtues of her women—proud of her development in all of the material affairs of life, in recent years—proud of the position she holds in this Union of Sovereign States—proud of the future which awaits her people if they remain true to her and to themselves.

And I beg to say to you, gentlemen, that it is your duty to remain in North Carolina ; the days are passed when North Carolina was a good State to emigrate from ; no more inviting field for labor presents itself to your consideration, and besides, your State has a right, a moral right, to your presence, your allegiance, your loving, loyal service, your active aid in the unfolding of her powers, the growth of her influence, the manifestation of her mission. You will find no Eldorado in the dim and distant West. You will find no royal road to fortune or to fame in other States. You will find no more solid or promising opening than here in North Carolina, among your own people, and beside your own hearthstone. Energy rightly directed here, industry and diligence duly observed here, will bring you success and distinction and fortune just as certainly and just as speedily as beneath any other skies and among any other people.

I will not weary you with any historical recital, but there are certain duties growing out of the history of this State and of the South, that rest upon every young man and especially every educated young man who is a lover of his native land. It is his duty to study the part his State bore in that vital period of the life of the Republic when civil war crimsoned the continent. To study it, not for any unpatriotic purpose, but for the purpose of preserving the true memory of those bloody and heroic days and of keeping ever vindicated the honor and purity of purpose of the leaders and representative men of the South, in counsel and in field. The issues which once divided us are forever dead and that man is an anachronism and a traitor who would inject them into the living issues of to-day ; but history must be written and literature lives and has its influence, and to the coming generation will fall the duty of writing that chapter of American history that will portray the true attitude and purpose of the South in the war between the States. As yet it is not understood—but so surely as when, some day, the story of the great struggle comes to be written in the cold, clear light of

impartial history, so surely will it be made manifest, and this country will live to acknowledge that the South did not fight to perpetuate slavery, but to maintain and defend Constitutional liberty. And so surely will it be admitted that a people who go to war for a principle, although defeated, do not go to war in vain, that in the histories of all peoples, no revolution against the tide of encroaching power was ever vainly fought.

This may seem a hackneyed theme, but it is well, now and then, to let our thoughts dwell upon the days of that supreme trial, and to teach our sons, that they may teach theirs, the pregnant duty of preserving pure and bright and untarnished the memory of the faithfulness and heroism of their fathers.

"Therefore with honor lay them in the grave,
And thereby shall increase of honor come into their arms,
Who conquered men so wise, so valiant, so renowned."

The men who participated in the great struggle, are fast passing away, and the duty of their justification will rest upon the shoulders of their children.

But in the discharge of this sacred duty let us be sure that we have buried our allegiance in the grave of that adolescent nation whose star shone with abnormal brilliancy for a few short years and then disappeared forever. Let us remember that we are one people again, with one flag and one destiny; that it was in the providence of God and for the safety of the people that the end was as it was. Let us cultivate and cherish the spirit of a larger and broader patriotism—a more earnest devotion to the land in which we live, for it is ours by right of inheritance.

And I would urge you to the performance of another kindred duty—to defend the people of this Southern land and their institutions, against the assaults of those vultures of literature who without conscience and without excuse, strike at the honor and the civilization of our people. I am minded to say this because of sundry slanderous articles appearing of late in certain magazines, which have attracted wide-spread attention. To the educated Southern man comes the duty of defence and refutation. These articles are written for a purpose—to prejudice the South, the interests and reputation of its people in the minds of Northern men. They are false in conception and in fact, vicious in principle and in purpose, malignant, hypocritical and attrocious.

It is gratifying to know that the great body of the North is rightly disposed towards the South. The Northern man generally is our friend, sympathizing with our efforts to rehabilitate the waste places, and accepting our wonderful and ever increasing development as an evidence of the prosperity and thrift of a common country. But the effect of

these articles is unwholesome—their tendency is re-actionary and dangerous, and they should not, and they do not go unchallenged and uncontradicted. The South depends upon her young men coming to the front—coming from colleges and universities and schools, with minds acute and cultivated, with intellectual vigor and scholastic acquirements, and with hearts throbbing with patriotic fervor, to defend her ancient honor, her history, her civil society and her social life and her present attitude as an integral part of the government—to show to the nation that she is faithful to the flag that her sons bore to victory at Guilford Court-house and the Cowpens, at Cerro Gordo and Chepultepec; yet also faithful to the memory of those who through trial and defeat stood steadfast to the end; and yet exulting in that new and greater South that is the strength and glory of this kingless land. This country is to-day more dependent upon conservative, homogeneous, liberty-loving and law-abiding forces of the South, for the safety and perpetuation of the Republic, than upon any other single factor within its limits. Those who slander us in literature, who falsify history and villify a whole people, should remember that in this Southern land live a people who count a larger percentage of its population, in whose veins flows the blood of Revolutionary sires, than any other section, the largest body of anglo-Saxon men that exists on this continent, and the most intensely American community in the Union—thoroughly patriotic, ready at all times to defend the government as it is, if necessary—a people among whom communism does not exist and anarchists have no foothold.

Serve her, gentlemen, in literature, in thought and in action, and in unceasing and zealous love. It is the land bequeathed to you by your fathers—the land where virtue has its highest seat, where knightly honor is the birthright of her sons. Guard her interest and her fair name with the same devoted and tenacious vigilance that characterized the Persian fire-worshipers who kept the sacred flame forever burning upon the altars of their mountain temples that opened up to the sun.

In this land and age no man does his full duty to himself, his family or to society unless he feels and evinces an interest, a participating interest, in the administration of government, in county, State and country. I do not advise you to become politicians, that is, in the lower and baser sense, but I counsel you to exercise the rights and discharge the duties of citizens, to aid in directing and controlling the functions of government. Every man, and especially every educated man, should acknowledge and manifest an interest, a deep and abiding concern, in the theory and principles of government, and in the character and methods of its adminis-

tration. Every good citizen should be profoundly solicitous concerning the purity and cleanness of the government under which he lives, and the furtherance and perpetuity of those essential principles which he may believe to be conducive to the public welfare. Sir Matthew Arnold characterizes as the highest desire of the cultivated mind, the desire to take part in the great work of government. I do not advise you to enter politics as a profession, or to imbibe an idea that a participation in matters political is solely for the purpose of securing official station. I will warn you against that presently. But I desire to direct your attention to the notion prevalent in many centres of thought and wealth, and among many men of education and social standing, that it is beneath their dignity, or foreign to their duty, to take any active part in politics, or to discharge any of the public duties which they conceive constitute the burden of citizenship. This evil exists more extensively in other portions of our country, where the guidance and control of public affairs is often left to the ignorant and corrupt, but it is growing here and in our midst. In some communities a sublime indifference to the affairs of state, a cynical unconcern as to the outcome of elections, and as to the character of the man whose hands are grasping the reins of government, is taken as an evidence of good breeding and social position. I have heard men of a high order of intelligence, refined, cultured gentlemen, leaders of thought, speak in sneering strains and with a shrug of the shoulder about attending ward meetings or primary conventions—forgetting, or not caring to heed, the prolific truth that the beginning of good government or bad government is in these self-same primaries, for the stream can be no purer than its source. And I have often seen men of unblemished character, of wealth and influence, interested in the due administration of justice, exert every means in their power to evade and escape the performance of that high duty which every faithful citizen owes to the community in which he lives—upon which life, character and property depend—the duty of serving upon a jury. And yet these same men are swift to criticise and condemn the short-comings and errors or the corruption of our legislators and courts and our county and town governments, and to inveigh against the occasional miscarriage of justice and the alleged imperfections of our jury system, forgetting that upon themselves rests in a large measure the responsibility. To participate in the government to which he owes and renders allegiance—not necessarily to hold office—is a duty resting upon everyone, and a duty not to be disregarded without just censure; to give part of his time when demanded, to the discharge of

those high obligations, in their consequences so important and far-reaching that he owes to society in a public sense.

There are always dangers latent in the body politic, dangers to be shunned, perils to be avoided or overcome. The State and the country always need the earnest service of her educated and patriotic men. There is scarcely a day in the progress of this nation towards its unknown destiny when dangers are not discernible. I was struck in reading Froude's Cæsar the other day with the following description of the condition of Rome just before the fall of the Republic: "The highest offices of state were open, in theory, to the meanest citizen; they were confined, in fact, to those who had the largest purses or the most ready use of their tongues on public platforms. It was an age of progress and material civilization—an age of civil liberty and intellectual culture—an age of pamphlets and epigrams—of salons and dinner parties—of senatorial majorities and electoral corruption."

I leave the parallel to be drawn by you. If dangers lurk in our political condition, they can be avoided or overcome. If there are malicious and noxious vapors in our political atmosphere, they can be discovered. The air can be purified. Beneath the turbulent waves that disturb the surface of the sea lie the clear, calm waters.

To the generation of young men coming forward into the bustle of life to meet the perils that stand and threaten, comes the duty of maintaining the institutions of their fathers, and preserving undisturbed and perfect the blessings of constitutional liberty and republican government. And there exists no surer means of perpetuating these blessings than by the efforts and example of men of education. It is a trite saying, but no less true than trite, that education furnishes the best safeguard of liberty, and that in lands where education is easy and wide-spread, there will be found in the hearts of the people the strongest love of liberty.

And yet I warn you, young gentlemen, against entering politics as mere place-hunters. There is an impassable gulf between the man who interests himself in governmental affairs of State and nation, who serves his country with diligence and unselfish devotion when called to fill a public station, and the professional politician who is in politics for purely selfish and speculative purposes. Such as these burden the earth — they are an incubus upon society—the affliction and curse of popular government, without settled convictions, ready to trim their sails to catch each passing breeze. And they are a discontented lot. I have never known a satisfied politician of this sort. I have never met one who was leading a serene and happy life—like the

daughters of the horse leech, they continually cry, "Give!" "Give!" If the wisest of men had lived in these days, he would have added to his list of the four things that be that never cry enough, a fifth; the ordinary professional American politician.

And I also counsel you against engaging yourselves in political matters as the advocates or for the purpose of furthering any especial interests. The imperfection most obvious in our legislative bodies, and particularly in Congress, is the tendency to ignore the consideration of matters promoting the public welfare for the purpose of advancing local or particular or private legislation. Many Congressmen are mere special pleaders, interesting themselves in single and specific matters and neglecting matters in which the people at large are concerned. But all this is of common knowledge. The persistent trading and bargaining in our legislative bodies, the traffic in votes, the exchange of so-called legislative courtesies, the *quid pro quo* basis of support of certain bills, the "I-tickle-you-and-you-tickle-me" policy carried into practical and commercial example in our legislative halls, is fast becoming the debasement of our politics. I was forcibly impressed not long since by the declaration, in a dramatic play, of a Chinese statesman, who, after much observation of our political methods and tendencies, wittily and sarcastically declared that American politics consisted of three things, "building fences, pulling wires and rolling logs."

There is a tendency all over the land for men, individually and in corporate capacities, having similar interests, following similar avocations or pursuits, to combine in distinct organizations, in a way separating themselves from all others. These movements, when confined within safe and proper limits, are commendable, and in some cases necessary; the right of self-protection is a *duty* as well as a *right*, and the combination of men of the same or kindred occupations or special interests into societies or leagues or other associations or companies, for the purpose of promoting their own peculiar interests or defending what they conceive to be their own rights or immunities, is worthy of all approbation so long as such organizations pursue such methods or demand such concessions as are legitimate and for the general good. The division of society, political and social, necessarily results in the formation of classes. Dr. Samuel Johnson said: "We are, by our occupations, education and habits of life, divided almost into different species; each of these classes of the human race has desires, fears and vexations peculiar to itself." From this self-evident truth naturally comes the inclination to each peculiar class to subserve its own desires and temper its own vexations by combination and united effort. This is

well, if, as I say, these combinations do not imperil the public safety or the common good of all classes. In their relation to the people at large and to the administration of government, these various organizations should be mutual auxiliaries, exercising complementary functions, each furthering the activity and the welfare of the others towards a common public end, the promotion and maintenance of good government, under which all classes *must live*, for, in the language of Webster, "We are bound together for good and for evil in our great political interests."

The fear to be apprehended and the danger to be shunned is, that out of these movements, this disunion of classes, may possibly be evolved a spirit of hostility and unfriendliness between certain classes whose interests are not in all respects identical. If this should come in large measure, it would constitute a menace to popular government and personal liberty. Combinations of capital incited by avarice or greed beget other combinations, formed sometimes to resist, sometimes to destroy. Combinations of labor, originally harmless, but frequently becoming unpardonably aggressive or tyranical, beget resistance and defiance not to be unexpected upon the part of those whose property is imperilled—the blame lies partly on both—the public peace is threatened and oftentimes broken, and the lives and property of persons innocent of offence, are endangered. This illustration suffices for the point I wish to make: that the strength and symmetry of our social and domestic system, and the power and perpetuity of our form of government, depend upon the mutual participation, upon equal terms of all classes and divisions of our people, of men of variant interests and different pursuits—of the laboring man and the professional man, the farmer, the merchant, the artisan, of individuals and corporations, upon a common plane, and with equal rights, making just concessions to each other with a common purpose, the advancement of the common good of all.

"If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling?

The eye cannot say unto the hand I have no need of thee—nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of thee. There should be no schism in the body, but the members should have the same care one for the other."

The strength and safety of our form of government, popular, free, representative, and, rightly administered, perpetual, rests upon the willing and united loyalty and service of *all* its citizens, all served, all serving—its very foundations were laid in mutual concessions and compromises. A government conducted in the interest of all classes without partiality or prejudice is a perfect government. A government conducted in the interest and for the alleged benefit of a single

class or certain classes of the people, is a weak or a dangerous government. A government that is moved by a spirit of hostility or animosity to any especial class is a vicious and wicked government. If there be one truth proven by all history, it is that in the segregation of classes lies the beginning of sorrow; that when, in any land, classes *as classes* are battling for control or dominion, the seeds of turmoil and strife and dissolution are being sown, seeds which, like the dragon's teeth sown by Jason, are certain to mature and bring a harvest of disaster and strife.

If I shall have succeeded, young gentlemen, in impressing this idea upon your minds, I will be more than satisfied. You will soon be mingling with the world in the hard and actual battle of life. In that fierce fray, in whatever station you may be placed, whatever may be your avocation or your profession, remember that the better and surer rights of each class are contained in the comprehending rights of all; that in mutuality of effort, and in mutuality of government, lies the public peace and the national prosperity. Professional men should recognize the advancing days of material industry, the dignity of labor, the ever-widening influence in the land of the hand-workers, "men my brothers, men the workers," whose hands may be soiled but whose minds are clear, whose loins are strong and whose hearts are true, men who are carrying this State forward to days more prosperous than ever dawned within her borders.

If you join the ranks of those who in material ways and physical callings are doing their life's work, admit and admire the labor that is being done by professional men, the strides that are being made in all professional quarters tending towards the public good, and remember that these same professional men have ever been the defenders of popular rights and the guardians and champions of personal liberty. And, above all, remember that in this Southern land it has been the combined exertions and the allied patriotism of *all* her people, without distinction of calling or separation of class, that has preserved and secured her civilization and her liberties. The State needs the service of all her sons and their combined devotion. In their concerted service rests the peace and prosperity of the Commonwealth.

God forbid that in the days to come we should ever jeopardize, by unseemly strife and internal divisions among our people, the blessings and rights that have been won for us. God forbid that by internecine controversies we should dim the brightening splendor of the approaching day.

There is another tendency of the times to which I desire briefly to allude.

This is a period of doubt and unbelief, when theological disputations

and doctrinal dissensions and allegations of heresy are prevalent, shaking the very foundations of faith and emboldening the fell spirit of infidelity; when throughout the world there is a wave of vice and immorality and corruption manifesting itself in high places, in official stations, in business circles, dishonoring thrones, destroying public confidence, weakening public and private morals and dulling the conscience of the people. The newspapers are daily filled with stories of theft and peculation, of embezzlement and depravity and crime.

If there be a supreme duty resting upon all men, it is to set their faces against the swelling tide of infidelity and immorality that threatens to engulf the land, and by voice and example to proclaim and stimulate a higher ideal of morality and integrity, and a surer and more abiding faith in God.

And to our young men advancing into life and influence, armed with mental vigor, with intellectual culture and sound morals and with unfaltering faith, comes this duty with peculiar force, for they are presently to become the leaders of their fellowmen, guiding public opinion and controlling public thought.

Young gentlemen, you can have no sublimer aspiration than to stand among your fellows as an honest man and a gentleman. You can attain no higher honor than to walk among men as a simple follower of the man of Galilee. Make the Bible the chart of your life, your guiding star, the star that shone in the Eastern sky above the manger at Bethlehem.

Whatever honors may come to you, whatever distinction in art or letters or business or professional life may be yours, you will fail of measuring up to the truest and highest type of manhood if you fail to win the dignity, the strength, the serene and lofty beauty that accompanies the life and marks the character of a Christian gentleman.

I commend to you as the highest aim of life the cultivation of honor, integrity, virtue and religious faith. Remember that public and private virtue are the great conservative safeguards of society and adorn and glorify the individual life.

There is a beautiful allegory in which Virtue is made to say to a young man entering on life's turbulent field:

"I have a temple in every heart that owns
my influence,
And to him who wishes for me
I am ever present. Science may raise thee
to eminence,
I alone can guide thee to felicity."

Lessons of Christianity should not come exclusively from the pulpit. The great duty of life should not be taught alone by the clergy. I do not intend to preach a sermon; but no public speaker on an occasion like this, and in an age like the present, should neglect to declare that integrity and virtue are inseparable accom-

paniments of national prosperity and individual happiness—that underneath all civilization and peace are the everlasting arms, and that faith in the Lord God of Hosts is essential to the stability of our institutions and the preservation of our liberties. A people who condone corruption, who temporize with immorality, who in the mad struggle for wealth and power lose their faith in God, are putting in peril their freedom and their national existence.

And now, young gentlemen, having imperfectly discharged the duty your kind partiality placed upon me, permit me in closing to say a few words to the graduating class. To you, gentlemen, and to each of you, I say "God speed."

You are to-day in the closing hours of your collegiate life. You stand

> "Facing the morning of farewell,
> Brightly and boldly;"—

You are speedily to go out among men to win or lose your way. As Carlyle says:

> "The race for life is fierce—the runners
> Treading on each other's heels."

But, gentlemen, the goal is sure to him who by faith and patience makes his way. Look for no marvelous turn of the wheel of fortune. Be diligent, virtuous and true, and success will be yours. In the strife and clamor of daily life bear yourselves as men.

"*Incorrupta fides nudaque veritas mens conscia recti.*"

Society always needs educated men, earnest, moral, faithful, practical men. To these she always opens all her avenues to wealth, influence and power. The mould of a man's fortune is in his own hands. Upon you alone depends the outcome of your own lives. The shadowy future opens before you—what it will be, is for you alone to determine. With faith in God and with bold hearts I bid you go forward.

> "Turn not back; hand once upon the plough
> Drive the brave furrow forward, eyes intent
> On the share's point, trust Heaven for recompense.
> Forgetting recompense, trust God for due
> Of goodly things, and for soul's due of peace."

IS OUR REPUBLIC IN DANGER?

The record of our country is a succession of crises. The history of our Republic is short and brilliant; glorious, though not without an occasional stain. The brightest pages of the world's history are to be found in tracing the course of our Republic; it is a golden leaf in the book of time, a beautiful flower sprung from the bosom of ages.

Begin, will you, at the first footprint of Columbus, and follow the

winding, crimson cord that runs through our Republic's life, terminating, we hope, in the late internal struggle for Southern independence. Our colonial sires were inspired by the impulsive throb of liberty, and from their bosoms of freedom was born the fragile beginning of a mighty government. From the decay of colonial creeds has grown the fairest blossom that blooms on the western hemisphere, the United States, the champion of liberty, the pioneer of greatness, the dictator of the world. Her people have a heritage so grand that imagination itself cannot measure the vastness of her capabilities, and a career so dazzling as to call forth the hatred and admiration of her sister nations.

She has not attained her rank among envious nations without difficulty. In her gradual upward march, she has been oftimes momentarily impeded by avaricious sisters and bloody strife. All along the crimson stream of a hundred years, we see blood-stained placards marking the arenas upon which have taken place many deathly conflicts between man and his fellow-man. Is it not lamentable that some great prophet did not plant his theodolite upon the sacred heights of Mt. Sinai and survey out a peaceful road for all nations, avoiding so many gulfs of fratricidal blood! Yet from the drifting wreckage of fleeting ages has sprung the almost consummate flower of civilization, and the United States now stands upon the slippery heights of electric progress, with her surging, restless masses, clambering to increase their progress and struggling for an unhappy existence. But while standing upon the threshold of the twentieth century, surrounded by the rush of thrift, in the midst of a civilized and educated people, we scarcely have time to meditate over the momentous history of our adored Republic or to consider the threatening dangers, quietly accumulating, and calculated to make our destiny ignoble.

Taking a cursory view of our present condition, we only see our country's waters ruffled by the selfish efforts of the wealthy few and the fierce struggle of the pauperous many. This agitation is natural, and will exist so long as man is human.

Excuse a little allegory and procure your diving-bell and sword, then enter the bosom of the waves. There you will find the devil-fish in all its iniquities sapping the oxygen from our once pure waters, leaving the non-life supporting gas. They are rife with bands of animals working to destroy the pure current that should pass round each individual molecule. Full of prey-seekers who suck the virtue from her waters and leave them stale and stagnant. Full, indeed, of noxious beings that are destroying the fluid in which they, themselves, most flourish.

Fifty years ago our vigilant fore-

fathers discerned these pernicious forces in their forecast of our Republic's future. The wisest among them were fearful of the results of the interfusion of the original stock of American society with elements alien to our history and beliefs of our ancestry. Their suspicions were just then, and more alarming now. We cannot understand the magnitude and meaning of immigration. It is big with the destiny of our Republic. A portentous crisis is soon to spring from its import. Truly the garbage of the earth has been, and is being dumped upon our shores—upon the soil crimson with the blood of liberty—martyrs who fought the filthy stream to preserve our institutions from certain decay, and our people from inevitable contamination. If the present flow of immigration is compatible with the existence of the Republic as it now is, it certainly is adverse to the views and desires of its founders. Commercial intercourse is the soul of progress, but social intermixture of alien races is death to our sacred institutions and tends to produce chaos and corruption in society. Chaotic society begets confusion in government; confused government is not characteristic of a stable and thrifty Republic, but is hostile to all her liberal teachings. So, if we do not prohibit immigration, we license enemies to ravish our inherited and sacred rights and cause death to us, their indulgers. At the present rate of immigration, in fifteen years the foreign population with their children of the first generaton, will be forty-seven million! Who can then tell whether foreigners will be Americanized or Americans be foreignized? The apprehension this statement should produce in every patriotic breast is comment enough upon the subject.

LaFayette knew the chastening influence of his church upon the liberty for which he helped our ancestors fight, when he said: "If the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Romish clergy." He knew their teachings were inimical to the dearest and most fundamental principles of our constitution, when they have ever denounced in the bitterest language the liberty of conscience, freedom of speech, the press, and oppose vehemently our public school system. We know our public schools are imperfect, but we cannot afford to substitute for them papal institutions, which foster ignorance and teach fidelity to priestcraft and superstition. Pope Pius anathematized "those who assert the liberty of conscience and religious worship," and "all such as maintain that the church may not employ force." The *Catholic Review* came out with this statement, "Protestantism, of every form, has not and never can have any right where Catholicity is triumphant."

Liberty of conscience, freedom of

speech and the press are sacred words, and embodied in our constitution by rivers of the Republic's best blood, and are the grand principles upon which rests the salvation of America.

Yet the United States, the giant tree of liberty, is kindly sheltering millions who are day and night piercing it to the heart, by stifling conscience, muffling the press, and choking our public schools. Every cardinal, archbishop, and bishop, on entering the Church takes the following oath: "Heretics, schismatics, and rebels to our said Lord the Pope, or his aforesaid successors, I will, to the utmost, persecute and oppose." Persecute the founders and devotees of the Republic! Oppose every principle connected with liberty! This oath is more binding and dangerous to the public welfare and free institutions than that of the Mafia was to the inhabitants of New Orleans.

The deadly ulcer is silently spreading over the great broad heart of the Republic; its cancer-like roots are slowly permeating her vitals and winding their slimy tendrils around the ramifying branches of freedom, and quietly eating away that which constitutes our pride, our glory. Our monuments of liberty, bought and made sacred by double their value in the blood of heroes, must finally crumble under the continuous beating of the papal hammer. Bloody-mouthed and iron-clutched tyrrany is crouched behind every papal chair, ready at any opportunity to spring upon and devour the white hind of liberty. Were I asked to point out the most menacing and portentous peril that to-day threatens the welfare of our Republic, I should point to the sullen cloud of eight million Catholics that darkens her horizon. We are fostering an army of enemies vaster than the estimated number of Goths and Vandals that swept over Southern Europe and overwhelmed Rome. This peril does not appear so imminent, because they are quietly working under the pretense of tolerance, for they are not yet "triumphant" and must be obedient.

For the preservation of the Republic, I have no theory to offer, except it be a radical revolution. This would seem despotic, but yet it is our only safety. Monotheism must be the beacon light to guide our nation's progressive footprints. Liberty and the Christian religion should clasp hands in the feeling of a loving sisterhood, and march on peacefully into the bosom of unrevealed ages. Rev. J. H. Warden wrote from California, "The Roman Catholic power is fast becoming an overwhelming evil. Their schools are everywhere, and number probably two hundred in the State. They blow no trumpets, are sparing with statistics, but are at work night and day to break down the institutions of the country, beginning with the public schools. As surely as we live, so surely will the conflict come, and it will be a hard one."

Romanism and immigration are the most perilous and threatening questions that confront this age of Americans. Still these are not all the forces working against the long-standing of the Republic. The most flagrant of these are, intemperance, with its destruction; wealth, with its despotism; cities, with their congestion of foreigners and vice; Mormonism, with its corruption. Like the Romans in days of yore, too many carnal Americans have turned their energy toward plucking the bud of virtue and withering the flower of purity. As are our women, so will be our country. They are the tender, yet sacred vessels in which are carried the hopes and virtues of the human family. That was no absurd fiction of those old Romans, who instituted the vestal virgins to keep burning forever the fires of Roman liberty. That liberty never expired until that noble sisterhood was dragged down and corrupted. So, too, the fires of our liberty may never be extinguished if they are kept alive by the virtues of pure women. The great spring of human life must be kept pure and holy, or the mighty stream that flows from it will be corrupt. Let us strive to place the women of our land so high in the estimation of mankind, that impurities cannot approach them. This will be better than temples of Jupiter; better than gold and precous stones.

If we would make our Republic an obelisk of liberty, we must fight unrestricted immigration, contemn Romanism, abstain from intemperance, discourage avarice, seek to lessen the population of cities, and lastly, as one of the best and surest means of elevating, purifying, and ennobling our people, to place woman on that high pedestal of queenly dignity that she held in ancient Egypt, performing high and noble offices, then she will be the guardian angel of our safety, and our country will be nearing the Utopian dream.

E. Y. WEBB.

THE STORY OF THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

In no other country of the civilized world have the evils of monarchical power, absolutely despotic in its nature, reached so fearful a pitch as in France, under her line of Kings who bore the common name of Louis. Totally deprived of all right of representation by the Estates of the Realm; ground down by the most unjust taxes, restraints and demands that the most devilish ingenuity could devise, the body of the French people remained, for the eight or ten centuries immediately preceding the

Revolution, in a condition bordering on utter slavery. The favored class, on the other hand, with a serene disregard of the feelings of their inferiors, rode through life on the necks of those whose hereditary masters they were; indulged in all they could wish for, knowing never a care nor a sorrow; their sole aim in life was the pursuit of pleasure. Perchance over many of them brooded the dull horror of weariness with life—satiety of every known conventional enjoyment; they knew that "ginger was hot in the mouth," but even ginger lost its strength to the palate when used too freely, and it, too, palls. Hence it was that they rushed into the most frightful orgies and excesses; sought eagerly after every novelty, whether it were in dress, habits or customs, or the more dark and positive forms of vice — anything to drown that voice which could not be stifled, reminding them of life, so full of reality and action, but which they were heedlessly frittering away. The age was one of extravagance — extravagance in dress, fashion, etiquette, vice, folly, cruelty: the character of the dominant class, in so long a period, could not but leave its impress on the body of the people, hated as they were; and it is to be feared that even at this day, when, for nearly a century, the Rights of Man have been proclaimed through France under a republican form of government closely akin to ours, and separated from the past by the bloody chasm of the French Revolution, when the gutters of Paris ran with the blood of the nation's aristocracy — even now it is feared that, as a whole, they still retain much of this impress. The Frenchman, among the nations of the world, is the representative of the pleasure-seeking, fashion-loving, impetuous, fickle, spendthrift class, which is to be found among all peoples; and his history has been as much shaped by these characteristics as that of the Englishman by those of prudence, forethought, energy, opposition to innovations, and a stubborn adherence to his rights against all tyranny and oppression.

While Monarchical Government, in itself, cannot be held directly accountable for the incident which is the subject of this meagre sketch, yet, under no other form of government than such, and in no other atmosphere than that of a voluptuous court, could a fraud of so great a magnitude, so ingeniously planned, and so skillfully executed, have been perpetrated.

Incident we have called it, but for lack of a better name. To the sufferers — those upon whom fell the burden of obloquy as well as the direct loss, from Marie Antoinette to the humblest carver of jewels — it must surely have seemed more than such. Fraud it surely was.

In the reign of that Louis who succeeded "The Great King," and who

was himself succeeded by his grandson, the ill-starred Louis XVI, while yet the gloomy walls of the Bastile stood, enclosing as in a living tomb many an enemy of the existing rêgime, and overawing many others, the elegance, the prodigality, the vices of the court, and the misery, degradation, squalor and despair of the people reached their height.

Conspicuous amidst the gay assemblage of women noted for beauty and wickedness stood Madame Du Barry, the reigning mistress of Louis. Her influence over her royal master was boundless, and in nothing did she scruple to use it to her own advantage. Attentions, wealth, honors, titles were lavished on her without stint, but still she longed for "other worlds, yet unconquered."

One of the manifold curses of kingly domination is the thousand and one useless appendages — the hangers-on about the court, the crowd of dependents who grow fat upon *imaginary services* rendered the crown, which services, however imaginary they may be, are requited with *real gold*, too often wrung, as in this case, from a starving people.

Of this class was one Boehmer, who rejoiced in the high-sounding title of "Jeweller to His Majesty," and still more in the lordly revenue which he derived from it; one of those men, too, by the way, so familiar in history, who, without choice in the matter, whether they will or not, are borne along on the bosom of Fortune, puppets to the force of circumstances— flies imbedded in amber: their names, deeds, individual identities, are inseparably merged into the great events with which they are connected.

Boehmer conceived the grand design of making his fortune for life and his name immortal for the ages to come by the execution of a masterpiece such as the world has never seen, and will probably never again see; he will collect the largest jewels, the most faultless, to be found in all the world, from the mines Golconda to those of Brazil; out of them shall be constructed, by the unstinted outlay of wealth and the employment of the most skillful labor to be had, a necklace such as will grace the alabaster neck of a Du Barry — "fit only for the Sultana of the world; indeed only attainable by such, for it is valued at 1,800,000 lires;" that is, something over four hundred thousand dollars. In Carlyle's words — a description worthy of the subject! — we have it: "A row of seventeen glorious diamonds, as large almost as filberts, encircles, not too tightly, the neck, a first time. Looser, gracefully fastened thrice to these, a three-wreathed festoon, and pendants enough (simple pear-shaped, multiple star-shaped, or clustering amorphous) encircle it, enwreath it, a second time. Loosest of all, softly flowing round from behind, in priceless catenary, rush down two broad three-fold rows; seems to knot

themselves (round a very Queen of Diamonds) on the bosom; then rush on, again separated, as if there were length in plenty; the very tassels of them were a fortune for some men. And now, lastly, two other inexpressible three-fold rows, also with their tassels, unite themselves (when the necklace is on at rest) and into a doubly inexpressible, SIX-fold row; stream down (together or asunder) over the hind-neck — we may fancy, like lambent Zodiacal or Aurora-Borealis fire."

The necklace is completed; but hardly have the finishing touches been put upon it, when Louis XV is called before the bar of a higher power than his own to give an account of his stewardship. Du Barry, whose arrogance, folly and cruelty had made her odious to all, and who had been kept in her exalted station only by the caprice of him who now lay cold in death, fell, like Lucifer, from her high estate. "The King is dead; long live the King!"

In troop a new set of favorites to enjoy the sinecures now at the disposal of His Majesty Louis XVI, and out go the favorites of the late reign. Du Barry, retired on a small pension, is henceforward known only in history, and that as having been the most brilliant figure on the most brilliant stage that the world has ever seen, and as having had the ill fortune to survive such a part.

Boehmer, at first stunned by this great blow to his prospects, and by the probability, hitherto undreamed of, of his being unable to dispose of his necklace, now assuming fearful proportions, turned, as a last hope, to the new queen, Marie Antoinette, who, in her youthful bloom and beauty, had, for some years, as the Dauphiness, graced the court of the old Louis. She was just now beginning that career, at first seemingly so full of hope and promise, but so soon to be closed amidst the darkness and horror of the outburst of a people's frenzied madness, which had been gathering for many centuries. Her sole crime, gentle blood and her marriage with the heir of a line of tyrants; her sole hope, the mercy of a long-goaded and desperate people! As well sow the wind and hope to escape the whirlwind!

And yet, all unconscious of her fate, her court was gay, and she was profuse in her expenditures. But Boehmer's necklace was too expensive, "We have more need of seventy-fours than of necklaces," she said, and in answer to his pathetic appeal, calmly advised him "to take his necklace to pieces, and sell it thus."

But though foiled thus, still he never gives up his darling project; the necklace must be sold, and that in its sparkling, glistening, regal entirety; else where will come in his share of fame if he abandon the transmission to posterity of the masterpiece of the age? After three long

years of endless searching throughout all Europe for a purchaser, he finds himself no nearer his goal than when he began. To crowned heads, as well as commoners, comes sometimes—nay, oftener than otherwise—what is generally regarded as a plebeian consideration, viz.: the lack of money; of course in varying degree, but yet the effect is the same; all they wish cannot be obtained, and they must do without.

And now appears on the scene the chief actor—actress in this case—the personage who is to reconcile all the seemingly discordant elements of this most disjointed episode, preserving with masterly skill the "Three Unities." Her talents for intrigue present now an unparalleled opportunity. Mme. Jeanne de St. Remi, born of a family, whose descent from the Royal House of France was marred only by the bar sinister, which had for several generations been of great reputation and wealth, was the first of the line to know absolute want. Born at the ancestral palace, which overlooked the little town of Bar-upon-Aube, she was, when a mere child, turned from it with her father, by whose drunkenness and prodigality such a misfortune had overtaken them, to get from the world that living which people, of this class at least, generally believe it owes them. Drifting up to Paris, the great maelstrom of the times, the father—how many blue-blooded scions of noble houses leave the world thus—dies a pauper's death in a charity hospital; while the little orphan, with wits sharpened by a year or two of training in that hardest of schools, adversity, seeks a living by begging. Her intelligent face and air commend her to the notice of a Countess of the court; she adopts the little beggar and rears her.

While in this atmosphere, she became conversant with court manners and morals; grew familiar with intrigues and plots, learned the faces of the celebrities of the France of the period—in short, picked up the information which was to be of so vital use to her. But she picked up too quickly, and began to know too much to suit her patroness, and was again cast forth upon the world, owing much, however, to that patroness, and a hundred times better equipped to cope with the world than before.

She is described at this time as "being about twenty years of age; with a face not beautiful, yet of a certain piquancy; dark hair, blue eyes, and, lastly, a character," which Carlyle, that stern, honest, fearless critic, and, as he says of himself, "a determined student of human nature," declares to be undecipherable. However this may be to him who was accustomed to study carefully and philosophically the psychical phenomena of every man's history with whom he has to do, yet to the average observer, out of all this troubled sea

of villainy, deception, mischief-making and intrigue, stands forth most prominently the motive of self-aggrandisement, and the putting forth of her utmost efforts to that end, without the slightest vestige of that *something* which we are taught to look for in the moral make-up of every human being, and to take into account in considering his actions, called—conscience.

The next seven years of her life were spent in her native place, whither she had gone for a livelihood after leaving the Countess' household. Here she met her husband, M. de La Motte, at the time of their marriage a private in the gens-d'armes; afterwards an adventurer—"a denizen of rascal-dom"—differing from her only in his lack of ability and of her woman's tact for intrigue, not in his ulterior objects, or desire of a better condition for himself in the world. Thinking to better their fortunes, and aware of the utter improbability or impossibility of their changing for the worse, they turned their course again toward Paris.

So now we have them, toward the close of the year 1783, in Paris, like two hungry wolves, ready to prey on society. Nor must we forget a dependent of theirs—a comrade of La Motte's, by name, Villette de Ritaux—who was "*most skillful in forging hands.*"

Through the mediation of her former patroness, the Countess Boulainvillers, who, by the lapse of time, had forgotten in great measure the offence she had taken at the too-ready acuteness and aptness of her ward, and who perhaps thought it would in no wise damage her merely to give a former favorite a livelihood, Madame—called by courtesy, Countess—de La Motte was introduced into the household of His Eminence Prince Lewis de Rohan, who was at the time Cardinal, having risen through the successive stages—each higher than the last—of Coadjutor at Strasburg, Grand Alumner of France, Commendator, Archbishop, to his present exalted position. As he is the background against which our Countess de La Motte appears, and the puppet which she moves at will, perhaps it would be better that we take a brief review of his character, and in some measure trace the successive links of the chain which drew him on to be influenced by her.

Sprung from the noble family of Rohan, which claimed to trace their descent back parallel to that of the House of the Bourbons, and which had for several generations enjoyed, in connection with many offices of honor and emolument about the court, hereditary ecclesiastical preferments from the Supreme Pontiff of the Church of Rome, Prince Lewis, while a strippling, had been shown many marks of favor and trust by Lewis XV. At the age of thirty-six, while holding the august office of Coadjutor at Stras-

burg, to him had been granted the high privilege of receiving and conducting into France the prospective bride of the Dauphin, the beautiful Marie Antoinette. From his first acqaintance with her, he never ceased to nurse a violent but hopeless passion for her, and it was by playing upon him through this fancy of his, credulous, as it was, though never encouraged in any way by the Queen, either by word or deed, that Madame de LaMotte succeeded in her schemes. Marie Antoinette seems to have always regarded him with abhorrence, and upon the accession of her husband to the throne he was coldly informed that "His Majesty no longer needed his services," and was requested to retire from the court. It was said that his disgrace was due as much to an unlucky joke of his about the relation of the Queen's mother, Marie Theresa of Austria, to the dismemberment of Poland, which was then in progress, as to the Queen's aversion toward him.

He was reported to have said that "Marie Theresa was standing, handkerchief in one hand, weeping over Poland's woes, and sword in the other, ready to take her share in the division of spoils." Upon so feeble a tenure rests the title of Royal Favor.

His sole aim in life was now to regain the smiles of Royalty, and to this end he was prepared to move heaven and earth.

The character—if the mass of his confused motives and desires be worthy of the name character—of Cardinal de Rohan was like that of the generality of French nobles of his time. Bold, selfish, frivolous, sunk in sloth and idleness, he differed from the others only in the added dignity given him by his ecclesiastical titles. The church, one of whose ministers he was, whose priciples and teachings he had sworn, by the most sacred oaths, to support, both in his life and precepts, he regarded in no other light than as a stepping-stone over the superstition and ignorance of the body of the people to yet higher honors and advantages than men of the secular walks of life could enjoy. Her offices had been conferred on his family for generations, and he was expected to adopt the church as other nobles did the army. It was merely an adjunct to his life—in no sense a restraint or guide upon his thoughts or actions.

Fit specimen of too many of Rome's potentates for hundreds of years, while through them the human race was kept so long in the most awful darkness, spiritual and mental, it was yet through the disgust inspired by such, and the consequent turning away from them in search of better guides, that the glorious light of the Reformation burst upon the world.

Madame de LaMotte had not been many months in his service before she ingratiated herself—positive, aggressive as it was—into a full under-

standing of the phlegmatic, stupid Cardinal and his ruling passions, and she hastened to take advantage given. Engaged in his household, fast acquiring an influence over him which was magnified even, in some circles, she had become acquainted with the affair of Boehmer and his necklace, through the persistent efforts of the miserable man to induce her to aid him in selling it, offering her a liberal percentage in case she succeeded. She would promise him nothing, she said; if she could advantage him any way, though, she might let him know; in the meantime she had other duties, hated to be bored, and laughingly, in her butterfly character, flitted away. How little did anyone dream of the daring plot which was then taking form in her subtle brain; how eager she was watching, panther-like, for her opportunity!

It was in the early part of the year 1784, then, that Madame de LaMotte began to hint to the Cardinal that she had obtained access to her Majesty's confidence, and, as proof of it, delivered to his too credulous ear messages of varying import, but all tending to produce in his sluggish mind the desired belief that the Queen was now willing to let by-gones be by-gones; that, as Dauphiness, she had stood greatly in her own light in looking so coldly upon his Eminence, and was now willing—nay, eager—to be reconciled to him; but that for the present, for reasons of vital importance to the State, it would be better, and would, in the end, insure with more certainty his cordial reception at court by all classes, that he should still keep his retirement; her Majesty, he was informed, counted the days, even the hours, till the time when she could publicly recognize and reward the faithful servant whom she had so sorely wronged. The messages, some verbal, it is true, but others written on most delicate gilt-edged paper, known to be used only by Royalty, and — there can now be no mistake — signed with royal autographs, "Marie Antoinette, *Reine de France*," all delivered by our trusty Countess — these admit of no doubt. The Cardinal is completely hoodwinked; he sends back missive after missive — two hundred in all, during the space of a little over a year — exculpating himself, explaining away, imploring forgiveness absolute and entire, and a speedy reïnstatement in favor; the gilt-edged autographs continue to reply, and the Cardinal's spirits rise higher and higher.

On the 28th of July of the same year, the Countess communicated to His Eminence the joyful news that Her Majesty had consented to see him that night in the grounds of the Little Trianon, under the shadow of the stately palace of Versailles. It was the hour of midnlght; the moon totally concealed behind masses of fast-driving cloud; the night close,

sultry, with a stillness as of death reigning over all. Now was to be the realization of all the Cardinal's dreams, day and night, for long weary months. He stood waiting, with bated breath, the appearance of Madame de LaMotte, clad, by preconcerted arrangement, in a black domino, to conduct him to the presence of the Queen. The Black Domino appeared; with whispered injunction and pointing finger, directed him to the "Horn-beam Arbor" near by, one of the many bosky recesses, scattered, like spots of Paradise, over the grounds of the Little Trianon. A figure, stately, Junoesque, robed in white, is standing there in the shadow. Hardly has he gone down on his knees, imprinted a fervent kiss on that white hand, when footsteps are heard approaching; a rose, fair as herself, drops from the hand of the goddess, and with the whispered, "*Vous savoy ce que cela veut divé!*" (you know what that means), she vanishes. The Cardinal, chagrined and panic-stricken, takes time merely to snatch up the rose — is gone.

Soon the Countess appears, from seeing Her Majesty in safe; regrets so much the unfortunate interruption; without doubt, Fortune will be more propitious next time. Her Majesty, too, was so much annoyed; still looked forward, however, with eagerness to another and a more satisfactory interview, which should, at no late day, take place.

On the stage — and often in real life — rag-a-muffins in regal robes sometimes personate kings and queens; we cannot discriminate between them. After all, men see, in great measure, that which they wish to — with the proviso, of course (surely a moderate one), that the unities of time and place be, in some degree, regarded. "The wish is often father to the thought."

She who has to-night been Queen of France, was to-day, and will be tomorrow, merely Mademoiselle Gay d'Oliva, a handsome girl of Paris, whose livelihood, like that of so many others, is of the description "from hand to mouth;" she has to-night supplemented it by a few francs.

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth
Than are dreampt of in thy philosophy,"

O Cardinal, and among them is the chance resemblance, though a decided one, between Marie Antoinette and Gay d'Oliva!

She has done the Queen important ssrvice, so Her Majesty's confidential maid(?), Countess de LaMotte, tells her, and her injunction to secrecy does not disturb her. She will appear no more in this sketch.

Madame de LaMotte, emboldened by her success, now dropped a hint to Boehmer, who continued to weary her, as she told her friends, by his persistency, that she thought the Cardinal Louis de Rohan was the man to buy his necklace. She did not wish, however, to be concerned in the

matter, and must beg of him not to mention her name to the Cardinal as in any way having advised him to apply to His Eminence. Boehmer consented to regard her request, and laid his case before him; showed him the necklace, as brightly glittering, as captivating in its magnificent beauty as ever. The Cardinal, full of a new idea of his, of conciliating the Queen still further by so splendid a gift, consulted the Countess on the subject. She hesitated; at first refused to be a party to so great an act of extravagance; then doubted whether the Queen would accept it or not. Finally, after much shrewd delay, during which she was drawing the Cardinal on to be more eager each day, and after many imaginary interviews with the Queen, she reported to him that Her Majesty could not accept a present of such magnitude, but would be greatly pleased to have the jewels; she would be much indebted to him, therefore, if he would advance the necessary sum — 1,600,000 livres — and be paid by her in installments. Such was the penuriousness of her husband, she said, that she could not buy the necklace openly, or pay for it at the time. For the ultimate payment of the purchase-money, however, she pledged her queenly faith. This was the import of the Countess' messages, which she delivers with the proviso that she is never to handle a treasure of such magnitude, or be in any way concerned in the actual transfer thereof, otherwise than as a witness, lest she should be exposed to suspicion, *should* some unforeseen calamity overtake the transaction.

To this the Cardinal willingly, and wondering at her scruples, assents.

Finally, about the last of January, 1785, after weeks of the most skillful mediation on the part of the Countess between the jeweller Boehmer, Cardinal Louis de Rohan, and, *presumably*, Marie Antoinette, the contract between the two former was reduced to writing, signed with the hand and seal of each and duly witnessed; in it it is provided that the Cardinal is to pay the specified sum in five equal installments, the first payable on the 30th of July of that year, the others three months apart. The jeweller, on his side, for particular private reasons of the Cardinal, is to mention to no one the disposal of his necklace, but if questioned, as he most probably will be, must say the Sultana of Turkey has bought it. With this precious document the Countess again betakes herself — presumably — to the Queen, in reality to Villette, "of Rascal-dom," whom we have seen before as "being most skillful in forging hands." At any rate, back she comes with another royally-signed gilt-edged missive: "Good. Marie Antoinette *of France.*" The necklace is delivered to the Cardinal; he gives his receipt; and it now only remains to put it into the hands of the Queen's messenger. The fol-

lowing night — the 2d of February — is fixed for this last and crowning event; the Countess names her "apartment" — hers by acquaintance with a subordinate official of the palace — as the fittest place for it. There, in such place and at such time, amid breathless silence, the Countess and the Cardinal, with the casket enclosing the precious necklace, await the coming of the Queen's valet. Punctually at the appointed hour, a knock, low, distinct, as of one who knows he is expected, is heard. The Countess admits the dark, soldierly-looking young fellow who stands without; his uniform is that of the Queen's valet; his face, though, is that of Villette. "With his grave, respectful yet official air, he has received the casket with its priceless contents; with fit injunction, with fit engagements; and retires, bowing low. Thus softly, silently, like a very dream, flits away our solid necklace — through the Horn Gate of Dreams!"

From now on the replies to the Cardinal's impassioned appeals to the Queen for speedy recognition of himself at court grew rarer and rarer; when they came, they were couched in short, curt terms, and counseled delay, always delay. "Could it be," thought the Cardinal, "that the queenly word, pledged with so much solemnity, could be of so little value?" Impossible! The thought was unworthy of himself and of its subject; but it still kept returning, each time bringing with it more gloomy premonitions than before. At any rate, he would quiety await the all-important thirtieth of July; then the promised 300,000 livres, with interest, would be duly settled, and he could have some assurance that all was well; or — but the other contingency the Cardinal could not bear to think upon. After all, what was the meaning of these foolish fears? Whence did they come? Had not all been settled? Had he not, himself, in the very palace of Versailles, put into the hand of the Queen's messenger, clad in her livery, the casket containing the necklace? But think on it as much as he would, his thoughts always followed the same trend — always came back to the starting point. Heavy was the load of care that weighed upon him in these five months, as they slowly dragged their length out.

Soon after the transfer of the necklace from the Cardinal's hands, M. de LaMotte, under his own name and without disguise, appears in England at the races, the clubs, wherever about town men of fashion congregate, and where money is the indispensable "Open Sesame." "Failing," as he expresses it, "to receive expected remittances from home," he disposes of some valuable diamonds which the beautiful Queen has presented his Countess. The jewellers detect nothing wrong with them; they are particularly fine stones, and are worth a good

price. The Count seems to be a gentleman who pays his debts, and who is agreeable to all he meets. There is no use of exposing his temporary embarrassments, especially as the transaction is one of a thousand they have daily with men of birth and wealth.

M. Villette de Rétaux is spending considerable money among the taverns of Geneva; his money is good, and his creditors are not over-critical of a guest who pays liberally for what he gets.

Only Madame de LaMotte abides in Paris; she only is exposed to the violence of the storm when it shall break, which cannot be far away. But to the warnings of her husband she presents a stout front. What will *injured Innocence* have to fear? Everything, should there be an investigation, will be found in her favor. The Cardinal's shoulders are broad enough to bear this burden, too. So she answers, and stays on.

To return to the Cardinal. In the midst of his fearful doubts, on the 19th of July now, eleven days before the long-expected 30th, there comes to him — through the Countess, of course — with one of the Royal autographs, 15,000 livres to pay the *interest* on the first installment, the expected 300,000, "the principal not being convenient at the time." The thunderstruck Boehmer will accept it, but mind, only *as* the interest. If the rest be not forthcoming, the court of justice must be appealed to. Ruin stares him in the face, otherwise.

Shrinking from the publicity of such a proceeding, the Cardinal has recourse to a brother noble, of whom, after stating the case, he begs the loan of the amount of the first installment. The latter consents, but thinks it were the *safer* course to "*speak* to the Queen" about it.

Boehmer, headlong in his haste, pressed nearer and nearer the precipice by unpaid creditors and hungry employees, has an interview with one of the Queen's waiting maids, Madame Campan, in which he broaches the subject. Standing in a thundershower, which neither of them notice, so intent are they, they are both dazzled by a light which suddenly breaks upon them: the woman learns that a necklace of almost fabulous value has disappeared, and that the Queen is confidently supposed to be in possession of it; the man, that the Queen has never seen or heard of it, and absolutely denies the Cardinal's claims. That she has ever given His Eminence any encouragement, ever met him by preconcerted appointment, she stigmatizes as a base slander on her good name as a woman and a Queen.

The Cardinal was arrested on the following day, as, in his robes of state, before a brilliant throng of courtiers in the Oeuil de Bœuf Gallery of Versailles, he was about to celebrate the Feast of the Assumption.. The gloomy portals of the Bastile opened to receive him; the Countess de LaMotte

soon followed, and the then Villette de Rétaux, accused by reason of his well known intimacy in the family of the LaMottes; then, by his accusation, Demoiselle d'Oliva.

Then began the famous "Necklace Trial," which was spun out over nine long months, and was finally ended by the solemn acquittal of the Cardinal from all blame in the matter by the Parliament of Paris, convened in special session for the purpose of the trial, and the branding of the Countess with the letter V (*voleuse*, thief). Against Villette and Demoiselle d' Oliva no suit was entered, for lack of evidence against them.

The result was regarded as a victory over the Queen and the Austrian Party, of which she was naturally the head, by the populace generally, who hated her for her frivolity and extravagance, and had always been taught to regard her with aversion as the cause of all their calamities.

Such was the Affair of the Diamond Necklace. At the time of the famous trial, and, indeed, until thirty years later, when the death-bed confession of M. de LaMotte brought out the facts, there was no theme which was so widely discussed, and about which, at the same time, so little was definitely known. The report of the trial is almost ludicrous, so confused were all the circumstances and so numerous the accusations and counter-accusations, criminations and recriminations, which appear in it.

That generation, and the one following, never ceased to believe firmly in the guilt of the Queen. The idea that she had taken advantage of her station and opportunities to add to her already regal income a treasure so vast, and of her immunity from danger and punishment, to be guilty of so great a crime as to deny her own signature and actions, and then to cast the blame for her own misdeeds off on a man whom she had wronged, and a woman who was so much her inferior in station and advantages for defending herself, sharpened the contempt and hatred of her subjects against her. This feeling continued to gain strength in the few years which elapsed before the outbreak of the Revolution, and when, on the 16th of October, 1793—having fallen from her high station, seen her husband torn from her and borne to execution, and her infant son and daughter forever separated from her—she expiated on the guillotine her mistakes and faults, the tiger-like joy of the populace was greater than on the occasion of the death of any other of their oppressors. But many and dark as were the blots on her character, pernicious as was her influence over her husband, for them we would more justly hold her birth, education and training accountable than ascribe them to any inherent propensities that she might have had to cruelty and wickedness for their own sake. Posterity has acquitted her of blame with regard to the Diamond Necklace; let charity in the same spirit, throw her broad mantle over her shortcomings and errors.

W. A. MONTGOMERY.

EDITORIAL.

OUR AGE—SOME OF ITS TENDENCIES.

Never before, possibly, in the history of our government, save on the eve of some great revolution, has there been so much of restlessness and discontent in every sphere of human activity as there is to-day. This, some one may say, is in perfect accord with the advancement of the age in which we live, since this is a period of steam and electricity, and wonderful development along every line of action. It is true that the former achievements, both of mind and of muscle, and the various appliances of a few years ago, are being constantly replaced by newer and better products of human thought and conception. And we can but admit that that species of restlessness and discontent with present achievements, which is ever striving for something newer and better, is entirely commendable, and the chief characteristic of all real progress. While this is true, we believe that the close observer of our age will not fail to find other species of unrest, deeper rooted in our social and political systems, which forebode evil.

There is a growing discontent among the agricultural class of our country, which finds expression in "a murmuring deep and low, like the warning voice of ocean ere the storm begins to blow." Weary with the accumulating burdens of many years, and the depressing circumstances which confront them, each year becoming more and more stringent as the prices for agricultural products are steadily lowered and the duties on manufactured articles are continually being raised, seeing that bankruptcy and financial ruin are staring them in the face, they are earnestly demanding a more just and equitable adjustment of affairs. They are becoming more and more aroused to their true condition, and, as a result, are demanding, more earnestly than ever before, such a complete revolution in our governmental systems as will not be so oppressive to the laboring masses, and so protective to the manufacturing industries at their expense. To advance their interests, a great social organization has been formed, which, in a very few years, has grown to mammoth proportions. As agitation of any existing evil has always been the forerunner of every revolutionary measure, so this farmers' organization has been the means of agitating the great political questions, and so of hastening the revolution which they demand. Already the force of this organization has been felt in bringing about a change

in the administration of State affairs, and as being a powerful agent in the education of the people concerning the great political issues of the day. In some of the States a complete revolution was wrought in the last election of State officials. Leaders who were true, and had stood by their States in darkest hour of peril, were superseded by others, new and untried, but who sympathized with the new ideas and the modern demands for a cheaper system of government. New measures are being proposed which *promise* much, and to secure the incorporation of these into our governmental system, disciples of the new faith are being strenuously advocated. It seems that there is need of precaution just here, lest this spirit of revolution be so vigorously acted upon as to defeat the fondest hopes of its advocates by engendering strife and a lack of coöperation among the pursuers of the several avocations and trades, so necessary to success.

Dissatisfaction with the political parties which have had to do with the administration of our government for more than a quarter of a century, is also manifest to such a degree that it has been deemed necessary to organize a new party, which shall more perfectly adjust existing evils. Accordingly, the sympathizers with this view met in Cincinnati some months ago and agreed upon a platform embodying their views and setting forth their demands. So at the next national election this party will measure its strength by bringing before the ballot-holders their candidates for support. We mention these things by way of calling attention to the real existence of this spirit of agitation and discontent abroad in our land. While we favor any change in the administration of our government which will remedy existing evils and promote the common good of all, yet we believe that there is need of great prudence on the part of the American people, lest in their eagerness to remedy existing evils they do not entail greater burdens and still more grievous to be borne. The so-called patriots of to-day are responsible for much of the unsettled condition of affairs; not that we think there are no evils to be corrected, but rather that these evils have been too deeply colored and not always attributed to the real causes. Seeing that the people are seeking relief, designing men are taking advantage of the opportunity offered by declaring to the too credulous populace their loyalty to the best interests of the toiling masses, when in reality they are seeking their own aggrandizement. Against trusting such men and following where they would choose to lead, precaution is needed. Not that we believe that there is any less of patriotism now than in years gone by; but that there is a vast deal more of demagogism and a burning desire for self-

exaltation on the part of designing men. True patriotism does not parade itself in search of public trust, but waits to be sought by the place, and when found, serves the best interests of the masses, never swerving from the well-beaten track of duty. The demand of our age is for true men — men who think much and act according to their own convictions. When such men are sought out and placed in charge of our government, and then supported by all classes, out of agitation and revolution a brighter and better era will surely dawn.

E. S. REAVES.

THE FEMALE UNIVERSITY.

The course which Raleigh has pursued with respect to the Baptist Female University has been in the highest sense discreditable to that town. We believe that no other town in North Carolina would have failed to make good its promises to a board of trustees; we have evidence that some of them which bid for this school would not, for they promptly raised the amounts subscribed to obtain other schools. When the trustees voted the school to Raleigh they expected that the subscriptions would be paid in at once, the buildings completed and the school opened within a year; but after nearly two years have passed, not a brick has been laid, and the friends of the school, who were zealous at that time, have grown indifferent because of the delay. To such an extent is this true that to people generally the Female University at Raleigh has become synonomous with no school. We hope that the trustees will altogether give up building the school at Raleigh, as this seems to us to be the surest means of reviving popular interest and enlisting the sympathy and support of all who really desire the school.

None are so selfish as to deny that the girls must have the university. It is pleasant to note that there is a sentiment pervading all classes that we have not done what we should for the higher education of girls; that it is no longer thought right that while a boy is given four years training at a college or a university, his sister must be satisfied with what she can learn at an academy or a boarding-school, poorly equipped as they are for thorough instruction. But although this is true, not a few are unwilling to send their daughters to a female college where, on account of the confinement and want of exercise, their health may be destroyed, and where the course of instruction is but little superior to that of many academies. To establish a school without these objectionable features, with a course of study more thorough and extended, where the perfecting of the beauty, mental and bodily as well, of its scholars shall be cared for, is the object of the friends of the university. It is time that a girl's school days

should be cheated of the prison-like aspect which has heretofore attended them. Let us hope that the school will soon be built.

How about an annex to Wake Forest College? This is spoken of, and we believe that the good sense of such a course will become more apparent the more it is discussed. The plan of an annex gains favor from the fact that it is the happy mean between co-education on the one hand and separate schools for boys and girls on the other. With the two schools under the superintendence of the same board of trustees and under the instruction of the same Faculty, it would cost but little more to sustain both than one of them. At the same time, by uniting their strength, a larger Faculty could be employed, the curriculum extended, and the standard of scholarship raised. Thus the benefits of such a system would be shared by both sexes alike.

G. W. PASCHAL.

THE AGE OF ATHLETICS.

Now that the mellow autumn days have come and canvas jackets once again adorn the foot-ball field, the student's mind turns naturally from the dull routine of roots and logarithms to out-door sports and that which forms the happiest phase of college life. At this season of the year, as at no other, the observer's attention is directed to the growing interest in athletics of all description, and that particular which constitutes one of the distinctive features of the present generation.

The epoch in which we live is a peculiar one. It is a practical era, an era of revolution, an era of progress in all directions. To it belong the greatest strides of science; in it lie the highest monuments of literature and art. In all departments the ruling passion of progress with which the age is imbued is apparent. The scientific, the religious, the political world are all pervaded with a spirit of restlessness, a desire of change. But in no direction is this advance more marked than in the introduction of the so-called athletic feature of the age. Since the days of primitive barbarism, when physical development was considered the ultimatum of human attainment, there has been a tendency to cultivate the mind to the exclusion of the body, to exercise the mental at the expense of the physical powers. It is this tendency which the civilization of the nineteenth century is seeking to correct, and it is the development of this new idea that physical and intellectual culture should be concomitant, that between body and mind should exist perfect harmony, which places the present age one step higher in the plane of civilization than its predecessors. We call this the development of a new idea, but more properly it is the resurrection of an old. History shows that the highest types of civilization

in all ages have observed this principle, and that man in the lowest stages of culture regards only his physical needs, in the intermediate only his intellectual, but in the highest the great trinity of his three-fold faculties. Hence the physical tendency of the present age is not, as many assert, indicative of a return to ancient barbarism, but the culminating product of the highest civilization. The change does not come unsought. It is the result of a necessity. The man of to-day is not his father's equal physically or mentally. There is a principle in man, underlying all branches of human economy, pervading all the forms of life, that no one faculty can be cultivated at the expense of another, and that whenever in the great triumvirate of the physical, intellectual and moral qualities partiality is shown, the result is detrimental even to the favored one.

The Greeks, first masters of philosophy, first devotees of science and of art, recognized this, and the Olympic games attest the interest with which athletics were cultivated. Modern thought and modern thinkers have realized the fact, and the impression on the present generation is every day becoming more and more marked. As the outcome of this witness the establishment of schools for physical training. Under the present *regime* no school is considered fully equipped without its gymnasium, no college without its chair of physical culture. Public sentiment is waking up to the realization that education does not mean the development of mind alone, and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when the full well rounded man will be the final product of the colleges and universities of our land instead of the masculine and feminine apologies which they yearly inflict upon the already crowded ranks of suffering humanity.

WILLIAM W. VASS.

THE BELOVED GEORGIAN.

The unveiling of the Grady monument in Atlanta, not long since, was a notable event in the history of Georgia. A multitudinous concourse of people from all parts of the State had assembled to do honor to the memory of the man they loved. Never in the annals of Georgia had such a multitude of its citizens collected together. A distinguished visitor from afar was present to pronounce a deserved encomium. The effort was one that reflected honor both on the occasion and on the man to be honored. It was a day that will linger long in the memory of all Georgians, and one upon which they will ever look back with mingled feelings of pride and sorrow. A great hero in the prime of his manhood had passed away—one that was loved beyond all others of his age because of the patriotic duty which he was performing for his country. This was the occasion of unveiling to his

memory a bronze statute to show as best they could in what affection and esteem he was held while alive. No more fitting task was ever performed by a people of a great State. In the midst of his prosperity he was called from among them. At a time when, more than any other living American, he was doing all possible to allay the strife and animosity between the North and South, he had to lay down his great mission of peace-making and obey the summons of the omniscient Jehovah. Whenever we reflect upon the unknown possibilities which he might have attained, whenever we take a retrospect of the wonderful career which was so suddenly cut short, we can but pause to shed a tear over the premature grave of one so magnanimous, so noble, so gifted, so patriotic.

Mr. Grady was born and reared in the South. He knew or wanted no other home. He looked upon no other land as being so beautiful or possessing so many natural advantages. The South being the home of his birth and adoption, he grew up to love its sunny clime, and for its people he was willing to sacrifice his life at any moment. He was a typical Southerner. He rejoiced with the South in its prosperity, he sympathized with it in its affliction. During the dark days of the sixties, when its fields were laid waste, when its beautiful cities were laid in ashes, when its noble sons were slaughtered by the Northern invaders, he was too young to appear upon the scene of its affairs, but he learned the lesson which all this taught. He believed his people were right. He knew the cause for which they struggled so valiantly was just. But at the close of this terrible conflict, although the hopes of his people were shattered, their spirits broken, their homes gone, their wives and children drooped in sorrow, he did not despair. Accepting the result philosophically, he set about restoring their lost fortunes and again raising the South to a place of honor in the estimation of the world. When the South was maligned, he never flew into a rage, nor did he sulk in his tent, but he bore it patiently and heroically, endeavoring to show its maligners that the South was still a part of the nation and that it was willing to accept its fate. It was upon this mission that we find him in New York and at Plymouth Rock, and it was here that he rendered his greatest and last service to his country, that of "literally loving a nation into peace." W. B. DANIEL.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

GREAT BRITAIN lost, last month, two of the men who, for the past decade, had been among the most prominent in her political world: William Henry Smith, Administration leader in the House of Commons, and Parnell, until a year ago the leader of the Irish party. The story of the career of the latter may be said to be a creditable comment on the spirit of Irish politics, for it shows that probity in private life is the criterion by which the Irish judge who is worthy to be honored with public trusts. When Parnell's crimes became known to them, they promptly repudiated him as their leader. The great obstructer of the House of Commons became one of its most powerless members, and it is thought that the next election would have lost him his seat altogether.

To fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Smith, Lord Salisbury has appointed as Tory leader his nephew, Mr. Balfour, late Secretary for Ireland. He is a very young man for such an important position, but he is said to be endowed with exceptional abilities as a speaker and a leader, and the selection is generally commended.

A CONGRESS of Methodists called the Ecumenical Council met in Washington, D. C., October 7, and continued in session two weeks. In the numbers represented it far surpassed any religious body ever before assembled in America. The twenty-nine sects of Methodists, in England, France and America, all sent delegates proportional to their numbers, five hundred in all. It is worthy of note to those interested in educational matters, that the Council decided to establish an American university, to be located at Washington, and a board of trustees were appointed with that end in view. If the Council was intended to bring into closer union the family of churches which claim Wesley as their common founder, it was a failure. Even while the Council was in session, the various Methodist journals, with true fraternal spirit, began to complain that they were treated unfairly by their brethren, while the wildest confusion reigned in the Council itself. Until men can so far lay aside their prejudices upon religious matters as to be guided by reason, we fear that such bodies as this can do but little good. The resultant of a variety of opinions on a

philosophical or scientific subject is usually a near approach to the truth, but in the clash of religious prejudices each returns to the one who has cherished it, strengthened and intensified.

* * *

THE ELECTIONS which took place in many States on the 3d inst. clearly demonstrate that the questions of tariff reform and silver coinage are claiming the attention of the people to a greater extent than any other. This is indicated by the unusually large vote polled by both the old parties, while the minor parties lost ground in every State where they had candidates. Both the Democrats and Republicans claim the victory, but the demagogues have resorted to so many tricks that it is impossible to say with any certainty what the elections do indicate, unless it be that there is a floating element of voters, which moves in the direction of the strongest current, and which bars the expression of honest opinion. One feature of the elections which attracted much attention was the admirable working of the Australian ballot system. It has gained favor in every State where it has been tried, and seems destined to be adopted by all the States.

* * *

THE RECENT TROUBLES with Chili have been much discussed in every portion of the United States. Several patriot journalists have advocated war as the only way of settling the difficulties and avenging the insult offered to our flag and the murder of our citizens. Although the circumstances were very aggravating, milder measures prevailed, and good-will seems to be once more established. Chili was undoubtedly in the wrong. The retention of Egan as Minister to Chili against her will but poorly excuses the murder of American citizens and the failure to apprehend and punish their murderers, much less can it account for the insulting and defiant language with which the courteous enquiries of our government were answered. Such being the circumstances, we think that the firm position taken by President Harrison will be approved. We have but little doubt that the two American ironclads sent to the Chilian waters will put a check upon the impetuosity and wasp-like propensities of that people.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS (Mrs. Ward) has recently published a memorial volume of her father, Professor Austin Phelps, of whom it has been said that "he was the embodiment of the New England spirit in its best sense." The volume is a labor of love, and its publishers claim that it is a vivid and life-like portrait. The style is characterized by freedom, vigor and flexibility.

"CHICAGO AND ITS ENVIRONMENTS," by L. Schick, is a new book which has recently made its appearance before the American people. This is the first of an almost infinite series of hand-books furnishing a guide to the places of interest about the great Lake City, which will probably make their appearance between now and the opening of the World's Columbian Fair in '93. A good-sized volume is filled with information about the many objects of interest in and around Chicago. The book is addressed primarily to foreigners, but whether they come from Boston, or California, or Europe, the visitors upon this great display will no doubt find some interesting advice and information in its pages. Those who intend visiting Chicago at this time (and of course we all do) are indebted to its author for such information.

"THE ETHICS OF SOCIAL LIFE: JUSTICE," is the title of Mr. Herbert Spencer's latest book. Twelve years ago "The Data of Ethics" appeared. Warned by failing health of the uncertainty of life, this great author, scientist and philosopher has selected the part which he deems most important of his main work, "Principles on Morality," for prior publication. This volume is probably the best of all its author's works, giving a clear view of the naturalistic or pure evolutionary type of his philosophy.

DR. S. R. DRIVER has recently published a volume entitled "Literature of the Old Testament." This is intended to be the initial volume of the International Theological Library. One worthy to pass judgment says this is "a series of volumes that bids fair to mark the beginning of a more widespread and intelligent investigation of the Bible and of the great fundamental facts of our religion than has hitherto prevailed." The work is intended to be an intro-

duction to the Hebrew literature of the Bible, "showing," as the critic further says, "how men variously gifted by the Spirit of God cast the truth received into as many different forms as genius permitted or occasion required." Probably some of our students who are intending, at an early day, to make researches in this ancient language might find this work a valuable auxiliary.

WILLIAM W. COOK is the author of a new book, "The Corporation Problem," which treats of mercantile corporations and other of the great socialistic combines of the day. The subject of railroad corporations, probably the greatest of all systems of combines, is treated "in a conservative but fair-minded spirit." "Corporations as Owners of Natural Monopolies," "Trusts," "Corporations and the Republic," are among the chapter headings.

LORD TENNYSON, the Poet Laureate of England, has reached the ripe old age of more than four-score years, from which fact it is certain that ere long he must go hence from the land of the living. Tennyson is recognized as being the greatest of living poets, and his retirement will no doubt cause general regret that one so able, of a reputation so extensive, of a genius so versatile and productive, should ever cease to live. It is claimed by good authorities that there are more people versed in the works of Tennyson than any other author, whether of the present or past ages. Spencer, Dryden, Southey, Wordsworth and Tennyson are distinguished names, connected with England's laureateship, and have left their impress indelibly stamped upon the thought of English-speaking people. Who next will occupy this position of honor and distinction and reach so near to perfection no one can tell; indeed a successor who will compare favorably with the one soon to retire will hardly be found. Considerable interest has followed the announcement that a comedy by Tennyson, which has been written for some time but never published, is soon to be produced.

THE CONTINUED POPULARITY of the literary efforts of Oliver Wendell Holmes is evidenced by the fact that his publishers have begun a new edition of his works, to be known as the Riverside Edition. "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is the first of this set, consisting of thirteen volumes. "The Poet at the Breakfast Table," "The Professor at the Breakfast Table" and "Over the Teacups" are among the others which will follow.

ELI PERKINS, the well-known humorist, "whose stories," as another says, "about noted men are better known for their humor than for their veracity, has compiled, under the title

of 'Thirty Years of Wit,' a volume of anecdotes, reminiscences and funny experiences, for which he expresses his indebtedness to many eminent men, living and dead." To those who have heard him lecture, many of these stories would no doubt be stale.

"AN HISTORICAL MYSTERY" is the title of Balzac's newest novel. "The theme of the story is the conspiracy on the part of the Royalist adherents of the Bourbons for the overthrow of the First Consul in 1803." We judge that this new book is not in any respect inferior to the best of the already popular series by this French author.

THREE ESSAYS, one each by Doctors Abbott, Lightfoot and Peabody, are published in a new volume entitled "The Fourth Gospel." The essays have a special importance from the names of these theological giants. In this book is brought together the strongest evidence that the Apostle John is the author of the First Gospel.

ALUMNI NOTES.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

—'82, '85. E. E. Hilliard and W. C. Allen, of Scotland Neck, N. C., besides editing *The Southern Orator*, are compiling a Speaker for use in our Southern schools, which is intended to reflect the genius of our literature and oratory. This work will no doubt supply a long-felt need and receive a hearty greeting from the teachers throughout our land. Mr. Hilliard is also editor of *The Democrat*, a newsy and attractive weekly, which is a witness to the literary ability of its able editor. He is a leading member of the North Carolina Press Association, and his merit is recognized by this body, which was shown by his election as orator for their last annual meeting in Winston. He paid a short visit to his friends on the Hill recently.

—'83. Cards are out for the marriage of Professor Thomas J. Simmons, superintendent of the public schools at Dawson, Georgia, to Miss Lessie Southgate, of Durham. The ceremony will be performed at Trinity Church in Durham, November 11, at 5:30 P. M. We are sure that the friends of the groom will join THE STUDENT in extending congratulations and many wishes for a long life

of connubial bliss and of unbroken prosperity.

—'84. Rev. D. M. Austin is pastor of the Charlotte Baptist church, which is rapidly developing under his prudent leadership, both in numbers and in the cultivation of the christian graces.

—'85. Rev. J. A. Beam, the popular pastor of several churches and principal of Bethel Hill High School, is the happy father of twins — both boys. Congratulations are in order.

—'86. Prof. Charles E. Brewer, our beloved Professor of Chemistry, was married on October 28 to Miss Love Bell, of Shawboro, N. C. The happy couple spent several days at Murfreesboro, and Point Comfort on the Virginia beach, after which they returned to their home on the Hill. It is needless to say that the Professor and his accomplished bride were the recipients of a warm greeting from friends and students, especially the latter.

—'87. Dr. L. L. Vann, who located in North Danville, Virginia, a little more than a year ago, has succeeded in building up a very flattering practice, and is highly pleased with the State of his adoption. He spent several days on the Hill, visiting relatives and friends, about the middle of October.

—'87. Walter P. Stradley is practicing law at Waco, Texas. He has laid the foundation for a useful life, broad and deep, by thoroughly equiping himself for the work of his chosen profession, and complete success will be but the natural result of such a course. The best wishes of THE STUDENT and his many friends will follow him to his adopted State.

—'88. Rev. J. N. Boothe, formerly pastor of the Second Church of Durham, is located at Edgefield, South Carolina. He is the pastor of a progressive people, and the cause is advancing under his care. He reports a glorious revival.

—'89. Rev. C. G. Wells is principal of the flourishing high school at Warsaw, North Carolina. We are not at all surprised to hear complimentary reports concerning his work. The Warsaw people are to be congratulated on their good fortune in securing the services of one so scholarly and genteel in every respect.

—'89. W. C. Dowd, of the editorial staff of *The Charlotte Chronicle*, paid a visit to his many friends on the Hill on the 17th of October. He is President of our Athletic Association and the recognized father of foot-ball at this place. We are glad to note that he has achieved such marked success in journalism, his chosen line of work.

—'89. R. E. L. Yates is the Professor of Mathematics in the Agricultural and Mechanical College. It is

complimentary to our college that so many of her sons should be called to fill professorships in so many different colleges and over so wide a range of territory. In this case we doubt not but that the Professor will reflect honor upon his *alma mater.*

—'89. We regret to note that Fred. L. Merrit, who went to Harvard some time ago to pursue a special course in Political Science, contracted a malignant case of malarial fever, on account of which he has been forced to return home. We hope that he will soon recover and be enabled to pursue his studies.

—'90. Thomas R. Crocker has accepted the principalship of Tally-Ho Male Academy. He entered upon his labors the 2d inst. Mr. Crocker has a good situation, and will no doubt merit the good will of his employers. His friends will address him at Stem, Granville County, N. C.

—'90. J. G. Gregory is principal of the high school at Gliden, North Carolina, and is said to be well pleased with the situation and the work of his noble profession.

—'91. Robert L. Paschal, instead of going to Texas, as we stated in our last issue he intended doing, has accepted a position as teacher at Free States, Marion County, South Carolina. Bob is located in one of the finest farming sections in South Carolina, and is among an excellent class of people.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. B. DANIEL, Editor.

=November!

=The melancholy days.

=Good-bye early flowers and beautiful verdure till another season.

=Mr. E. F. Earley, of the *Bertie Avalanche*, paid the boys a pleasant visit about the first of October.

=Mrs. and Miss Ida Poteat, the mother and sister of Professor Poteat, are on the Hill visiting his family.

=Miss Annie Carvill, of Baltimore, is in charge of the millinery department of Messrs. Purefoy & Reed.

=Mrs. Battle and Miss Ruth Wingate, of Denver, Colorado, are at Wake Forest on a visit to their mother, Mrs. Wingate.

=Professor Sike's sister, Mrs. Saunders, and the Misses Austin and

Stuart, all of Monroe, spent a few days on the Hill not long since.

=Dr. W. A. Ramsay, Grange, Georgia, has communicated his acceptance of the invitation to deliver the Alumni address next commencement.

=Professor Currill, of Davidson College, paid the Hill a flying visit some time ago to see his old friend and school-mate, Professor B. F. Sledd.

=Mr. C. Baker, the popular traveling salesman, of Baltimore, and his excellent little lady, are again on the Hill, which place they will make their home the coming winter.

=Miss Liza Purnell, of Weldon, made a short visit recently to Miss Lucy Mills. She was very popular while here, and it was a universal regret that she did not stay longer.

=Miss Mattie McLeod, of South Carolina, is on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Carey Brewer. She is one of the most popular girls that visit the Hill, and her host of friends here will be delighted to see her again.

=We were glad to see among the boys recently the familiar faces of Messrs. R. B. White and E. S. Bostick. It is always with much pleasure that we welcome back the old boys who have gone out from among us.

=The marshals for next anniversary are: Phi.'s, C. J. Ball, A. M. Yates and G. H. Ross; Eu.'s, S. McIntyre, C. B. Edwards and C. P. Sapp. Handsome young men are these, and they will perform their duty with credit to the occasion.

=Mr. W. L. Settlemyer, of Cleveland County, stopped over with the boys for a few days while *en route* to Baltimore to attend his last course of lectures in the Baltimore Medical College. Next spring he will return to his home a full-fledged M. D.

=The honor of being the handsomest boy at Wake Forest is universally conceded to Mr. J. E. Green. Our friend, E. Y. Webb, disputed this coveted distinction with him for a long time, but by a recent decision Mr. Webb gloomily accepted the second place.

=Miss Gertrude Virginia Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, returned home from a visit to Miss Lucy Mills a short time ago. While here, Miss Kitchin, who was deservedly popular among our boys, by her many graces and charms, made scores of friends who will remember her many years hence.

=Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Miss Lizzie Hobgood, of Oxford, to Mr. Frank W. Hancock, of Newbern, on the 17th inst. Wake Forest especially remembers the many charms of Miss Hobgood, and Mr. Hancock is to be congratulated on winning such a rare and lovely jewel.

=Miss Barbara Lawrence, of Tarboro, whom we all remember so pleasantly since her visit to the Hill just before last commencement, is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. J. Wingate. Among her many admirers here we have been be–Holding one who is especially happy at her return to the Hill.

=At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Mr. E. V. Howell was elected Captain of the Wake Forest Foot-ball Team. He is a worthy successor of Captain Riddick and will serve the team with credit. Later, Mr. O. H. Dockery was selected as Captain for the Junior Foot-ball Team.

=Miss Lillian Foote, of Warrenton, is spending some time with Miss Willie Simmons. It will be a sad calamity to many of our boys when she returns to her home, for, by her winsome smiles and fascinating manner, she has lured from them their hearts, and in lieu thereof only an aching void can remain on her departure.

=Mrs. Simmons, with her daughters, Misses Eva Belle and Willie, recently spent three or four days in Durham attending the marriage ceremonies of her son, Professor Thomas J. Simmons, of Dawson, Georgia, to Miss Lessie Southgate, of Durham. After a magnificent repast, which they chose to call a lunch, the happy pair left for a trip South.

=During the second week of October we were pleased to have with us for a day or so Mr. W. C. Dowd, of the *Charlotte Chronicle.* Mr. Dowd is a Wake Forest boy that we are always delighted to see. We remember him as the founder of foot-ball at Wake Forest, and he has done more than any other one man to elevate it to its present standard. To show our appreciation of him he was recently elected President of our Association.

=On October 28th Professor C. E. Brewer led to the hymenial altar the accomplished daughter of Mr. J. E. C. Bell, of Shawboro. After the marriage, amid the congratulations of numerous friends, the happy couple took the cars for an extended bridal tour North. A few days later they returned to Professor Brewer's home at Wake Forest, where Mrs. Brewer, with her many accomplishments, will enjoy to the fullest the deserved popularity of her husband.

=Very recently our gallant young men did the proper thing when they gave a reception in the society halls complimentary to the young ladies visiting the Hill. All the young ladies of the Hill, with their fair visitors, turned out *en masse*, and it has not been our pleasure to attend a more brilliant and pleasant occasion. For two hours a score or more of our handsome boys vied with one another in entertaining the beautiful bevy of girls that had assembled in the halls.

The hour of departure arrived only too soon, for it was the unanimous opinion that all had had a pleasant time.

=The 16th of October was Wake Forest College day at the Exposition. The Faculty, with the entire student body, spent the day on the Exposition grounds. Besides the many compliments paid the boys by the Raleigh papers, the *Lenoir Topic* has this to say about them: "Wake Forest is doing a great work for the cause of education in North Carolina, and has turned out some of the brightest men who have ever served the State. We saw 'the boys' as they marched into the main building at the State Fair, week before last, and a finer looking lot of young men it would be hard to get together."

=On October 23d, at the first meeting of the Wake Forest Scientific Society, there was a distinguished delegation of gentlemen from Chapel Hill who represented the Elisha Mitchell Scientific Society there, and Professors Massey and Weathers, of the A. & M. College. The President of our Society, Professor Poteat, made a short and felicitous speech of welcome to the visitors, and introduced Professor Cain, the President of the University Scientific Society. Professor Cain, after a brief explanation of the history and object of the Society, introduced to the audience Professor Harris, of Chapel Hill, who read an excellent paper descriptive of the Helton wrought iron forge of Western North Carolina. The paper was accompanied by an original drawing of the forge, executed by Mr. Harris, which illustrated all the processes by which wrought-iron is made at these primitive iron-works. The description of the forge, which derives its importance from the fact that it is the only one of its kind in existence in the United States, was elaborate, and showed that Mr. Harris had studied this primeval apparatus very carefully. The next paper, on "The Duration of Sunlight," was read by Professor Lanneau, of Wake Forest. Professor Lanneau handled the subject in a masterly manner, which evinced much original thought and research on his part. Professor Wilson, of Chapel Hill, read the next paper on "Some Sponges," which he studied on the coast of Massachusetts. In a manner peculiarly his own, he discussed exhaustively the origin and growth of these singular sponges.

"Recent Rain-Making Experiments" were discussed by Prof. Mills. He was inclined toward the negative side of the subject, and produced some strong arguments in its favor.

Professor Poteat read a paper on "Fresh-Water Snails." He treated the subject in a skillful and scientific manner, and gave some interesting figures on the reproduction of these wonderful animals.

The last paper of the evening was read by Dr. Venable, of Chapel Hill; subject, "Scientific Drudgery." The Doctor related one or two stories which happily illustrated his subject, and gave much encouragement to those who contemplate following a scientific profession. Such a life is peculiarly hard and discouraging, and it is only by constant plodding that one is enabled to succeed.

Professor Gore, of the University, was also present, but read no paper. Quite a large number of the students and citizens of the Hill attended the session, which was a very interesting and profitable one. Some of the Professors remained over the next day and were handsomely entertained by our Professors.

Wake Forest *vs.* Chapel Hill.

[Reported by D. M. PRINCE.]

The first inter-collegiate game of foot-ball for the championship of North Carolina came off at Raleigh, Tuesday, November 10, between the University and Wake Forest. About seven hundred people were present, and witnessed, probably, the best and most scientific game of foot-ball ever played in Raleigh.

The air resounded with the two college yells, and the best of feeling prevailed among the two teams. Mr. Shaw, of the University, umpired the first half and refereed the second half; Mr. Prince, of Wake Forest, refereed first half and umpired second half.

University won the toss and chose the ball, Wake Forest taking the western end of the field. At 3:03 University started the ball, with Barnard in the wedge, but was instantly stopped by Wake Forest's impenetrable centre. On the first down University fumbled and Garland dropped on the ball. Howell and Powell were sent around ends for five yards each, but the ball was lost on off-side play. University gained twenty-five yards by Ferguson and Whidbee on runs, but they lost fifteen on a fumble and were forced to kick; the ball went into goal and was touched back by Powell. Wake Forest lined up on the twenty-five-yard line, made thirty yards by rushes, but lost ball on off-side play; University made but little ground, and the ball went over.

The ball changed hands frequently. Ferguson made a good run, but lost ball by a fumble and Powell kicked. Then there was a lot of fumbling on both sides and the ball changed frequently. The ball was passed to Hoke, who made a good run and scored a touch-down for University. Barnard held and Hoke kicked goal. Time, 29 minutes.

Wake Forest formed a V on the line-up, and, like a tidal wave, swept the field before her, and within thirteen minutes, by rushes and twisting, Wilson made a touch-down at the right-hand corner of the field. Blanton punted out to Powell, who made a fair catch, but owing to the strong

wind against him, failed goal. Time, three minutes. Nothing was done during the remaining three minutes, and the game was called with Wake Forest with the ball in University's territory.

SECOND HALF.

In the second half the teams got down to work. There was less fumbling, which was so noticeable in the first half, and more kicking. Wake Forest formed a V and carried the ball twenty yards on the start, but soon lost on four downs. University tried to rush, but Sikes, Fry and Hall objected and Hoke kicked; Powell fumbled and lost ball to Gibbs. Again University bucked centre, but for no gain, and the ball went over on fourth down. After Powell had made a beautiful run of fifteen yards, the ball went over and Hoke gained ten yards on run, but Wilson interfered and Ferguson lost fourteen yards and Hoke kicked. Wake Forest bucked centre and gained eleven yards, but fumbled and Powell kicked and Hoke returned it. Wake Forest steadily gained on rushes, and had the ball in University's territory, when a dispute arose and the game ended. Time, 22 minutes.

It happened in this way: Ferguson, a very fine although a very rough player, throttled Wilson. Umpire Prince did not give the twenty-five yards, as was in his power, but warned Mr. Ferguson not to repeat it, for then he should suffer full penalty. A few minutes later Prince saw him throttle Powell, who had the ball. Instantly, before he ceased throttling Powell, Prince blew his whistle and called a foul, which entitled Wake Forest to twenty-five yards. The twenty-five yards would have brought the ball within University's twenty-yard line, and it was very evident that Wake Forest would soon have rushed the ball over the goal line; and even if they had failed goal, it would have given Wake Forest 8, University 6. But the University team saw this and refused to play, after being ordered to do so by the referee, Mr. Shaw, of the University, and he gave the game to Wake Forest.

UNIVERSITY.		WAKE FOREST.
Gibbs	Left End	Payseur.
Currie	Left Tackler	Webb.
Austin	Left Guard	Hall.
Hudgins	Centre	Fry.
Houston	Right Guard	Sikes.
Little	Right Tackler	Garland.
Biggs	Right End	Cook.
Barnard	Quarter Back	Blanton.
Whidbee	Left Half Back	Wilson.
Ferguson	Right Half Back	Howell, Capt.
Hoke, Capt	Full Back	Powell.

Average weight, 174. Average weight, 172.

Substitutes.—Wake Forest—Mills, Pridgen, R. Daniel and S. Boyles; University—Ashe.

COLLEGE NEWS AND EXCHANGE.

W. W. VASS, Editor.

THE DEATH by drowning of Brokaw, the catcher of Princeton's base-ball team, and Mapes, Columbia's famous foot-ball captain and all-round athlete, which occurred last summer, has thrown quite a damper on athletics at the two institutions. Both were leaders in their respective colleges, and their places will be hard to fill.

THE LARGEST university in the world is situated at Cairo, Egypt. It is a Mohammedan institution, founded in 975 A. D., and possesses a Faculty of three hundred and seventy professors and ten thousand students. The Koran is the sole text-book, and the Faculty receive no stipulated salary, but are supported by private fees and occasional bequests.

THE BROTHER of E. A. Poe, whose name is so familiar in foot-ball circles as the greatest player of the great American college game, has recently been elected President of the Freshman Class at Princeton.

LAWN TENNIS is becoming each year more popular among the Northern colleges, At the ninth annual inter-collegiate tournament, which was held at New Haven on October 13, fourteen colleges were represented. Harvard again carries off the cup in the person of Hovey, last year's champion.

THE *Amherst Literary Monthly* for October comes to us with its usual amount of readable matter. "Traits of New England Life and Character" is the suggestive title of an especially interesting contribution which it contains.

"FOR THE FIRST TIME in the history of education, the degree of Master of Pedagogy and Doctor of Pedagogy have been recently conferred on graduates of the University of New York."—*Exchange.*

ETON, the greatest preparatory school in the world, has just celebrated its four hundred and fiftieth anniversary.

WE ARE GLAD to welcome the opening number of the *Davidson Monthly.* Its contributions, however, consist, for the most part, of literary addresses. While we do not in the least question the undoubted excellence of these, we

do doubt the advisability in a college magazine of devoting much space to such productions, all of which have doubtless been previously delivered before the students.

"COLUMBIA has just completed a magnificent new athletic ground, doubtless surpassed by none in this country. It contains a carefully-prepared field for foot-ball, la-crosse and base-ball, a fine quarter-mile cinder track and two hundred and twenty yards straight-away, a shooting range, tennis courts, and a large field for general practice. The land alone cost about eighty thousand dollars." —*Exchange.*

THE AVERAGE school-boy novel consists in a succession of events totally devoid of plot and of the most commonplace character imaginable, or else flies to the other extreme and presents a conglomeration of startling scenes and sickly sentimentality. The October number of the *Virginia University Magazine* and *Williams Literary Monthly* present a most happy exception to the general rule. Both contain several exhibitions of amateur fiction of such high literary character, however, that our constitutional prejudice to such productions is entirely removed. The contribution in the *Magazine*, entitled "As It Sometimes Happens," is of special excellence, and is a worthy candidate for the columns of something higher than a college journal, even though that journal be the organ of the greatest university in the South.

WE ARE GLAD to see the *Trinity Archive* in a new costume. Its literary standard is greatly improved, and it is now, in every respect, a model college magazine.

THE *Vanderbilt Observer*, one of our most valued exchanges, lies on our table. Among other things, its "Thoughts on Robert Browning" are especially excellent.

THE RECENT GAME between Furman University and Trinity College resulted in a score of 96 to 0 in favor of the latter institution.

"THE COLLEGES and universities of Indiana have organized a State Athletic Association, under the auspices of which contests for base-ball and foot-ball pennants are held annually."—*Exchange.*

THERE IS plainly apparent a distinct movement in this country looking toward the elevation of the standards of admission to the professions of law and medicine. The University of Pennsylvania proposes, at an early date, to extend the course in medicine to four years instead of graduating men in this department in three years, as heretofore. This step is one of great significance, and indi-

cates the beginning of a movement that must soon be followed by other medical schools. It yet remains, however, to begin a movement that will elevate the entrance examinations, and thus secure good material in all professional schools."—*Exchange.*

WE ARE GLAD to receive the opening number of the *Magazine* of the University of North Carolina. Its first issue is, in every way, up to the high literary standard of former years.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER at Bath lately received the following note of apology: "Wil yu pleez exkews mi sun Fritz for not cummin to skoole this mornin. He is ded. Widow H——, washerwoman."—*Exchange.*

A Foot-Ball Aspirant.

A melancholy youth was he,
Of pale and sickly hue,
His head was swelled, his nose was smashed,
Each eye was Prussian blue.

He walked along with feeble step
And face all drawn with pain,
And leaned his weakened body on
A mighty English cane.

"O, broken man," I asked him then,
"What have you undergone?
A Johnstown flood, a Charleston quake,
Or gallant John L.'s brawn?"

In hollow tones he answered me:
"Though it may lying seem,
I bear these bruises just because
I'm on the second team."

—*Exchange.*

THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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VOL. XI.] WAKE FOREST, N. C., DECEMBER, 1891. [NO. 3.

GENERAL GREENE'S RETREAT ACROSS NORTH CAROLINA.

That was a very interesting and thoughtful article published in THE STUDENT last spring concerning *The Battle of Guilford Court House.* Mr. Weaver is certainly correct in his estimate of the importance of the battle. It was Guilford Court House, though an apparent defeat, that made Yorktown possible.

And yet, if Mr. Weaver will read in "Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles," "The Battle of Saratoga," he will see why that is called the turning point in the war. It was not so great a battle as others; it witnessed no great generalship; its result was brought about by the circumstances of the case. If Burgoyne had had supplies enough to enable him to hold out two days longer, so that his re-enforcements and supplies could have come up the Hudson, Gates must have surrendered to Burgoyne, and the colonies would have been defeated. New England, then half of the country, would have been cut off from the South, and would have been already practically defeated, and it would have remained only to overrun the South to finish the war.

Even so in the war between the States. The capture of Vicksburg by General Grant was more disastrous to the South than the battle of Gettysburg, which happened the same day; for the fall of Vicksburg opened the Mississippi River to the Federal troops, and cut the Confederacy in two.

But I propose not to discuss these more famous battles of the Revolution, but to describe briefly a part of the war less generally known. I have been surprised to find how many histories fail to make any mention of

these important events which made Guilford Court House and Yorktown possible. King's Mountain, Cowpens and Greene's retreat were all steps in the final defeat of Cornwallis. After the disastrous defeat of Gates by Cornwallis at Camden Court House, Cornwallis had started on his triumphal march from Charleston northward, and had reached Charlotte. But here he heard of the overthrow of his lieutenant, Ferguson, at King's Mountain. This put the victorious patriots of the mountains, under Cleveland, Campbell, Williams and others, behind him, and he deemed prudence the better part of valor and retreated into South Carolina. Meantime, General Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, had been made commander of the South instead of the defeated Gates. But he was commander without an army, and at first he had nothing with which to oppose the victorious progress of Cornwallis. But the scare which Cornwallis received at the news of the defeat of Ferguson at King's Mountain delayed his march long enough to enable General Greene to gather a small band to oppose his progress.

The battle of King's Mountain was fought, on the part of the patriots, not by troops regularly enlisted, but by such mountaineers as had volunteered for this special expedition. But after this, regular troops took the field again. Colonel Morgan, with a detachment of the small army under the command of General Greene, met a part of the army of Cornwallis at Cowpens, in Spartanburg County, South Carolina, nearly west of King's Mountain, and the result was another defeat for the British. But now Cornwallis had in a measure recovered his courage, and this defeat was not in his rear. Knowing that Morgan could not hold his position in South Carolina, he set out northward with his whole army to intercept Morgan with his handful. Morgan, likewise, appreciated his own danger, and retreated rapidly northeastward, bringing his prisoners with him, hoping to meet General Greene before Cornwallis should overtake him. This was barely accomplished. He crossed the Catawba river a few miles above Charlotte, perhaps at Beattie's Ford, and found General Greene on the eastern bank. The crossing was accomplished late in the afternoon, and soon afterwards the British appeared on the other side. Cornwallis, feeling that the few American troops could by no means escape him, but must fall an easy prey to his overwhelming numbers in the morning, delayed his crossing till the following day, and took up camp for the night. During the night there was a great rise in the river caused by rains in the mountains, and when morning came, Cornwallis was unable to cross. He went up the river and crossed at a ford near the present site of Davidson College. A detachment of Greene's army, un-

der General Davidson, attempted to hinder his crossing, but were not successful, and General Davidson was killed. In later years, when the Presbyterians founded a college near by, they named it in honor of this patriot.

Meantime, General Greene, with the main body of his troops, was speeding across the country towards Salisbury. Here occurred the incident about the picture of King George of England, and the purse of much-needed money was presented to him by Mrs. Steele, at whose house he spent the night.

Arriving at the Yadkin river, he crossed at Island Ford, or the ford just above, near where the R. & D. R. R. now crosses. Cornwallis was near enough to see his game on the opposite side of the river, and encamped for the night on the western side. Again Providence interfered in behalf of the little band of patriots, and next morning the river was swollen much beyond fording. Cornwallis turned up the river through what is now Davie County, and succeeded in crossing at Shallow Ford, in Yadkin County.

The two armies now marched along parallel lines, but by and by along the same road, sometimes so near that the van of one was in sight of the rear of the other. Still they pushed on, the one trying to escape from overwhelming numbers, the other trying to capture the whole of the little army.

Once more the river was friendly to the weak, and Greene ferried the last of his men over Dan river into Virginia just as Cornwallis came in sight. No boats being available to carry his army across, the British gave up the chase, and turned southeast to Hillsboro.

After resting a few days, General Greene received such re-enforcements as seemed to justify his taking the offensive, and he recrossed the Dan and challenged Cornwallis to battle. Cornwallis gained such a victory that he found it most expedient to withdraw to the sea-coast, and so he marched for Wilmington, and thence north to Yorktown, with what result, everyone knows. Greene followed him a little way, and then turned southward and soon drove the British from all the Carolinas and Georgia, except Charleston and Savannah.

This is a brief narrative of a retreat little known, but worthy to be placed by the side of that of the ten thousand in the Anabasis, and that of Joseph E. Johnston before Sherman from Atlanta through Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina, to Durham, where he surrendered. Greene's retreat, masterly in itself, was not so extended in time and distance as these others, but was made more remarkable by the interpositions of Providence in his behalf.

His management of the campaign in the South showed him to be, of all the generals of the Revolution, sec-

ond only to Washington in military ability. After the close of the war he settled in Savannah, Georgia, where he died and was buried, but "no man knoweth his sepulchre to this day." For some reason his grave was not permanently marked, and all that has come down by tradition is that he was buried in a certain cemetery in that city. His monument is in the many towns and counties in the South named in honor of him, including two towns and one county in North Carolina.

His widow continued to reside in Savannah many years, and it was at her house that Eli Whitney, a young man from Connecticut, invented the cotton gin, which has revolutionized the agriculture of the South, and made it the great cotton-producing part of the world.

G. W. GREENE.

CANTON, CHINA.

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

"Laugh and grow fat," is an old adage. Most of us have accepted it as a trite old saying without giving any serious thought as to its true import.

Does it mean anything?

To ascertain this we must first arrive at some definition of "laughter." Information on this subject is abundant but widely scattered. Wise men have discussed it for centuries. Their opinions are as different and as widely scattered as the men who wrote. It is highly probable that some one hit the mark. It is somewhat like the little boy who went squirrel hunting. Having found a squirrel, the boy shot several times, but each time failed to bring him down. Just then the boy's grandfather, old and trembling, came along.

"Let me shoot that squirrel," said the old man. "I can kill him."

The old man took the gun and trembling violently shot. Down came the squirrel. "No wonder you killed him, grandpa," said the little fellow, "you shot all over the tree."

What is laughter? The ancients held that the spleen was the seat of laughter, just as they held that the heart was the seat of the emotions, and the liver the seat of pain. Cortes, a Spaniard, says: "Those who laugh easily and in great bursts have large spleens and are naturally foolish, vain and stupid." The theories of the ancients were many, as testified to by a well known psychologist: "The cause of the Emotion of the Ludicrous, or the Comic, as a mental feeling, has been the subject of much

dispute among philosophers, from Aristotle down."

But what do moderns think of it? It is a generally accepted theory, at the present day, that the destruction of tissue is always attended with pain, and, on the other hand, the sudden rebuilding of tissue results in a sensation of pleasure which sometimes results in laughter. Certain, it is, that laughter is always attended with a certain degree of pleasure. Says Janes, the Psychologist: "Acute pain is always the signal of destruction of tissue" * * * "But it seems to be proved that pleasure occurs when the waste of tissue consequent on molecular change in the nerve-endings is repaired almost or quite as rapidly as it occurs, or else stimulation and repair alternate at very short intervals." There may be some significance, then, in the old expression "Laugh and grow fat." Did you ever see a fat man who was not fond of laughing?

Speaking again of laughter, Janes says: "Laughter is a peculiar convulsion, affecting chiefly the muscles of respiration, but sometimes spreading to all parts of the body."

Herbert Spencer says that laughter is "an overflow of nerve-force."

Hobbes says: "Laughter is a sudden glory, arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others or with our own formerly."

Cornelio Ghiradelli, of Bologna, says: "Laughter is an inarticulate sound produced by the pleasure which one feels at a thing done, or said in a ridiculous manner, or which is monstrous or very imperfect."

Laughter, then, is a visible or audible expression of inward pleasure.

Phenomena of laughter. Methods of expressing pleasurable emotions are as various as the members of the body. The first signs of an approaching outburst of laughter are visible about the corners of the mouth. This spreads to the cheeks; and later the muscles about the eyes contract, causing a partial—sometimes a total—closing of the eyes. Then comes an inarticulate sound. In excessive laughter there sometimes comes a flow of tears, and in prolonged laughter a pain in the sides. Hence the expressions, "I laughed till I cried," "Laughed till my sides ached." In extreme cases a sudden and unexpected experience of pleasure may cause a swoon or even death itself.

Livy, the Roman historian tells us how, at the close of a disastrous battle, mothers, who had heard that their sons were killed, upon meeting their sons face to face would swoon or fall dead at their feet.

Kinds of laughter.

(1) The first result of an emotion of pleasure is a *smile.* Young ladies have made a specialty of this branch of laughter. A smile is recognized by the corners of the mouth being

drawn back and slightly up. The difference between an expression of pain and an expression of pleasure is very slight. Try it. Draw back the corners of the mouth, now draw them downward, at the same time relaxing the muscles about the eyes—the sign of pain. Keeping the corners of the mouth drawn back, raise them, contracting the muscles about the eyes—a sign of pleasure.

(2) There is also a laugh commonly called a *giggle*. It is neither a laugh nor a smile. It does not mean anything—except, perhaps, a slight shade of stupidity, or maybe thoughtlessness. It is commonly noted in school-girls.

(3) Then there is the *good, hearty laugh*. Some men look as though they never did laugh. They seem to have the idea that laughter is a sign of stupidity, and that those who laugh are fools. I feel like quoting to that man—

> "The world of fools has such a store
> That he who would not see an ass,
> Must go within and bolt his door
> And quickly break his looking-glass."

I'd rather be such a fool that I could enjoy myself a little, than be one who goes through the world in grum and sullen silence, with never a hearty laugh to lift him up from the depressed, down-cast condition into which we all sometimes fall.

Mantegaza says: "Laughter, easy, copious and frank, indicates a good soul devoid of vanity." A good, hearty laugh at the right time and place will never do you harm.

The Bible contains the word "laugh," or its derivatives, more than forty times. Abraham is on record as having laughed; and God himself is spoken of as laughing. Solomon speaks of "a time to laugh."

(4) We may mention also what is called a *forced laugh*. You are probably, well acquainted with this kind of laughter. It is the kind to which we resort when the joke is turned to us and we try to "laugh it off." It is the way we laugh when a special friend, for whose feelings we have a high regard, tells a joke so old as to be gray-haired and so dry as to rattle like dry leaves. We must laugh because our friend expects it; and it would be rude not to do so. It is a strain sometimes; but, then, we had better laugh.

(5) The immoderate, noisy laughter—familiarly known as a *horse laugh*. Critics are very severe in their denunciations of this method of expressing our pleasure.

Says Headt: "Moderate laughter is a sign of wisdom, of sincerity and sprightliness; immoderate laughter is a sign of folly and stupidity."

Says Rasi: "He who laughs loudly is brazen-faced."

Cicero says: "Immoderate, unruly laughter is peculiar to fools."

Pythagoras, Seneca, Plutarch, Aristotle and others have written substantially the same. (My opinion is

that of the little boy, who, thinking he was wasting too much time saying his prayers every night, wrote the Lord's Prayer and stuck it on the head of his bed. Every night as he would roll into bed he would tap the paper saying, "Them's my sentiments.")

(6) There is a kind of laughter usually accompanied by a wild, *tumultuous outburst of joy*, resulting in the slapping of the hands and (in young people) springing about and dancing for joy. It results, generally, from the discovery of some unusual incongruity which at the same time pleases us. Says Mantegaza, an Italian: "Tumultuous joy is recognized by a desire to act. There is felt an irresistible necessity to embrace, to kiss whatever is near."

Do dumb animals laugh? Janes says, "Dumb animals do not laugh." If not, they sometimes do something very much akin to it. Darwin says that the chimpanzee, when subjected to tickling, laughs almost as distinctly as a man. He mentions many other animals that produce a noise plainly indicative of pleasure.

Take, too, the familiar case of a dog. His expression of joyous pleasure is very similar to that of a child. Just as in the case of man, where the emotions express themselves by means of facial expression, and so pleasurable emotions express themselves frequently in laughter, in which the face plays a prominent part; so in the dog, the tail being the means more largely used than any other for expressing emotions when an emotion of pleasure occurs—the return of his master for example—(there being a conspicuous absence in most dogs of what might be termed an intelligent facial expression) it is expressed by a wag of the tail with the frequent addition of springing about and barking—which is most assuredly an "inarticulate sound expressive of pleasure." So, then, we may reasonably conclude that laughter is not one of the things that distinguishes the brute creation from his more intelligent brother—man.

Why do we laugh? The generally accepted idea is that of incongruity; the more common forms of which are to be found in pun, wit, humor, satire, etc. Purely physical means may produce laughter—tickling being an example. A number of other things produce laughter, a discussion of which would occupy too much space. A glance will suffice for the present.

Eli Perkins (Melville D. Landon) says that laughter is always the result of deformity. This may be accepted with modifications. "A *pun*," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is, from the very nature of the case, an insult to the man to whom you are talking." A pun is a play on words. "The fly flew up the chimney flue."

John (at dinner)—"Tom, you remind me of the approach of winter."

Tom—"How?"

John—"When the swallows homeward fly winter is coming."

Pun-making, when persisted in, becomes a habit—often distasteful to the victims of a punster. A pun is the lowest grade of incongruity. It rarely produces more than a smile.

Wit is like a flash of lightning. It appears, lights up objects for a moment, disappears. It will not bear repetition.

Humor is not so bright as wit but lasts longer. Darwin asked a three-year-old boy what he understood by "good humor." "Laughing, talking and kissing," said the little fellow. Ask your sweetheart if that is a true definition.

Says an eminent psychologist: "Humor is the purest expression of the comic; it is sheer incongruity, without an after-thought as to the serious nature of life. Wit is biting, it lays hold, it has claws."

To do justice to the subject would expand the discussion to an undue length. Much is omitted that might be said. Illustrations of incongruity are so numerous that it is needless to use any for the present purpose.

Men shun a gloomy disposition. Sunshine attracts them. Laughter is sunshine—bright, happy sunshine that casts off gloom as the sun dispels the darkness. "Laugh and the world laughs with you. Weep and you weep alone."

B. W. SPILMAN.

MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

There is a peculiar interest attaches itself to these poems that goes with no other in all the range of poetdom. Their niche in literature is unique as is that of the Irishman among his fellows. Based, as they are, upon the airs handed down from bard to minstrel, even as tradition tells us were the lordly epics of Homer, they are literally saturated with the humanity absorbed from successive generations. Every nation has a soul, and these airs are in the truest sense an overflow of the Irish soul. Accordingly as this soul rejoiced in prosperity or sorrowed in adversity, the song of the Irish bard remained as a triumphant strain, or a night-mare screech of despair to the aftercoming people. And so while the joys or sorrows of some peoples stood revealed to men on parchment, or the printed page, that of Ireland must, until Moore's time, be drawn from the strings of the lyre. Her history was written in notes, and as Erin rose or fell in the

scale of nations, so did her music-history rise in the scale to a splendid volume of triumphant melody, or sink to a sorrowful twilight cadence. After this wise it breathed upon the sympathetic chord of Moore's harp, fell into his poet soul, and was poured flaming hot into the mould of words, and lo! gems more bright than the sands of the Caspian.

The period in which Moore was reared gave him especial fitness for transmuting this kindred music into words. Educated, as he was, in stormy times, feeling, as he did, keen pangs for Ireland's wrongs, he was summoned before the same tribunal that sent his bosom friend, Robert Emmett, to the gallows. Moore was not a sage, and did not, like Wordsworth or Cowper, clothe a rugged system of philosophy with the fairy veil of poesy, but tuned his harp to the sorrows or raptures of his country. His thought flows not on like the cold, passionless, steady, unchanging rush of a mighty river, but it whirls and eddies in and out like a mountain brooklet, and anon it goes over a rock with a leap and a splash, glittering with ruby profusion and casting the golden spray of a sparkling fancy over the reader's mind. These melodies do not abound in bright, terse sayings and bits of philosophy, salted and packed, for he sought them not, but they are filled to the brim with the bright wine of inspiration. Yet none would call these frivolous any more than they would the sun because perchance his beam should paint the soap-bubble's airy walls in violet, purple and green. His seeming lightness borrows weight from the genius that lies behind it. Few are the ears that have not been ravished, and few are they who have heard unmoved "The Last Rose of Summer." It requires no great stretch of imagination to paint the whole scene; the garden, the rose bush, the silver-gray mist of October, shrouding field and shrub like unto a canopy of transparent steel; the last lingering rosebud waving in an autumnal wind that comes perfumed with the odor of dead sister roses to breathe among its petals like the memories of hopes half realized. And so it comes, places our hand upon nature's great heart for one throbbing space, and is gone. The sweetest of the melodies are the shortest. Moore was a master and servant of the pathetic, and even some of his merriest pieces sound like revelry sprung from hopelessness. This is shown in that well-known passage from his air "Oft In the Stilly Night:"

> "I feel like one
> Who treads alone
> Some banquet hall deserted,
> Whose lights have fled,
> Whose garlands dead,
> And all but he departed."

One need but close his eyes to hear the lonely loiterer's foot-falls in the hall where late the mirth-gods held their revel. There, in the very midst

of a merry, mirthful melody, there comes a tinge of sadness like the shade of a sunbeam, or a sob that cleaves through laughter. We cannot pass without notice his "Farewell" to his harp, with whose chords he had bound together the two sisters — nimble-footed music and tender poetry. In this, perhaps, more than in any other production, there stands revealed the poet's own true soul. It is said of it that a noted young English poetess was wont to have it played and sung to her at twilight that she might quaff to the fill its inspiration. Of all pieces of the kind it is most sweetly mournful. Every line one can but feel is a chord to the harp of being that thrills with the touch of a master hand, and all around there breathes a sadness like the perfume from funeral garlands, light as the shadow of a dream. One sees in these the "budding, fading, faded flowers" of poetry alltogether, and under them all there flows an under current of feeling not the poet's own, like the secondary tone in music. One closes the book with the impression that he has felt true poetry and has seen the crystalized tears of many centuries set with the burning ruby of a poet's soul.

C. P. SAPP.

SUICIDE.

The increasing frequency of suicide is one of the startling developments of this, the nineteenth century. Hardly a day passes but the press records the death of two or more persons who have shuffled off this mortal coil by aid of rope, pistol, pond or poison. It has been estimated that the Europeans are killing themselves at the rate of seventy thousand annually, or more than twice as many as were killed in the bloodiest battle of the civil war. But this statement, terrible as it may seem, fails to show the actual truth, for hundreds of suicides are committed which are never made public. Friends and relations always falsify the cause and manner of death when possible.

In all the civilized countries of the world men are becoming more and more weary of life, more and more willing to risk the chances of their future state than to live a life of unhappiness on earth. Nor is it the poor, disappointed or ignorant members of the community who voluntarily end their existence, as is commonly thought. A list of men of both brains and wealth, who have ended their lives in this manner, including Aristotle, Demosthenes, Cato, Nero, Hannibal, Hugh Miller, Philip Mordaunt, and many more of equal

importance, shows that mental endowment is no guarantee against this trouble. Lord Clive, the founder of the British Empire in India, twice in his youth attempted to end his life, and twice the pistol, which he aimed at his head, failed to carry out its mission, causing him to believe, as he says, that "he was reserved for something great." At the age of fifty, after a number of great victories in India, by which he won fame, honor and wealth, he attempted his life a third time and was successful. Napoleon, "the man of destiny," at one time being in financial trouble, had determined to drown himself in the Seine and but for the timely aid of a school-fellow would have carried out his intentions. Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor," said that he would have ended his life if the Prussians had been defeated at Sadowa, but luckily they were victorious and Bismarck's life was prolonged. The Poet Byron said that many a time he would have blown his brains out, but for the thought that it would give great satisfaction to his mother-in-law.

The love of life is thought the strongest instinct in man, and yet it yields at times to the slightest motives imaginable. An Englishman of culture killed himself a few years ago because, as he stated, he was tired of "buttoning and unbuttoning." Men have been known to kill themselves to escape the pain of toothache or of a broken finger.

That suicide is not peculiar to the age of reason and reflection is sadly shown by European statistics. More than three thousand boys and girls become its victim in that country yearly.

But what is the cause of this terrible act? Is the usual verdict of the coroner's jury rendered in mercy to relatives and friends—temporary insanity—in most cases justifiable? Certainly it is not. Who is not at times beside himself with rage, joy or sorrow, and does not lose almost all control of his mind? But no one can say that this is insanity. No act of a man's life can be shown to be more rationally planned than is generally the act of leaving it. When an Ahitophel hangs himself because Absalom does not follow his counsel; when a Hannibal, falling into the hands of his enemies, poisons himself with a poison long preserved for that purpose; when a Themistocles prefers death to leading the Persians against his native land; when a Cassius ends his life with the same dagger with which he cut short the life of the "world's great master;" when a Cato, having been defeated by Cæsar, stabs himself to the heart; and, coming to the present day, when a Boulanger, the at-one-time pet of France, having borne the disgrace of public ostracism, kills himself because of the death of his mistress; and when

a Balmaceda, the leading spirit of Chili, failed in his plans to gain the dictatorship, ends his life with a pistol ball, the conviction comes upon us that this is an act, not of insanity, but of deliberate determination.

What, then, are the real causes of suicide? The first that comes to my mind is love, and the jealousies and disappointments engendered by it. Antony of old killed himself because he believed Cleopatra to be false to him and had "packed cards with Cæsar;" and she, stung with remorse, put the fatal asp to her breast that it might the "knot intrinsic of life at once untie" and place her in the grave with her lover. As it was with Antony and Cleopatra anciently so it is now. Hundreds of suicides from this cause occur every year. I have a case of this sort before me now: A man and a woman were engaged to be married, but on account of his poverty her parents refused to sanction their union. Thereupon the girl ends her existence with a dose of poison, and her lover hearing of it blows his brains out. Thus love, which ought to be a bond of union, becomes an instrument of disappointment and death.

Incurable disease has caused many a weary sufferer to seek a violent death at his own hands. This cannot be helped, and in some cases may not be blamable.

If the suicide of the wretched and disappointed suffice us, what can we say when the votaries of pleasure, those who have always lived amid the pleasures of life, whose every wish has been gratified as far as possible, commit this deed. This, at first thought, would appear an act of insanity. But not so. The real reason is, that having exhausted all means of earthly enjoyment, they are tired of life, and its dull routine of pleasures grows unbearably monotonous. Suicide of this class is the curse of old civilizations. It means that all the pleasures of life have been drained to their dregs, that wealth and luxury, so much sought after by those who do not possess them, only make life more miserable when they no longer please. This was the cause of the death of the famous Philip Mordaunt. Intellectual, handsome, popular and possessing a charming wife, he was not able to enjoy life, and one day, to the surprise of all who knew him, he ended his existence with a pistol. It was weariness of life which drove Aristotle, the philosopher to whose teachings the greatest minds of the world bowed for two thousand years, to self-slaughter.

Of the social causes of suicide, that of imitation is one of the greatest. "Men think in herds and go mad in herds, while they recover their reason one by one." History is full of accounts of epidemics of suicide. Where one suicide occurs, one or more will surely follow. If a man should leap from Brooklyn bridge to-morrow,

half a dozen attempts to do the same thing would follow within a fortnight.

Unknown to savages, self-killing rages most among nations most civilized. It is truly the curse of civilization. To-day the Germans, who are reported the greatest thinkers, are the most suicidal people. The French come next, then the English and the Italians, while the Spaniards, the most backward of European nations in learning, are the least afflicted with this curse. Rome knew nothing of self-murder until the Empire had been established, and her victorious legions had carried their eagles over the world and brought back the means of luxury from Europe, Asia and Africa. 'Twas then that life in the Eternal City began to grow weary and unprofitable.

One of the effects of education is to make one dissatisfied by showing him what other people, more fortunate than himself, possess. As civilization advances new necessities come upon us. What was a luxury a quarter of a century ago is a necessity to-day. In the attempt to obtain the means of luxurious living, man meets with great obstacles. He has a greedy world to fight against, and if he is weak in body or mind he must perish in the struggle. Nature protects the strong, but leaves the poor in force and skill to perish. But even the victorious in life's race are often crippled by the struggle which has consumed their body and mind, and although having gained the means of pleasure are not able to take advantage of them. Their infirmities and sufferings deprive life of all its pleasures, and their only resort is suicide. 'Twas this that drove Hugh Miller to kill himself, crying, "My brain is burning; I can bear life no longer!" 'Twas this that struck down with paralysis William Hamilton when at the meridian of his greatness, and cut short the life of that eminently successful journalist H. J. Raymond in a cerebral crash at the age of forty-nine.

'Tis true we enjoy more pleasures than our fathers, but we also suffer more. They wearied only their muscles; the people of to-day destroy the strength of the brain; the result is the loss of hopefulness and zest for the pleasures of life, which leads to life-weariness and in the end to self-murder. The young man of to-day, scouring the well-beaten paths of his fathers to success, determined to startle the world and gain its honors, "consumes in an hour the oil of the lamp which should burn throughout the night," and before he reaches middle age the haggard face and weary step become evident. What wonder is there that life to him seems devoid of pleasure, and he, realizing that he is a victim of ambition and overwork, seeks to end his days.

J. B.

COOPER'S NOVELS.

Our early American writers are too much neglected. In the hurry and rush to keep up with periodical and current literature we are very much inclined to overlook the excellencies of those writers who were the founders, or rather the pioneers, of American fiction. Washington Irving, Cooper, and the writers who have followed them are now put aside to make room for fiction of far less merit. This is not as it should be; every college boy should be familiar with the writings of these authors, and I may add, that all of *us*, at least, should know something of William Gilmore Simms and John P. Kennedy.

It is not the object of this paper to attempt any criticism whatever of Cooper's novels, the subject is too old for that, and, besides, their place in literature for a while, certainly, has long been determined. It is written merely because we think these novels receive too little attention HERE, and not for anything new or interesting that may be said.

Cooper's youthful environments determined the character of his writings. On the shores of the beautiful Otsego Lake, where his father's residence was situated, and in the virgin forest, he early imbibed that intense love of nature which characterized his after life. He drew his inspiration from an inexhaustible source, and while growing up in its very heart, learned to love and reverence nature as few men do. Here he came in contact with those characters by whom his own creations were greatly influenced. A part of his life was spent upon the sea, and to this we are indebted for his excellent sea tales. The "formative influences" of his characters are seen in his writings.

When "The Spy," Cooper's first successful book, appeared, the bud which was to blossom into the flower of American literature was only generating. Washington Irving was just entering the arena of literature; William Cullen Bryant had just emerged from his rural home, and come before the world as a candidate for public favor with a volume of poems. Other writers of less prominence were beginning their careers. The fact that the work immediately became popular in England, where Scott, Byron and their contemporaries were in the noontide of their glory, is an evidence of its excellence and originality. "The Spy" showed the American people of what they were capable; it was the torch which fired the combustibles. It showed that our supply of material was abundant, and that skillful hands were not wanting. Until this time America was depend-

ent upon England for her literature; there was a lack of self reliance on the part of America; this book was the first grand stroke that severed this dependence and taught us what *could* be done, and Cooper and others at once set about to do it.

The series of five books known as the "Leatherstocking Tales," are the most popular of his novels, and the ones including some of his sea tales, by which he will be chiefly remembered. "Natty Bumpo" at different periods of his life and under different names, is the hero of all the five. It is certainly interesting to read these books in their order, and watch the development of this extraordinary character—the most unique in all fiction. In the first, "Deerslayer," he is brought before us as a youth of twenty years, whose unering marksmanship as a hunter has already won for him the title of "Deerslayer;" his weapon has never yet drawn human blood, and he is in the first exercise of that keen sagacity which is blended so harmoniously with a simple and ingenious goodness. Following this we see the ever dreaded, yet ever merciful warrior, in his career of activity and love in "The Last of the Mohicans" and "The Pathfinder," and his old age and death in "The Pioneer" and "The Prairie."

Balyoc, who was a great admirer of Cooper, in speaking of "The Pathfinder," said: "It is good, it is beautiful, its interest is tremendous. I know of no one in the world, save Walter Scott, who has risen to that grandeur and serenity of colors. Never did the art of writing tread closer on the art of the pencil."

Leatherstocking is thus described by Bryant: "A philosopher of the woods, ignorant of books, but instructed in all that nature, without the aid of science, could reveal to the man of quick senses and inquiring intellect, whose life has been passed under the open sky and in companionship with a race whose animal perceptions are the acutest and most cultivated of which there is any example. But Leatherstocking has higher qualities; in him there is a genial blending of the gentlest virtues of the civilized man with the better nature of the aboriginal tribes; all that in them is noble, generous, ideal, is adopted into his own kindly character, and all that is evil is rejected. Leatherstocking is acknowledged on all hands to be one of the most noble as well as the most striking and original creations of fiction."

It is almost impossible for anyone to read these books without being made better, without having a deeper love for nature and greater reverence for God.

It is said that when Scott's "Pirate" appeared, Cooper at once recognized it as the work of a landsman, which suggested that he, a sailor by profession, should write *as* a sailor.

The result was "The Pilot," in which are found those excellent descriptions of nautical affairs which are found no where else. Of all his sea-novels, which are recognized as the best ever written, "The Pilot" stands at the head, followed, probably, by "The Two Admirals." As has been mentioned, his early life had especially fitted him for this writing, and his productions showed the excellence of his skill, and that his experience had not been in vain.

It has been questioned as to Cooper's place among *great* novelists, but it is certain that he was one of the most popular writers that has ever lived. His works were immediately translated into most of the languages of Europe, and even into some of the Asiatic, which can be said of very few authors, at least during their lifetime.

Cooper may not be entitled to rank as some would have it, with Scott, but he is one of our best American novelists, and in his works we find the best embodiment of American romance. He was the first to use any of the vast amount of material which our continent affords, and which lacks only the halo of age to make it equal to that of Europe. His works are pure, interesting and improving, and we should, at least, have a general familiarity with them. R. F. B.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

Warriors and statesmen have been the honored of all ages. From time immemorial the Historic Muse has sung of their immortal achievements, and the fadeless pages of history are vocal with their praises. The names of some who lived away back in the dim twilight of the world's early morning still live in the hearts of men, coming down to us in snatches of song and legends of forgotten lore. All the nations of the past seem to have essayed with pious care to keep their memories green and render them all the honor that earth can give. To this end they have erected grand and magnificent mausoleums, and made use of the painter's cunning art, and the sculptor's matchless skill. In fact, nothing has been left undone to make their fame eternal.

And this is right. For those who have builded nations and made them illustrious among the noblest peoples of the earth are worthy of the highest honor, and their names and deeds should be perpetuated in song and story.

Now, this has been said, and is true, of warriors and statesmen classed

together. But the question often arises: Which of these deserve to be the more highly honored, in view of their respective services? To whom are we more indebted for the grandeur and glory of our civilization, our warriors or our statesmen?

There can hardly be any doubt but that the nations of the past would have answered these questions in the warrior's favor. For the tender devotion with which they cherished the memories of those who fell on the tented plain, showed unmistakably that they were partial to the warrior. But in these latter days, when we boast so proudly that "the war-drum beats no longer, and the battle-flags are furled," and claim to have approached so near the millennium as soon to be able to settle all domestic and national disputes by arbitration in "the parliament of man," we are apt to undervalue what the warrior has done and give the statesman the highest niche in the Temple of Fame. Busied with thoughts of the present and of the possibilities of the future, we forget to look back to the "days that tried men's souls," when our warriors won for us the proud distinction we now enjoy among the nations of the world. In the light of what they have done for the common weal, this should not be the case. We, as a nation, are more indebted to them than to our statesmen. It is true, our statesmen have always held an exalted position in the estimation of the world, and we would not pluck one twig from the wreath of their merited honor. We say merited, because their patriotism, far-seeing wisdom and self-sacrificing devotion to the best interests of their country have never been surpassed in the annals of time. In the dark hours of our country's history, when dismal and lowering clouds of strife and contention were looming up above our national horizon, when the muttering thunders of war were heard in the distance like the sullen roar of mighty waters, and when the star of empire seemed to be on the point of setting, to rise no more forever, we find them standing firm and steadfast at the helm of the "Old Ship of State," taking its bearings and keeping its complicated machinery properly adjusted as it plows the restless sea of party spirit and approaches dangerously near the shoals of fate. And in the legislative halls of our nation, they have shown themselves worthy of the honor and adoration of our liberty-loving people as long as "fame her record keeps," for they have accomplished much in shaping the destiny of our country, and contributed largely to the extension of the boundaries of freedom.

But notwithstanding all this, and whatever else may be said in behalf of our statesmen, there were others who played a more important part in saving our country from the dismal darkness of oblivion's night, and in

giving it prominence among the first nations of the earth. And they were the men who responded so promptly whenever the "drum-beat of the nation" was heard, telling them of danger and summoning them to lay their lives before their country's shrine. On every hand their works are manifest, and we have only to look around to wonder and admire. Look at this great and glorious Republic of ours, standing forth in the vanguard of nations, the cynosure of all eyes, the bulwark of freedom, the palladium of our liberties. Look at it in its progressive development, undergoing the process of its manifest destiny, cherished and venerated by the great and good of every clime, the harbinger of a universal political millennium. Now what has brought all this about? Whence sprung this unique Republic, this bounteous birthland of the free? To find the proper answer to this question, no extended historical research is necessary. For it goes without saying, that this free and independent nation—the noblest and freest on the globe—was carved out of the British Empire by the swords of our countrymen on the hard-fought battle-fields of the Revolution. It is true, they were aided by our statesmen. But we should bear in mind that when the colonists were oppressed, when the people were taxed without representation, when the early settlers of this country were treated as so many slaves attached to the British dominion, when that lunatic, the third George, was king of England and sent the scions of a diseased aristocracy to be our rulers, and when British oppression was weighing like an incubus upon the energies of the people, our statesmen were utterly powerless to do anything to rectify these wrongs or bring them to an end. And a little later, when the colonies were actually bleeding, reverses rolling frightfully upon them, a conquering army sweeping over their land like a western tornado, the streams crimsoned with the blood of their kinsmen, and the piteous cries of their women and children ringing in their ears, the utmost that our statesmen could do was far from being adequate to the demands and pressing needs of the young and struggling nation. They did what they could, and we honor them for that. We would not for one moment question the sincerity of their devotion to their country's cause, for they worshiped at Liberty's shrine with more than an eastern devotion. But the time had come when mere devotion amounted to nothing, and when greater resistance was necessary than they could possibly offer with tongue or pen. The sword, which had hitherto been the only true arbiter of nations, must again be unsheathed and stained with human blood. Diplomacy could avail nothing in such a crisis, and soon our warriors came upon the scene, armed with the warlike

weapons of the Revolution. With deadly effect they plied their implements of defence until they drove back the British lion to his native lair, forced the mother country to acknowledge their independence, and gave us a nation that is to-day the wonder of the centuries, the model of the world.

In the same way, other striking instances could be cited which would go to establish the warrior's claim to the first place in the hearts of our people. Our troubles and conflict with Mexico are in point just here. That government had insulted our flag, captured our ships, imprisoned our citizens and confiscated their property. She had violated her treaties of peace, turned a deaf ear to the proposals of our statesmen, and sent troops upon our territory to make war upon our own people. In this state of affairs, nothing satisfactory could be accomplished by our statesmen until an appeal to arms was made. But as soon as this was done, our warriors stepped to the front with their valor and arms, carved an empire State from the heritage of the Montezumas, and forced Mexico to make peace with us and indemnify her past wrongs.

And again, it has been only about a quarter of a century since our country lay mangled and bleeding as the result of a civil war. The North and the South had been long at variance, and were often unable to agree on matters of general concern. The question of slavery, the protective tariff, and States' rights provoked long and bitter discussions at our National capital, and widened the breach between them as the years passed by. Conservative statesmen on both sides did their utmost to check and dispel the gathering storm. That illustrious trio, Webster, Clay and Calhoun, pleaded for peace and compromise. But there was and could be no peace, until our warriors met upon the bloody plains of Mars and cemented the fractured Union with their blood. It is true, they did not settle these questions finally, but they reached a result that our statesmen had utterly failed to reach.

On this occasion, as on all others, they showed themselves to be the true "heroes in the strife," won for our nation additional renown, and placed republicanism upon a firmer foundation. And so, when we feel disposed to honor and pay homage to those who have rendered the most efficient service in establishing and defending our form of Government, let us see to it that we give "HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

Only a few more years, and the last survivors of our past bloody struggle will be numbered with the dead. Thousands of them are already sleeping in widely scattered and unknown graves. Some in the frozen regions of the North, others on the sunny plains of the South. And as they sleep on amid the tokens of the

freedom they so much loved, may the whistling of tameless winds, the ceaseless roar of murmuring waters, the chirping of wild birds, the presence of sweet-smelling flowers, and all that speaks of liberty, chant their eternal requiem till time shall be no more.

J. P. SPENCE.

EDITORIAL.

FOOT-BALL.

Foot-ball is thought by those unacquainted with it to be a brutal and brutalizing game, which it is not; but as now played, is no more brutal than any other out-door game that is worth the playing, and requires that its players should be cool-headed as well as strong in body. Nor is it a subject fit for ridiculous cartoons. Of all games of ball, foot-ball has the first place, both in regard to age and continuous popularity, for since the rise of Grecian civilization it has been the greatest of winter games, and in every age its scrambles have been loved and enjoyed. As might be supposed, foot-ball arose among the Greeks, those lovers of athletic sports to whom we owe so much. The Romans borrowed it from them, and played it much as we do, not restricting themselves to kicking, as the Greeks seem to have done, and among them its popularity was very great. Carrying it with them wherever they extended their sway, they brought the game to Britain, a land whose climate is suited for its vigorous exercise. And foot-ball is, perhaps, the only thing we have to-day that we owe to the Roman conquest. For when the invasion of the Angles and Saxons obliterated almost every vestige of Roman civilization, foot-ball found favor with those hardy peoples, and among them and their descendants, both in England and America, it has found ready players, and will find them as long as love of out-door sports is a principle of Saxon character. Within the last ten years the game has received much attention with us, and has come to be, as it deserves to be, the college game of America. The Rugby game, so graphically described in "Tom Brown's School Days," is not played now; the number of players is limited to eleven on each side, and strict rules have eliminated every *brutalizing* feature, so much dreaded by those emotional people who think everything wrong that they know nothing about.

So far from brutalizing is foot-ball, that its good, moral influence can, we venture the assertion, be readily observed at those institutions where it is played, if anyone will take the pains to compare the character of the students now with what it was before the introduction of foot-ball. We believe there will be less complaint about drunkenness and debauchery, and fewer dismissions from school now than there were before. It is a truth long recognized that a schoolboy is going to find some means of getting rid of the excess of his physi-

cal energy. He may debauch himself with whiskey, make raids on chicken-coops or fruit-orchards, or he may join a foot-ball or a base-ball team; he will do something. The new student now is urged to play foot-ball. Recruits are wanted for the team and he may be given a place, not a little distinction, and one much coveted, or if he does not get on the team, a few evenings of scrambles and "downs" give him an intense love for the game and make him desirous of becoming a good player. Intoxicants must be given up and regular habits observed. No rowdy, no cigarette or whiskey sot can belong to a foot-ball team, and so the most anxious mother, if she hears her son is a member of the foot-ball team, might calm her fears and sleep in peace.

In regard to accidents, there has been much exaggeration. Of course, some accidents will occur in playing foot-ball, as in everything where manual strength is employed, but no more than in playing any other game—say base-ball, Sometimes a sprained ankle or a broken collar-bone may last a player a month or two, but such cases are rare.

As a means of physical development, foot-ball stands head and shoulders above every other game. Ten pounds is the average gain in weight of new players the first season—a wonderful gain when it is taken into consideration that not a pound of superfluous adipose is left, and the soft and weak limbs have become hard and sinewy. But his is not all physical development; his mental powers are no less improved. To plan for advancing the ball, to understand the signals, and to conceive and to frustrate the designs of his opponents, he must learn to think clearly and quickly. Here he learns some lessons in self-reliance which follow him through life. We believe the statement, often made, that a college could better do without a chair of Latin or Greek than without athletics; and we believe, too, that the best athletic exercise is not found in swinging Indian clubs or dumb-bells, in circling bars or climbing ladders—all good enough in their way—but in some game where success is to be won only by overcoming others. Foot-ball is the game for the purpose. With the sanction and approval of all past ages, it has that of ours also, and its future seems bright and glorious.

G. W. PASCHAL.

ELOCUTION.

There seems to be a mistaken idea in the minds of many concerning elocution. That word does not carry with it the importance that it should. Why? It is owing to a false idea of the true meaning of the word. When one hears the word elocution, it seems that he immediately thinks of imitation, or of the correct delivery, not of original thought, clothed in one's own

words, but of memorized sentences written by another. In fact, the old schools of elocution taught this, for they would take a student after he had memorized a selection, and, by imitation, teach him a mechanical way of delivery—in short, they would make a machine of a human being. The minds of the intelligent need no argument to satisfy them that this old system was basely wrong. I am glad to say that elocution is making long and brilliant strides to-day, and is fast growing in public favor. In the best schools of our country one is no longer taught to imitate. It is no longer the object of elocution to make a man an imitator, but to develop those original powers with which he is endowed, to bring to the surface those oratorical talents which lie imbedded in him.

In nature there is an inorganic and an organic growth. You may place rock upon rock and the pile will grow, but when you cease and leave it, it will remain as you left it. You care for the roots, you cultivate the soil from which the little plant saps its life; when you leave it, it continues to grow, and at length reproduces itself. Just so there is an inorganic and an organic, a false and a true elocution. The imitator ceases to grow when the one whom he imitates disappears, but when you kindle those innate fires that lie hidden in a man, they not only continue to burn, but tend to heat up the dying embers in the bosom of his fellow-man.

"Elocution concerns the commerce of mind and soul." Dryden uses the word nearly synonymous with eloquence.

It is said that "knowledge is capital, only valuable as it is available, and elocution is the great means of rendering knowledge available."

In order to benefit the world, thoughts must be expressed, and why not learn to express them correctly and forcibly? Good elocution consists in the natural expression of thought by speech and gesture. When taught properly it does not tend, as some think, to lessen originality, no, far from it. It not only aids one in getting a vivid conception of his own thoughts, but demands that he be educated in harmony with his peculiar nature and individuality. It is the polishing stone with which our rough-hewn thought is made smooth and effective.

The training received in our best schools of oratory gives strength to the mind, as well as freedom to its agents. The mental training is designed to render the intelligence keener and more comprehensive, to give greater range and depth to emotions, to strengthen the magnetism and to refine the taste. The training in thought-conception constitutes the principal task of the teacher of true elocution and oratory, for a forcible

delivery is mainly dependent upon a clear conception and adequate realization of the thought and feeling. One cannot make plain to another what he does not himself see.

Naturalness is regarded as the fundamental and crowning principal of expression, but it is necessary that we be careful in drawing the line between our true nature and our second nature—habit.

Originality in thought, individuality and naturalness in expression, should be the beacon light of every true orator.

The National School of Elocution and Oratory, in Philadelphia, stands to-day as a monument to J. W. Shoemaker. I hope that at no distant day we shall have a chair of elocution established in all of our Southern as well as Northern institutions. It is important. Dryden says that we could not allow him an orator who had the best thoughts and who knew all the rules of rhetoric, if he had not acquired the art of using them.

JOHN A. WRAY,
Editor pro tem.

CHRISTMAS—ITS ORIGIN—ITS HISTORY.

The most universally observed holiday among Christian peoples, and the chief feature of December, is upon us. To the children, who, with eager expectation, have been counting the months, then the weeks and now the days, Santa Claus has been slow in coming. Ere long the student will lay aside his books and the cares of college life for a visit to loved ones and his childhood's home. Even the grave and dignified Professor will quit his secluded study to join in the spirit of the occasion. Nor will the sound of the carpenter's hammer, the ring of the blacksmith's anvil, or the measured stroke of the artisan's axe be heard in the land, for this is a season which always brings a cessation of toil to millions of weary laborers, and should always bring joy and sunshine into every home.

Here we pause, and ask ourselves of the origin and history of this festal day, whose coming is always hailed with such delight. Searching among musty and time-worn volumes, to whose keeping the records of the past have been intrusted, we find that the institution of this day is attributed to Pope Telesphorous, who died 138 A. D., and that since his day, through the centuries, a festal day has been observed as the anniversary of the birth of Christ. Immediately after its institution this became the most universal of Christian solemnities, and during the early centuries it was the most movable of all festive days, being often confounded with the Epiphany, and observed by Eastern churches in April or May. This confusion of dates existed until about the middle of the fourth century, when, by the urgency of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, an order was obtained from Pope Julian for an investigation to be made con-

cerning the day of Christ's nativity. This body of theologians selected December the twenty-fifth as the proper day, basing their decision upon the tables of the censors in the archives of Rome. The exact date is not known, however, since no reliable record of the day has been preserved in any of the ancient archives, nor does history, either sacred or profane, give us the desired information.

During the early centuries the day was considered in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival. Its observance, therefore, was characterized by devotion, and by cessation from all business. During the middle ages we find Christmas celebrated by gay and fantastic spectacles of dramatic mysteries, performed by personages in grotesque masks and singular costumes. Our space does not allow us to tell of the peculiarities with which the day has been observed by different peoples in many lands through all the centuries. In England, Christmas has always been a religious, domestic and merry-making festival for every rank and age. Here we find the custom of lighting large candles on Christmas eve, and kindling upon the hearth a glowing fire made of great logs, the principal of which was the traditional "yule log" or "Christmas block."

In our day, the observance seems to bear but little resemblance to that instituted in the long ago. By a few the day will be observed with religious solemnities; to many others it will be the occasion of innocent pleasure and merry-making, and to others still it will be the occasion for throwing off all restraint, and going into such excesses as they indulge in during no other season of the year. To those who think of the real meaning of the day, while they are enjoying the pleasures which it brings, would it not be well to remember others to whom it brings none of the cheer and comfort which they enjoy? To all our readers we extend a wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. E. S. REAVES.

MODERN TENDENCY IN EDUCATION.

Perhaps in all the realms of human progress there exists no more perfect organization than the modern system of education. Developing with the country, it has become the potent source of the latter's prosperity. From preparatory school to university, its facilities afford ample opportunity, to all so disposed, for the acquisition of knowledge, and leave ignorance with no semblance of excuse.

A system so broad, so far-reaching in its effects, so useful in bringing the possibilities of such advantages within the reach of all, without respect to state or condition, is well worthy the support and admiration of its adherents.

America is proud, and justly proud, of such a system. But in education,

as in every other sphere of human activity, there is room for improvement. We are not pessimistic. We do not doubt the efficacy of the system. We do not question its usefulness, past, present and future. But certain indications now apparent in its course, tendencies which modern times have developed, we believe to be detrimental to the cause of education, and in the highest degree out of harmony with its true spirit.

Prominent among these is the hue and cry now agitating the intellectual world in behalf of the introduction of a more practical feature so-called. Underlying all the superficial evils, imbedded in the very spirit of the age, is the conception that existence is the chief end of man, and that utility towards the fulfillment of such an end is the sole criterion of worth. On every hand we are beset with the demand for a more practical tendency in the college curriculum. Its impress is stamped indellibly on every department. Classics must go! cry its adherents. Metaphysics must go! Dry rubbish of another day; their reign is over! Nineteenth century progress wishes naught of their thraldom. Science alone must remain, and only so much of science as is in its nature purely practical. Such is the demand with which the educators of the present day are contending. Such is the problem which educators of the future must solve. The drift of public sentiment in this direction is closely allied to that in another. We refer to specialization, the growing tendency to concentrate the attention on a particular class of studies to the neglect of others equally important; in point of fact the two are of a kind, the one particular, the other general. And to both the same objection is applicable. College is not the place to specialize. The value of a broad foundation in the matter of education cannot be overestimated, cannot be too strongly advocated. Partiality of any kind, specialization in any form, whether it be in those branches pertaining more strictly to practical utility, or those of the other extreme, is injurious, and to be avoided. We are sick and tired of the constantly recurring objection to the present system that it is not sufficiently practical, that it is deficient in the first principles of that most indispensible of all branches of knowledge, how to make a living. We, too, are in favor of practical education, of education whose practical advantages will equal the labor expended in its acquisition. But we do not believe that the sole aim and end of all acquisition of knowledge is comprised in the general acceptance of the term practicality.

We do not believe that the benefits received should be restricted to the narrow limits of present utility. And any attempt to substitute for a general education the abnormal development of a particular branch is, and should be, characterized as out of accord with the true tone and spirit of education. W. W. V.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

NEARLY every day we can read new reports about the threatened European war. Sometimes the Emperor of Germany has made an important disclosure; sometimes the Czar is mobilizing his forces on the Prussian frontier, and again the Triple Alliance is about to be broken. After waiting for ten years for a war which has not come, the sensational reader has tired of not having his expectations fulfilled, and is beginning to suspect the truth to be that European war reports are put in where the editor gets lazy and short of news, and wants something to fill up. We see no necessity for a war, nor do we believe there will be one for many years to come. France must feel a little sore yet because of the slice of her territory that Germany got in 1870, but her people seem prosperous and happy, and prosperous and happy people are slow to engage in war. The peace of Europe is menaced more by the standing armies than anything else, but even they are so much dependent on the conservative classes that they are not so dangerous as often represented. The desperate condition of the lower classes in Russia seems threatening, but we would expect that to lead to revolutionary measures rather than to international war, unless, perhaps, the wily Czar may open a channel for this discontent by entering into a war with Germany.

THE beneficent effects of the advance of medical skill in the last few centuries has no better illustration than the difference in the treatment of the deaf and dumb and the blind now, and then. Before the good monk Pedro Ponce began the instruction of deaf-mutes some three hundred years ago, these unfortunates were, of all people, the most neglected and miserable, being regarded as little better than brutes, and thought to be a mark of the special malediction of heaven on their parents. Now, in all civilized countries special provision is made for their education at public expense, and there are also many private institutions where they may receive instruction. Among these is the Perkins Institute at Boston, where Laura Bridgman was educated, and where now is a child like her, born deaf and dumb and blind, Willie Elizabeth Robin, the daughter of a Texas ranch owner. When sent there she knew but little more

than a puppy, and seemed rather a brute than a human being, but a year's treatment has enabled her to acquire a vocabulary of five hundred words and to communicate with others. Surely, wonders will never cease.

THE proceedings of the Farmers' Alliance Convention at Indianapolis were watched with much interest. It seems that while the Ocala platform and the sub-treasury plan were heartily re-endorsed, the third party movement was given up—perhaps because it was the only means of keeping the organization from going to wreck. A successful third party, it has been well demonstrated, is an impossibility. We hope that it is at last becoming apparent that third parties are nuisances that do nothing but perplex the political world and delay the satisfactory solution of questions of national importance, such as the tariff and the internal revenue. Perhaps they are a necessity for those cranks who do not know what they believe, and love to sacrifice their ballot for some Utopian principle. The convention did not do much other than reorganize. About all of last year's officers were re-elected. The unanimous re-election of Colonel Polk as National President was heard with much pleasure by his North Carolina friends, whether Alliancemen or not.

THE Southern Exposition at Raleigh has just closed. We hardly think it a success financially; perhaps it was; otherwise, it was not. North Carolina and Raleigh did what they could, but no other State, with the exception of Florida, had an exhibit, unless a few bolts of cloth, some big cotton stalks, and other things of like nature scattered here and there, be called an exhibit. Perhaps our sister States are getting ready for the great Chicago exposition, where, we hope, they will be better represented.

ANOTHER Thanksgiving, with its varied pleasures, has come and gone. Although a Puritan custom, it has come to be observed as a holiday in all sections of our country—in the South as well as the North. With the single exception of Christmas, it is the most popular of all our holidays, and it is right that it should be. Thanksgiving is the farmers' holiday—the name indicates that. The merchant, the mechanic or the professional man may enjoy its pleasures, freed for a day from the cares of their vocations, but it was originally a farmers' holiday, and surely it should have a significance for them that it has not for other people. On the "Glorious Fourth" they are too much engrossed with their crops to partake much of the general glee, but before the last Thursday in November the corn is cribbed, the cotton in the bale, the small-grain crops in the ground, and they are free; and surely now, if ever, they can feel grateful to Providence for His favors. Fortunately the season of the year does not

allow grandiloquent orations, which everybody must profess to enjoy, but which really please no one but the speaker; but this very severity of the weather is a stay to the greater enjoyments of the fireside, never tired of, and never to be tired of, while love of home remains a principle of the human heart.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

W. B. DANIEL, Editor.

OSCAR WILDE is writing a novel on the same order, but from a different point of view, as Robert Elsmere and John Warde, Preacher.

LOVERS of foot-ball will hail with pleasure the "American Foot-ball," by Walter Camp. This book is the best authority on this great game, and contains, besides, several pictures of leading players of Yale, Harvard and Princeton, rules of the game, directions for training, and many valuable suggestions to observers who want to understand the chaotic manœuvers of the players.

A CLERK, Mr. Lewis V. Bogy, has recently been dismissed from the Department of the Interior for writing a novel, entitled "In Office," which reflected on the dignitaries in Washington public life. The book is a narrative of the adventures of a young and innocent girl, "who, coming to Washington to enter a Department, suffers for her unwillingness to succumb to the temptations spread for her by the powerful people who held her official destiny in their keeping."

"ELSKET, AND OTHER STORIES," and "AMONG THE CAMPS," are the titles of the latest books which Thomas Nelson Page has written. In this book Mr. Page has fully sustained his reputation as one of our leading Southern authors. "Elsket" is a real tragedy, the scene of which is laid in Norway. "Among the Camps" is an admirable collection of stories for young people, which are told of the late war between the States. Altogether, Mr. Page is the most charming story-teller in the South, as anyone can testify who has read his "Two Little Confederates" and other stories of the war.

THE first product of the pen of Canon Farrar in the way of fiction is "Darkness and Dawn," an historical novel, the plot of which is laid in the

palace of the Cæsars, beginning about A. D. 54. Nero soon appears upon the scene, and thenceforth the crimes of this emperor and the evils of the time are set forth with a perspicuity and force that are characteristic of this eminent man. A romance by so celebrated a man as Archdeacon Farrar cannot fail to attract universal attention. It remains to be seen what the critics are going to do with his first attempt at fiction, and whether he will be rated as high as a novelist as he is as a preacher.

IN a recent issue of the *London Illustrated News* there is a portraitof John Ruskin, the greatest English prose writer of the century, and a short review of his poetry, which has just appeared in England in two volumes. This was written in his early days; and from some extracts quoted we would judge that, had he not turned to prose composition, he might have been one of our greatest poets. But how much higher is his position as the prince of the prose writers of this century! The world has enough of the gilt of poetry, but it is seldom that there is found a vein of the unalloyed gold of prose.

HERMAN MELVILLE, the author of "Omoo" and "Moby Dick" is dead. Not much has been heard from him of late, but there was a time when his productions were much read and discussed. Although, in the main, a romancer, he wrote some excellent verse. Nearly everyone has read his "Sheridan at Cedar Creek" and "The March to the Sea." His romances have been more popular in England than in America. At the North his poetry has been received with much favor, partly because it tells of incidents of the late war from a Northern point of view, while the same cause has operated to keep it from being very widely read in the South.

THOMAS HUGHES, the well-known author of "Tom Brown's School Days," has published a paper giving some testimonials of the worth and character of Dr. Thomas Arnold, his old Master at Rugby. Every reader of the "School Days" will remember in what terms of love and reverence the author always speaks of his instructor. The closing scene of the book, the fishing party in the mountains broken up by the news of Dr. Arnold's death and Brown's haste to get back to Rugby, tells how much he loved him then, and the recent article shows that he lovingly remembers him still.

ONE of the most pleasant features of *The Century* is the series of articles upon the great masters in music and art. These are all well written and handsomely illustrated. The December number has articles on Raphael and Mozart, which contribute much to make it the best Christmas number of any magazine we have had the opportunity of examining.

ALUMNI NOTES.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

—'40. Dr. O. F. Baxter, of Elizabeth City, is probably the oldest living graduate of the College. He was a student here when our literary societies were organized. Though still in the enjoyment of vigorous health, he has retired from the active duties of his profession, and is now turning his attention to the supervision of a large farm. As a physician, he has been eminently successful, and in surgery was distinguished for his rare skill. His counsel is still sought in operations requiring large experience and a thorough knowledge of the structure of the human body.

—'56. J. D. Hufham, D. D., has accepted a call to Tarboro, N. C. For many years he has been the popular pastor at Scotland Neck and, no doubt, the good people among whom he has labored so earnestly and successfully were loath to part with him. The Tarboro Baptists are to be congratulated upon securing his services.

—'62. H. Lansing Burrows, D.D., of Augusta, Ga., is an earnest, consecrated pastor of no ordinary ability, who exerts a powerful influence for good. He is also Secretary of the Southern Baptist Convention.

—'73. J. J. Vann, of Monroe, N. C., has built up and ably sustains a very large and lucrative law practice. This, however, is not to be wondered at, since he is one of the most successful lawyers in the southern part of the State.

—'73. Dr. Henry T. Trantham, of Salisbury, N. C., has achieved success as a physician, which fact is proved by the large practice which claims his constant attention. Like so many noble men of his profession, he finds his greatest pleasure in ministering to the ills of suffering humanity.

—'74. James S. Mitchell has been, for seven years, Sheriff of Hertford County. This long and uninterrupted term of office as the chief executor of the law in his county, speaks well for his official ability, his moral worth and the confidence imposed in him by his constituents.

'81. Rev. E. M. Poteat, of New Haven, Connecticut, is pastor of the largest Baptist Church in his adopted State. He possesses peculiar talent as a preacher; but many of his most powerful sermons are preached by the earnest, pious life which he leads.

Wake Forest's sons are popular as pastors of Northern churches, and they are doing much to counteract the evil tendency toward sectional animosity.

'84. W. E. Wooten, after teaching for several years, has settled down to the quiet pursuit of farm life in Lenoir County. His success is a standing proof that farming, when rightly conducted, pays. Some weeks ago he paid a pleasant visit to his *alma mater*, thus to renew old acquaintances and keep fresh in memory that part of life which is said to be the happiest of all.

—'86. J. E. Vann is building up a large law practice at Winston, N. C. He is a young man yet, and so has not had sufficient time in which to win for himself that reputation which he is destined to win. During his college days he was noted for his dry humor, so some of the old students tell us. He recently paid a short visit to his *alma mater* and friends on the Hill.

—Dr. L. G. Broughton ('81 –'84), of Reidsville, has turned his back upon a large and lucrative practice to enter the ministry. We cannot but admire the self-sacrifice of the man who thus leaves a profession of liberal remuneration for what he considers his duty.

—W. H. B. Salter ('59–'61) is a large and successful stock-farmer at Castalian Springs, Tennessee. During the late war his regiment voted him a gold medal for special deeds of bravery. Though the cause for which he so valiantly fought was lost, yet the reputation which he won by his heroic endeavors for what he conceived to be right, still lives and will ever live.

—W. A. Nelson ('86 –'87), whom some of the older students will remember, died October 19th, in Macon, Georgia.

—Col. Walter L. Steele ('39–'40), of Richmond county, died last month in Baltimore. He had been a member of Congress, and was distinguished for the brilliancy of his intellect and moral worth.

—Rev. M. J. Willoughby ('80 '82) is located at Marion, South Carolina, and is pastor of churches in Marion and Horry counties. He is not an eloquent speaker, but is an earnest, active, consecrated worker in his Master's vineyard, and has the entire confidence and respect of the people to whom he preaches. He paid a week's visit recently to friends and relatives on the Hill. His sermon on Sunday night, November 29th, was enjoyed by all.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. B. DANIEL, Editor.

=Christmas!

=Examinations!

=These are times that try our souls.

=Misses Hattie and Venie Alston, of Chatham County, are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Reid.

=Mrs. Foote, of Warrenton, made a short visit to the family of Mrs. Simmons a short time ago.

=Appropriate Thanksgiving services were held in the small chapel on November 26 by Rev. Dr. Taylor.

=Some members of the Faculty and several students attended the Baptist State Convention at Goldsboro.

=Miss Lillian Irene Daniel, of Weldon, recently spent a week at the Falls of Neuse, on a visit to Miss Lena Allen.

=We were pleased to have with us for a day, some time since, our old friend and fellow-student, Sam. Brinson, of Newbern.

=Miss Lena Allen, of the Falls, lately spent some time on the Hill, to the delight of her many friends here among the students.

=Miss Willie Simmons returned home from Durham, accompanied by Miss Lola Rogers, who remained on the Hill for a week with her.

=The fact that Brigham Young has bought half a gallon of oil and a box of matches was greeted with universal joy by the Dickson House.

=Rev. W. B. Wingate, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Greensboro, recently spent a few days on the Hill on a visit to his family.

=The foot-ball season is now over, and strenuous efforts are being made to revive interest in the skating-rink, which was so popular last session.

=It was with pleasure that we saw on the Hill for a day or two not long since Mr. H. M. Shaw (class of '88), of Henderson, where he is studying law in his father's law office.

=The Faculty have kindly suspended exercises during the Christmas holidays, and as a consequence a large number of the boys will spend the week at their respective homes.

=Professor E. W. Sikes went to Richmond on the 28th of November to witness the game of foot-ball which occurred there between Trinity College and the University of Virginia.

=The Trustees, in order to relieve Professor Taylor of the pressure of too much work, have elected Professor E. W. Sikes, Director of the Gymnasium, to teach history and political conomy.

=Some enterprising "newish" has resurrected the "Howler," and got out a splendid illustrated Thanksgiving issue, which contained excellent likenesses of Weaver, John Wray, and W. Daniel.

=The property on Pennsylvania Avenue, formerly occupied by Mr. Perry, has been bought by Mr. P. W. Johnston, who will move there soon after the Christmas holidays. Mr. Perry has assumed the management of the Dickson Hotel.

=Miss Lucy Mills, one of Wake Forest's most popular belles, has returned home from an extended visit to friends in Goldsboro and Weldon. Judging from the *Wray*diant countenance of one of our dignified seniors, his wasn't the only heart made glad by her return.

=A member of the Senior Class of '91, who is preaching not a hundred miles from Wake Forest, writes to a friend here as follows: "The people around here pick out cotton seed with their fingers, play 'round cat,' have never seen a baseball, and use Webster's blue-back spelling book."

=Miss Lillian Foote returned to her home in Warrenton on December 1, after a prolonged stay with Miss Evabelle Simmons. While here Miss Foote was exceedingly popular among our gallants and made hosts of friends, to whom her departure was a sincere regret; but the *Major* regret of them all was felt by a certain senior who always has an "eye to the beautiful."

=One of our seniors, who wears a blonde moustache, is a fortunate as well as a happy young man just now. While at the Exposition sometime ago one of the fairest of the fair sex here strayed away from her party and our senior was the first one that she met, afterwards, that she knew. So glad was she to see some one that she knew that she really and truly fell in love with him.

=Rev. Dr. I. T. Tichenor, Corresponding Secretary of the Home Missionary Board, lectured here November 17th on the work which the Baptists are doing in Havana. He gave in outline the reasons which induced the Baptist denomination to buy and dedicate the large church in Havana, of which the Rev. Mr. A. J. Diaz has since been made pastor. Bro. Tichenor is an earnest and eloquent speaker, and every one was moved by his speech. He also spoke feelingly of the missionary cause. All who heard him cannot fail to give their full share to the poor heathen who are in so much need of the gospel.

=Two of the most pleasant evenings that it has been our pleasure to spend were the occasions of the oyster supper on Thanksgiving eve and the bean-bag party on the Saturday evening following, given at the Dickson Hotel by Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Dickson. Our excellent host and hostess know how to make young people enjoy themselves, and these occasions were fully up to the stand-

ard. On the first night, supper being over, for the amusement of all, a writing contest was instituted in which a number of household articles were placed on a table and covered up. Upon the cover being removed for a few seconds, each contestant was to write from memory as many of the articles as he could; the one writing the largest number received the first prize, and the one who wrote the least number received the booby prize. On Thanksgiving evening Miss Hannah Lanneau was the successful person, having won the first prize, which was a beautiful water set. The booby prize was awarded to Mr. Osborne. On the following Saturday night, in the contest of throwing the bean-bags, Messrs. Kerr and H. Jones were the successful competitors for the first, who gave it to Miss Susie Lanneau, the booby prize going to Miss Allie Dickson. Miss Allie Dickson also won the first prize in the writing contest, and Mr. J. A. Williams was the victorious contestant for the booby.

=On Tuesday evening, December 1, the regular monthly meeting of the Wake Forest Scientific Society was held in Professor Brewer's lecture room. There was a full attendance of its members. Dr. Taylor read a paper on "Reflex Action," in explanation of hypnotism, dreaming and somnambulism. This is a profound psychological question, and in his treatment of it Dr. Taylor made it most interesting and profitable. Dr. J. B. Powers entertained the audience for some time by a lecture on Hydrophobia — its history, symptoms and treatment. He then reviewed briefly the work of the celebrated specialist, M. Pasteur, on the same subject. Professor Brewer was then called on, who, for the amusement of the Society, made some simple, but by no means familiar to the unscientific world, experiments in which he converted the gases, nitrogen, peroxide and sulphur dioxide, into liquid by the freezing mixtures of snow and hydrochloric acid. On the whole this was the most profitable session of the Society that has been held. The papers discussed were of an exceedingly interesting nature, and were treated as if by the hand of an expert. The students cannot manifest too much interest in this Society. It is one of the most prolific sources for their advancement in scientific study to which they have access, and this excellent opportunity should not be thrown away.

COLLEGE NEWS AND EXCHANGE.

W. W. VASS, JR., Editor.

EXIT the most successful season that inter-collegiate foot-ball in America has yet experienced.

A SAMPLE of freshman correspondence: "Dear Dad: Busted! Send stuff. Your affectionate son."—*Ex.*

FOUR college dailies are now in publication. Princeton, Harvard, Yale and Cornell each possess one. —*Ex.*

JAPAN has a base-ball nine composed of Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia and University of Michigan men.—*Ex.*

THE *Oak Leaf* is a bright, newsy sheet, published by the students at Oak Ridge Institute. We are always glad to see it on our table.

THINGS one would rather have left unsaid—Lies.

Things one would rather have expressed differently—Truths.—*Ex.*

WE are glad to note the arrival of the *Carolinian* among our exchanges. Its first numbers are highly creditable to the institution which it represents.

Freshman—Walks, Talks.
Sophomore—Moon, Spoon.
Junior—Kiss, Bliss, Gate, Late.
Senior—Nice, Splice.
Alumnus—Boy, Joy.—*Ex.*

TRINITY COLLEGE foot-ball team, after a closely-contested game on the 28th of November, succeeded in presenting the University of Virginia with a gorgeous goose-egg.

AMHERST has done away with the tug-of-war, a contest universally conceded to be injurious. Harvard is opposed to it, but will not withdraw her team as long as the event stands. —*Ex.*

THE *Southern Collegian* is out in a very attractive issue. "Pertaining to levees" is the title of a very humorous account of the trials of a rodman. We are altogether taken with the first number.

THE *Amherst Literary Monthly* is one of our most valued exchanges. Its November number contains a most interesting article on the "Short Story Age in Literature." Under this suggestive title the writer reviews a tendency in modern fiction each year more noticeable. Such contributions become, in the highest degree, a literary magazine. And the leaning towards this class of matter in the college journalism of to-day shows a marked improvement on the pedantic essays and political tendencies of former times.

WE would criticize the November number of both the *Southern University Monthly* and the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine* for too great a tendency towards politics. We believe such matters to be beyond the sphere of a literary magazine.

AT Boston University the faculty have voted to permit work on the college paper to count as hours of work in the course, allowing seven hours per week to the managing editor and two hours to each of his assistants.—*Ex.* Would that some other faculties might take this gentle hint.—ED.

NORTH-WESTERN UNIVERSITY has taken a new departure in college government. Hereafter matters of difference between faculty and students will be referred to a committee of five members of the faculty and ten students. Three of the latter are chosen by each of the upper classes and two by each of the lower.—*Ex.*

THE *Yale Courant* for December comes to us teeming with foot-ball notes, as well it may. The present team has broken all former records in defeating both Harvard and Princeton, with no points scored against them. The *Courant*, being a hearty supporter of athletics of all description, is at all times a most welcome visitor.

YOUNG LADY (to W. F. Student) —"How did the foot-ball game with University result this afternoon?"

W. F. Student—"Oh, we beat them!"

Young Lady—"How much?"

W. F. Student—"Well—er, the score stood six to four in favor of the University boys." The young lady is still puzzled to know how this can be.—*University Magazine.* We clip the foregoing from an esteemed contemporary as another instance of the great need for higher female education.—ED.

IT is with a touch of real regret that we bid adieu to the last foot-ball season, which shall find us under-graduates. It has been a remarkable one in many respects. Never before has the great college game had such a rage. Our exchanges are full of it. The whole collegiate world has waked up on the subject. No player in either of the great championship games has been compelled to leave the field from injuries. No one has been disqualified for roughness. Such a record cannot but benefit foot-ball in public estimation. The general tendency of the year's work has been towards a higher degree of science in the game. Never before has the advantage of thorough training been so marked. Never before has the superiority of team work over individual play been so clearly demonstrated. The season is unique. It has placed foot-ball on a firm foundation. But we long for the day when Southern colleges shall take hold of the idea; when our own State shall be pervaded

with a spirit of athletics. The ball has been started. It remains to be kept in motion. We expect great things of '93. In their hands now rests the future of the game. With this we bid farewell to foot-ball.

WE are glad to note a new departure inaugurated by the *Youth's Companion.* That paper proposes to revive the old debating society, which was formerly so potent a factor in the education of citizens and statesmen. It is proposed to organize a national association under the title of "The Lyceum League of America." The local lyceums are to be connected through a newly established lyceum department in the paper referred to, and this department is to grant all charters and accept the entire responsibility of the movement. With each charter a full equipment is granted by the association to each lyceum. The work is to be strictly American. The aim of the undertaking is obvious. To arouse in the rising generation a spirit of national patriotism, to impress on them the duties of American citizenship, to bring the discussion of living issues before the masses, to arrest the decline of oratory, for which this degenerate age is noted, are among the ends desired to be attained. The plan speaks for itself. It has already received the endorsement of the leading educators of the country, and the STUDENT begs to add its heartiest commendation.

THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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CHRISTMAS RHYMES.

Each Christmas morn the angels sing,
"Glad tidings of great joy we bring!"
While mortals join the glad refrain
Which ushered in a Savior's reign.

Why should December, dark and drear,
The gloomiest month of all the year,
Be chosen for the Savior's birth,
Who came, a priceless boon, to earth?
'Twould seem that Nature should accord
With all things else, to greet her Lord.
Not so. The barren earth in vain
Laments her yielded stores of grain,
Bewailing all her flowers fled,
A mother mourning for her dead.

"The darkest hour precedes the dawn."
As earth, that dark December morn,
Was gladdened by a Savior born,
So wilt thou find, in hours of woe
(Which needs must come to all below),
The Prince of Peace again descend,
At once a King, a Savior, Friend.
The "Star of Bethlehem" shall light
The darkness of thine earthly night.
His angels, Peace and Love, shall raise
Within thy heart their songs of praise,
And make the anthem ring again
Of "Peace on earth, good will to men."

EVABELLE SIMMONS.

THE ANCIENT AND THE MODERN.

From Horace's trip to Brundisium to Nelly Bly girdling the globe; from Domitian's turbot to a dinner at Delmonico's; from Umbricius' wagon to a vestibuled Pullman; from Cicero's "puer" to the Western Union Telegraph Company; from Catullus' "phaselus" to Vanderbilt's yacht; from Clodius' ruffians to Pinkerton's detectives; from circensian games to Barnum's "Greatest Show on Earth"; from monkish cloister to the *Herald's* press-rooms—how aghast would stand Cato the censor!

Change is everywhere, and the spirit of change is in the air. The world is hastening along at a breakneck speed, yet it seems to have taken it several thousand years to get under way. There is no doubt that as far as genuine change and progress is concerned, the human kind has made more advancement in the last four hundred years than in the four thousand years before. Lorenzo the Magnificent, wakened from his four hundred years' slumber and placed in front of the New York City Hall, or at the corner of Broadway and Park Row, would be more utterly lost than would have been the shade of old Tiglath-Pileser of Assyria if set upon the Piazza del Duomo of Lorenzo's Florence. For although, as in New York, Tiglath-Pileser would have seen in Florence men rushing everywhere as if mad, and the commerce of millions passing and re-passing, with every face showing avarice and suspicion, at least he would have been spared the sight of glass houses full of people running along on iron rails, while others, puffing and blowing, were clattering above his head, nor would he have been forced to addle his brain by guessing the uses of all those wires stretched everywhere, he knew not why. And as for Lorenzo, New York's roar and the clatter of the elevated roads would be too much for his fearful soul. Then if some cool American should take him in hand and, conducting him to the Battery and the docks to see the magnificent steamers fresh from Queenstown and Havre, should go the full length of Broadway, first stopping on the way to step into the Equitable building to use their 'phone to tell his wife in Brooklyn to lay the plate for three at dinner, and then, too, should stop further up at the *World* building and, stepping into the glass-enclosed and gas-lit elevator, should suddenly shoot up seven stories into the air, and step out further up into an observatory overlooking the whole city, the many wonders that he would see would force Lorenzo to acknowledge that not only the glories of his own beautiful city, but of all Tuscany an

of all the Lombard cities as well, is more than surpassed by this mighty city, which is the result of our wonderful modern civilization. But there he would not stop. Let our American conduct him down the magnificent grand staircases, take him on to Central Park, there let them take an L-car for Wall street, let them walk across the half-mile of Brooklyn Bridge, then let our friend hail a cable car, take the awakened shade along with him on to his own house and into his smoking-room, and there let him strike a match and light a cigar—by this time, and especially at this last act of devilish magic, we may feel sure that Lorenzo's beautiful dark curls would have turned gray from fright. And let the shade of another Florentine, Dante step any day into the gallery of 'Change, and see men rushing wildly hither and yon, and, thinking that Guelph and Ghibelline had transferred their quarrel hither, he would include them in a postscript to his Inferno and beg to go back to his grave.

Never before in the history of the world has it been possible to travel with such speed as traveling is done to-day. One can take dinner one day in Atlanta and be in Washington the next morning in good time to get breakfast and be among the first visitors at Congress when the doors are opened, making the whole trip in a fraction over eighteen hours. Only a couple of months ago did Third Vice-President Webb succeed in putting upon the New York and Hudson River Railroad a regular train which every day breaks the world's record, while day after day men are slowly roasting themselves to death shoveling coal into the fire-boxes of Cunarders and White Star Liners in order to break the record of the "ocean greyhounds." Thus rushes the world along, the bundles of atoms upon its surface almost as fast among themselves as the conglomerate mass in its ethereal orbit.

What a sleep the Old World had until a despised Genoese genius took it into his head to move up things! And the impetus he gave, slight at first—for it takes a deal to move a great dead mass—has kept increasing in velocity and momentum until to-day let no man stand in the way! The erstwhile dead mass is rushing along and the force of its strike is deadly. All men and peoples have caught the inspiration of the new order of things, save a few who are out of touch with the spirit of the age. Any such fossilized idea as Chinese seclusion must show its right to live and that right quickly. But not being able to do so, at least not to the satisfaction of the modern spirit of progress, people holding such ideas will be hustled root and branch out of a struggle in which they are taking no hand. And yet, in passing, let us notice that if those same reclusive Chinese were to catch but a

whiff of the spirit of progress and civilization (for to the modern mind they mean the same), what a power they might be! As a nation they are energetic, else, secluded as they are, they would have dwindled away long ago; and, like Saxon and Teuton, they might make all the more rapid strides for waiting so long to enter the race. But now they are out of joint with the rest of the world, and if they remain so their fate will be the fate of all things useless—they will be atrophied! Progress! It is the watchword of the centuries, and they must take it up or fall out of line, or else wait until the New World is filled up and there must be another home for the restless masses, and, ever westward, across the Pacific they will go until it may be said of Wing Lee the Chinaman as of Poor Lo the Indian, that the world will soon know him no more. Eyes are for those who will see; hands are for those who will use them; lands and countries for those who will make the most of them, else others will—and atrophy is irresistible.

True, startling things happened in Antiquity. Cyrus, "the servant of the Lord," at the head of his hardy young mountaineers fresh from Farsistan, and establishing the great Persian Empire, was an example of what seems to be almost modern pluck and ingenuity. Nor does the list of mighty captains end with him. In fact, it seems, at first sight, that in the matter of generalship the ancients were ahead of the men of our day. Look at the list: Miltiades, Alexander, Hannibal, Scipio, Brennus the Gaul, and the dreaded Alboin, king of the Lombards, pouring over the Alps with all his hosts, and, after sweeping over Italy with the besom of destruction, establishing the strong kingdom of the Lombards with his capital at Pavia. And with all these only a beginning is made. These and their fellows were great, 'tis true, yet their united forces would only have furnished holiday sport for the fiery French of Napoleon, the sturdy English squares of Wellington or the greater fighters and genius of Von Moltke, and this not so much on account of personal superiority as the modern genius of progress in tactics and the modern genius of invention in improved weapons. Progress! It's the watchword of the centuries.

But let us not claim too much for the modern system, for the modern civilization. There was a time when the world was not rushing on with all the speed of to-day, in the days before the locomotive and printing press; when the world was not crashing along at forty knots an hour, and men had time to enjoy life and to study the things about them, and to develop Platos and Aristotles, and sweet dreamers to lie on their backs in the grass as Horace by the streams he loved, and enjoy birds and flowers

and life. These were the men like Walther Vogelweide and his fellow Minnesingers of Germany, who enjoyed the world they lived in by looking, on their backs, into the blue of the skies, and, like Heinrich Heine, "seeing the very holy of holies of Heaven itself." The quietude of those days developed the artistic and the theoretical, while the rushing, changeful life of to-day develops the practical and the utilitarian—money making—Virgil's "accursed greed of gold," the only thing coming down to us from former days and growing as it comes.

'Twas in the silence of days long agone that the dreams of the sculptors developed into the purest ideals of perfection. The one going into the Corcoran Art Gallery at Washington first comes to the Venus of Milo as he passes into the statuary hall. He considers her merely a bulky, lumpy woman at first. And he passes on. Finally he comes to Canova's Venus of the Bath. Ah! Here is something fresh and clean, something modern. 'Tis bright, forsooth, and does not have the dust of centuries upon it, but—it lacks something. True, it possesses an exquisite lasciviousness, but the spiritual *part-tone* is not there. He walks on back. He stops before the Dying Gaul. An unknown fragment arrests his eye. Finally he stops before the Milo, bewitched by its stately grandeur.

"So stands the *statue* that enchants the world."

And yet in another phase of art the modern world surpasses—in music—but not so much by our musical genius alone as by that allied to our inventive genius. Apollo conquered Marsyas, 'tis true, but I doubt not would have lost his own skin to Beethoven or Mendelssohn. Certainly he would if the former should have played either his "Fidelio" or "2d Symphony in D Major," or the latter either his "Walpurgisnacht" or "St. Paul."

The cry of the "good old days" is as senseless to-day as it has always been. The living present is all that is given to any man, and in that he must act or be a living failure. It is only those who are asleep and out of touch with the waking age about them who are always lusting after the fleshpots of centuries gone by. The opportunities for greatness are all about us, and, in the words of the poet—

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife.
To all the sensual earth proclaim
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

The world is awake and amove, and we must waken and move with it, or take our places by the sides of the silent denizens of the years that are fled and gone. Endymion sleeps no more in the land of Latmos, but awakened by the bustle of the world about him, he is up and doing. And Latmos shall blossom as the rose.

JUNIUS W. MILLARD.

NORTH CAROLINA AS A FIELD FOR WRITERS.

We are told in the cold science of psychology that imagination can produce nothing new, but can only combine things already known, thus having the apparent power of creation. The artist has painted a face of exquisite loveliness. No human being was ever half so beautiful. You say he has produced a new face. But he has not. He has only combined different features of different people—the eyes of one, the hair of another, the mouth of another, and has blended them all together, in this way producing his beautiful picture.

But nowhere is this principle so well brought out as in the realm of fiction. Novels are not to be manufactured. They must be the products of wild and vivid imaginations. We find the novelists of all ages listening to the tales of the daring, the romantic, the pathetic. We find them examining the ruins of ages, as well as wandering freely among the busy marts of prosperity, indirectly seeking material for their stories.

We all admire the works of Dickens and say that he must have had a wonderful imagination. But we read that before he wrote those novels he traveled extensively, mingling with every class of people. Lew Wallace visits the scenes of the Holy Land and writes "Ben Hur." He saw in Palestine no gilded castles, nor did he meet Ben Hur in his wanderings. But he did see the ruins of the once proud Palestine and had studied carefully of the time of which he wrote. Had he not seen those ruins, had he not read those histories, he could never have written "The Tale of the Christ." Roe visits the scene of the disastrous fire in Chicago and gathers the plot for "Barriers Burned Away." He wanders amid the earthquake in Charleston, and writes "The Earth Trembled." Roe did not see the scenes described in these novels, but only combined a number of things already known, taking these notable events as the framework.

You may visit the ruins of Greece, or the demolished temples, forums and monuments of Rome; you may wander amid the historic towers and prisons of England, but nowhere can you find a section more suitable for the novelist to blend history and legend than in North Carolina. You may study her history from the first settlement, the troubles with the Indians, through the colonial days, through the Revolutionary war; you may investigate her slavery and almost feudal systems; listen to the tale of the civil war, the days of the reconstruction and its attendants,

and, taken as a whole, you will find no more interesting or romantic story in the realm of history.

Would you write of realities?—then her history is as yet unwritten. I say unwritten, while acknowledging the writings of Moore, Schauk, Mrs. Spencer and Wiley to be the works of master hands, but they only discuss the more important points and, comparatively, lightly. Nowhere can you find braver or sterner soldiers than those of North Carolina who fought in the Revolutionary and civil wars. Would you write biography?—then this State has produced some of the most brilliant statesmen, orators and jurists that have shone forth in the world's history. Hear the story of the life-work of Caswell, Davie, Badger, Morehead, Bragg, Pender or Hill, and you have the material for most interesting biographies.

Would you choose the novelist's realm?—then here you have a paradise. Visit the Indian burying-grounds; visit the battle-fields on which the armies of England and America once contended, or on which some fierce battle of the late civil war was fought. Visit the once strong but long ago captured and pillaged forts. Visit the deserted mansions. At each you are reminded of days that were, but are not. You are told some strange story about each of these Indian burying-grounds and about every battle-field. Each fort has some strange legend connected with it. Beautiful tales are told you concerning the former grandeur of these mansions. Besides the romantic history of our State, its legends are interesting.

The society of the *ante-bellum* days was one of the grandest that ever existed. But yet we know but little of its grandeur. It has never received its deserts either in literature or history. Those who have written stories of that day, or the history of that period, have been mostly prejudiced Northern authors, of whom Harriet Beecher Stowe with her "Uncle Tom's Cabin," is typical. These grossly misrepresent the whole state of affairs. And yet no more attractive background could be gotten for a story than some tale of love of the "Old South;" and its history, if carefully written, would be to many a new story.

There are men and women in the mountains of this State who have never seen beyond the hills that rise around them. They live in blissful ignorance of the world that moves beyond. Let the novelist visit the mountains, let him converse with the mountaineers. They can tell him many interesting stories, and their dialect is amusing Listen to their tales of true love and crude courtship and, inspired by the beautiful scenery, that lies around him, he may plan many new stories.

When the civil war was declared, many, rather than risk their lives in

army service, dug caves and in these lived during the whole contest. Government troops were on the hunt for them all the time. Many thrilling adventures were made by their relatives and slaves to supply them with food, and by the cave-dwellers themselves to avoid capture. But little has ever been written on this subject, yet it could furnish material for many interesting novels and sketches.

Write of the brave and daring exploits of Henry Berry Lowry and his famous gang, who were a source of terror to the whole of Robeson county for so long a time. Tell of the many cruel deeds committed by them.

The story of the operations of the "Ku Klux Klan" in North Carolina will ever be an interesting one. A complete history of this organization has not yet been written. Reports of their deeds are not scarce, and could well be used by the novelist.

Collect and write the history of the Croatans of Robeson county, supposed by many to be the last remnants of Sir Walter Raleigh's ill-fated expedition. There are but a few hundred of these people. Of a dark skin, thrifty in business, considering themselves not on social equality with the negro, and hardly being of equal rank with the whites, they live to themselves. They have quite an interesting history, if it were only developed.

Write of the different sects of people now in North Carolina, for there are at least six, each having its interesting characteristics.

The course of our State in reaching her present degree of development has not been one without obstacles. Her path has been rough and thorny. She has passed triumphantly through the fiery furnace of a multitude of troubles. She has trod the paths of peace amid her prosperity, maintaining her high honor. Her history is the history of a free people—for this reason it would interest the world. Hers is the history of our forefathers—for this it should be of especial interest to us.

May a writer yet come forward who will give a complete history of our State—not one volume, for in one he could hardly tell the beginning, but let him write till he has told us all. And may the novelist and poet immortalize the deeds of North Carolina's sons, as can so well be done by the gifted writer.

HOUSTON NEAL.

SAN MARINO.

Italy is probably the most favorably situated country of Europe. On the north it touches the great European continent, its eastern shores are bathed by the placid waters of the Adriatic, while the calm and tideless Mediterranean lies to the south and west. On account of its semi-tropical climate, beautiful scenery and exuberant productions, Italy has justly been called the garden-spot of the world. Thousands of sight-seeing and pleasure-seeking travelers annually resort to this land to study the relics of art and admire the beauties of nature—both of which are there in profusion. The valleys of its rivers are without rivalry either in fertility or romantic appearance. The mountain scenery is unsurpassed, the snow-capped peaks of the lofty Apennines presenting a grandeur which in some degree seems to resemble the celestial.

Here in this land so favored by nature and where the gentle breezes ever seem to whisper of freedom, has for many long centuries been the scene of human suffering and the home of oppression and persecution. But the spirit of freedom delights to dwell in favored lands even though she dwell in chains. In this romantic and historical region, snugly hidden away in the fastnesses of this beautiful hill country, is found a freak of liberty—the Republic of San Marino, the smallest and oldest republic in the world. This small republic, situated on the tops of several mountain peaks, embraces a territory of about thirty square miles and has a population of about ten thousand happy, unassuming and liberty-loving people, who have for many centuries retained their independence and individuality. All the powers of Europe, and especially Italy, within whose borders it is situated, have long since acknowledged it as a free, sovereign and independent state.

This republic was founded under interesting and peculiar circumstances, not very unlike the founding of some of our American colonies. The freest freedom is that which has once been enslaved, and that liberty which comes after tyranny is the brightest and most durable. And so San Marino stands as a monument of refuge and deliverance from oppression. It still retains those principles of independence which first inspired its founders to seek an asylum from the hand of persecution. Duriug the third century, Marinus, a poor Italian stone-mason, was converted and became a staunch advocate of the Christian religion. Driven by the fires of

persecution, which were at that time furiously raging wherever the gospel was preached, he, in company with a few fellow-Christians, fled from his early home to find, if possible, a retreat of safety in the solitary retirements of the Apennine Mountains. Here, for many years, these devout Christians lived in the full enjoyment of religious freedom, almost entirely isolated from the rest of the world. Even in these early days they formed laws or regulations for their government, taking care, however, that the liberties of no one should be restricted.

Eventually Saint Marinus and his friends passed away and left to their children the boon of religious liberty in connection with the rural homes which they had reclaimed from the mountain wilds. Years, and even centuries, passed by and these innocent, happy people still enjoyed the blessings bequeathed to them by their heroic ancestors. Their final independence was acknowledged some time during the eighth century.

Of course this little republic exists by the suffrage of its more powerful neighbors, but it owes much also to the good sense and prudence of its own citizens. They know that they are few in number and, therefore, do not attempt to acquire additional territory. They seem content to live quietly within their own bounds without molesting or intruding upon others, and for so doing their wisdom is to be congratulated. In 1797, when Napoleon invaded Italy, he decided to spare this "enchanting little republic." Several times since it has been spared from ruin more through sympathy of others than through any power of self-defence. To win and keep the favor of Italy joint resolutions have been agreed upon; the citizens of San Marino agreeing not to cultivate certain products of export, while Italy allows them to import merchandise through her seaports free of duty.

Their government is democratic. They have a general council composed of sixty members who are chosen for life. There are also two presidents at the head of the council. They are elective every six months. This form of government was established in 1847. The capital city, where the council meet to transact business, is situated on the crest of a high mountain which commands a splendid view of the Apennines on one side and, at sunrise, of the Dalmatian coast across the Adriatic on the other side. It has a population of over 2,000. The houses are built of brown stone and present quite a rustic appearance. The nicety of the workmanship shows that the present workmen have something of the same tact and skill which their ancestors possessed. The city can boast of five churches, a fine public library and a number of other public buildings. In these. and many other respects. is the government of

this republic similar to that of the United States.

These free and patriotic people deserve the honor and esteem of the civilized world, for while all the other nations of Europe were enveloped in the oppression, ignorance and superstition of the dark ages, this little republic shone out brightly as a beacon-light of liberty, reminding men of the coming day when Popery and despotism would no longer oppress those whom fortune had destined to be free. While other nations from petty causes were engaged in destructive wars, these retiring people were living in their quiet mountain homes in the full enjoyment of peace and prosperity. Their example in this respect is one which might well be followed by the more ambitious and contentious powers of the world. The history of this little country is only another example of the great truth which is taught in all history, that the great incentive to good government is the love of religious liberty. 'Twas this which inspired brave Marinus and his followers and fired the hearts of the leaders in the great Reformation. The same love greatly influenced our forefathers to leave their European homes and flee to America, where they worked out the liberties we enjoy and set up the institutions which we love.

SAMUEL J. PORTER.

THE FEMALE UNIVERSITY.

The above is the heading of an editorial in the November *Student*. In this editorial the writer censures Raleigh for not making good her pledge to the Baptist Female University, after having had two years in which to do so. I have no defence to make for Raleigh. Her conduct seems inexcusable and has caused great injury to the University. If the editor had stopped here, this article would never have been written; but he goes on to make this statement:

"* * * it is no longer thought right that while a boy is given four years' training at a college or a university, his sister must be satisfied with what she can learn at an academy or a boarding-school, poorly equipped as they are for thorough instruction. But although this is true, not a few are unwilling to send their daughters to a female college, where on ac-

count of the confinement and want of exercise, their health may be destroyed, and where the course of instruction is but little superior to that of many academies."

Admitted that we have not done enough for higher education of girls, still this is no reason for decrying what has been done, and describing a female college as a place "where, on account of the confinement and want of exercise, girls' health may be destroyed, and where the course of instruction is but little superior to that of many academies." Such careless assertions cannot but injure the very cause of which the editor is the professed champion.

First, that a female college is a place "where, on account of the confinement and want of exercise, girls' health may be destroyed," is manifestly incorrect. Girls are not confined at female colleges. At Chowan, and what I shall say in this respect is true of nearly all female colleges, the girls have a campus of sixteen acres, full of large shade-trees, laid off into broad walks, in which the girls not only can walk at their pleasure, but are required to do so every pretty afternoon, so that their health may not be destroyed. Besides, the President owns a farm just back of and adjoining the Institute campus, which affords the more ardent pedestrians every facility they could desire. In addition, most female colleges devote half an hour a day to calisthenics. Furthermore, the president of the Chowan Institute says that, in the many years of his connection with female colleges, he has never known of a girl whose health was injured because she did not have the means and opportunity of taking exercise, and I doubt not the other presidents in the state will corroborate this statement. If the editor would visit this Institute any pretty afternoon between the hours of three and five and hear the merry shouts and hearty laughter of the girls at play, he would speedily change his opinion about female colleges being places "where, on account of the confinement and want of exercise, girls' health may be destroyed."

His next assertion is that a female college is a place "where the course of instruction is but little superior to that of many academies."

Is this true? Suppose we compare the course at Wake Forest College with the course at the Chowan Baptist Female Institute. These are the two leading Baptist schools in the State, and are certainly fair representatives of male and female colleges respectively. At Wake Forest the course in Latin extends through three years, five recitations a week first year, four the second year, and three the third—twelve in all; at Chowan, it extends through two and one-half years, five recitations a week, equal to twelve and a half recitations three years. The first year's work at both begins with

Cæsar, and original exercises are given every week.

In Mathematics, Wake Forest begins with Algebra and goes through Geometry, Trigonometry, Analytic Geometry and Calculus; Chowan begins with Higher Arithmetic, and extends through Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry, three years being given to it in both.

In French, Wake Forest gives two years, eight recitations; Chowan, three years, fifteen recitations.

In German, Wake Forest gives two years, eight recitations; Chowan, three years, fifteen recitations.

In Moral Philosophy, Wake Forest's course embraces Psychology, Ethics, Logic, and Butler's Analogy; Chowan's embraces Psychology, Ethics, Logic and Rhetoric.

In Political Science, Wake Forest gives Myer's History and Political Economy, (Chapin's Wayland); Chowan gives Swinson's Outlines and History of England.

In English, Wake Forest has Anglo-Saxon, English Literature and Rhetoric, five recitations, one year; Chowan has English Literature and critical study of the writings of English authors, five recitations, one year.

In Science, our Southern female colleges are confessedly behind, yet, Chowan's course includes three years, fifteen recitations, half a year each being given to Botany, Astronomy, Physics and Chemistry, and a year to Zoology, Geology and Physiology. To these, Wake Forest gives five years, nineteen and a half recitations, exclusive of laboratory work.

Butler's Analogy, Anglo-Saxon, Political Economy, Mineralogy, Surveying, Analytic Geometry, Calculus and Greek are not taught at Chowan, nor are Music, Art and Arithmetic taught at Wake Forest, while the course in German and French is only a little more than half as long as at Chowan. Music requires one and one-half hours a day, while Art requires three-quarters. Again, three recitations a day are considered good work at Wake Forest, four a day at Chowan, besides music and art. Take these facts into consideration, and I believe that the careful reader will agree with me that the average girl is expected to do, and does do, more work than the average boy.

This I believe to be a fair comparison between two representative institutions; and upon the fact, brought out in this comparison, I submit that it is incorrect to speak of a female college as a place "where the course of instruction is but little superior to that of many academies."

Like many other writers and speakers on this subject, the editor was not acquainted with the true condition of female colleges, and so based his assertions on hearsay evidence. It is not claimed that the female colleges in the state are doing better than the male, but it is claimed that they are doing good work. Nor are they so

well equipped. Wake Forest has $210,000 endowment; Chowan not one cent. Now, I close with this query: If our female colleges are doing so well without any endowment, what could they do if they were so well endowed as Wake Forest?

H. A. FOUSHEE.

Murfreesboro, N. C.

OUGHT CAPITAL PUNISHMENT TO BE ABOLISHED?

Why is a man who has committed a crime punished for it? Is it for his own good, or for that of others, or for both? It is for both, but primarily for his own. This answer will be more readily accepted, if it can be shown that the good of the public is best subserved by those systems of punishment which are most effectual in benefiting the offender himself.

There are three objects of punishment which should always be kept in view—

1. The reformation of the offender.
2. Example, that others may be deterred from committing the crime again.
3. Restitution or amendment for the crime.

If any form of punishment neglects any of these three principles, it fails in its object and becomes a barbarous practice. When we recur to the principles of Christianity, we find that the one great principle by which it requires us to regulate our actions towards others is that of good will—a good will which prompts us to alleviate the miseries of the suffering and reclaim the vicious from their vices. It is folly to suppose that misconduct exempts us from the exercise of this obligation. The criminal is the one above all others who needs this help. He is the morally sick who needs the physician. When a person commits a crime, the great duty of those who, like himself, hope for the mercy of God, is to endeavor to improve and rectify the disposition in which his crime originates—to raise up in his mind a power that may counteract the disposition to do the crime again in the future.

The great advantage of this moral cure is that if the criminal is reclaimed, he is prevented from doing the crime again and is made a useful member of society. The measures used for reformation must act as examples.

The argument is false which claims that a system of punishment, having for its object the reformation of criminals, is not a terror to those who might

commit crime. There is nothing which grates so heavily on a depraved man's nature as the thoughts of being forever separated from his accustomed habits of degradation and put in prison, where he will have to work hard all his life and be surrounded by conditions which are entirely foreign to his disposition. These conditions are so far from being enjoyable that they are a constant torture to his feelings, always reminding him of his crime and lost estate. He is perpetually reminded of the fact that he has earned the supreme contempt of all mankind, and that there is no way of escape except through reform; while the man who is to be hanged only suffers for a few minutes. Thus we see that if severe punishment ought to be inflicted that of imprisonment is the better, because it continues the punishment for years, while the other is only momentary.

Does capital punishment regard the three essential principles in punishment? No, it regards only example, and that imperfectly. The reformation of the offender—the principal thing to be attained—is left entirely out of the question, and of course restitution is beyond the question. We cannot make any amends to the injured party by killing the offender. The only thing that can be done in that line is to satisfy a savage feeling which ought not to be encouraged, for the sake of civilization. Is it not absurd that the laws which detect and punish murder should, in order to prevent murder, publicly commit murder themselves? The excuse that it is necessary to protect society, and therefore is not murder, is a futile one. The criminal may be kept in prison, where it will be impossible for him to commit crime. Capital punishment does not prevent crime any more than other forms of severe punishment. The truth of this statement is shown from the fact that when England had 168 crimes punishable with death, it was admitted by Englishmen themselves that these severe measures did not prevent crime, any more than the milder measures used by other governments in the punishment of the same crimes. Capital punishment familiarizes the people with those barbaric practices, until they do not dread death so much. It removes rather than creates a fear of death. A remarkable instance in proof of this fact is one which occurred in England, where a man was executed for forging bank notes and his body turned over to his relatives; and they were taken in the act of forging bank notes while the body of the executed man was lying on the table before them.

If seeing a man hanged does so much to prevent crime, why is it that many States require a man to be executed within the walls of the prison, so that only fifteen or twenty persons may see the execution? It seems that if it had such a salutary influence on the minds of the people it ought to

be as public as possible. But such is not the tendency. As a nation becomes civilized and studies the nature of crimes and criminals adopts milder forms of punishment, and it falls more and more in with the reform systems.

We have means of reform for those who commit all crimes except four. Do not these greater criminals need reform, too? If all the less depraved need reform, do not those who are more depraved need those salutary influences? If penitentiaries and prison reforms are necessary for thieves, robbers, and those guilty of manslaughter, surely they are necessary for murderers. Yet we reform the one and hang the other. You say, they are too mean to live; then I say, they are too mean to die. In nine cases out of ten, if the prisoner were put under the proper course of prison reform he would be reclaimed. Thus we see that the law has it in its power to restrain the man from crime, by bringing to bear upon him influences which will lead him to make peace with his God and be saved; and it also has it in its power to execute him and send him to an eternal hell because it did not use the proper means to restrain him. How ought beings so situated to act toward one another? Ought we to kill or assist the criminal? Ought we, so far as is in our power to cut off his future hope? Or should we, so far as in our power, strengthen the foundation of that hope? Is it reasonable that a candidate for the mercy of God should strive to deprive one of his fellow-beings of this mercy? Can we call it anything but a savage desire for blood?

Why is it that the punishment of death is affixed to murder of the first degree and not to any other degree of murder? If other punishments are effectual in deterring from crimes of all degrees of enormity up to the last, why will they not be effectual in the last also? There is nothing in the constitution of the human mind indicating that a murderer is actuated by passions which require counteracting influences of a totally different kind from those which are employed to restrain every other crime. The difference, too, in the personal guilt of those who perpetrate murder and of those who commit other crimes is sometimes extremely small. At any rate, it is not so great as to imply a necessity for a punishment totally different. Men seem to entertain a notion that murder is a crime which requires a peculiar kind of punishment, but they cannot tell you why, because they have never investigated the nature of the crime. It is a reverting to that old rule which was abolished by Christ two thousand years ago: "A tooth for a tooth, an eye for an eye." It is only one of those barbaric ideas which are hid away in the dark recesses of our natures, where the light of civilization has never yet thoroughly penetrated. But it is fast

passing away before the blaze of civilization. This is evident from the fact that the list of capital offences has been reduced to so small a number.

The intrigues of lawyers, the influence of position and of money, and the compassion of the jury, who have a dread of giving assent to the death-sentence, all tend toward mitigating the severity with which the law is generally intended to be enforced. The culprit is persuaded, and justly so, that the frequent punishment by death excites a strong feeling of compassion on the part of the public for the sufferers. I doubt very much whether the people would permit a man to be executed if his execution should be deferred for twelve or fifteen months.

If indeed, the efficacy, of punishment rose with its severity, and the rash and preposterous suggestions of fear corresponded with the dictates of calm reason, the whole mystery of criminal jurisprudence would be reduced to a short compass. In that case it would only be necessary to single out every offence marked down in the catalogue of crimes, and affix to each the threat of capital punishment, in order to banish every degree and every instance of crime from the country. If we could purchase entire and immediate freedom from crime by hanging up tablets written in blood, the Dracos would long since have been admitted as the fathers of their country and benefactors of mankind.

But no such miraculous virtue resides in this bloody, heathenish destruction of human life.

If it cannot be proved that capital punishment secures for society an advantage which far outweighs the awful act of taking a man's life, it is wrong. It is also wrong if it cannot be shown that it furnishes protection to society which no other milder form of punishment can do. This it cannot show, because no other form has ever been substituted for it. If the severity and efficacy of penal punishment do not keep pace together, then it becomes the duty of those concerned to regard such disproportions with suspicion and repugnance; to do away with so much of the severity as is shown not to be necessary to the prevention of crime, and not to lend a helping hand to the continuance of a law which sends thousands to an endless hell, because unprepared to meet their God.

The last objection to capital punishment is that it is irrevocable. If an innocent man suffers, it is impossible to recall the sentence of the law. We all know that a suit at law is as uncertain as a game at dominoes. We know, too, that it is almost impossible to get two men to swear the same thing in any lawsuit. It seems to be an innate principle that men cannot see things alike, although disinterested. Therefore all verdicts are

founded upon probabilities, probabilities which, though they approach to certainties, never attain them. Surely it is a serious thing for one man to destroy another upon grounds short of absolute certainty.

A few years ago suspicion was fastened on a respectable young man by the name of Boyington, in Louisiana, of having murdered a fellow-lodger at a tavern. He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death. When placed on the gallows, he made an able, an heart-stirring vindication for himself; again and again protesting, in the name of God, that he was innocent of the crime. He said that he could not die for such a crime, when he was no more guilty than any man in the vast assembly before him. But when informed that he must suffer—that there was no help for him—he broke wildly loose from those by whom he was surrounded on the scaffold and rushed in among the multitude, crying in the most piteous manner for help, and repeating the assurance, with the most dreadful shrieks, that he was innocent. He was soon secured again by the sheriff, dragged back to the scaffold, and in the midst of the most awful shrieks, and heart-rending calls for mercy, he was launched into eternity. A few months after this terrible scene, the tavern-keeper, on his dying bed, confessed his own guilt and proved that Boyington was innocent. But now it was too late! The innocent victim was slain. His life could not be restored. His poor, heart-broken mother mourned over the event a few weeks, and was laid in the grave beside her unfortunate son. Other instances where the innocent have suffered unjust and ignominious deaths might be given if time permitted.

If better forms may be substituted—if the gallows is not Christain—if it is not necessary—if it endangers the life of the innocent—if it does not regard the three principles of punishment, capital punishment ought to be abolished.

EDITORIAL.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

After the lapse of more than twenty-five years since the close of the civil war, a Southern man has been elevated to the high position of Speaker of the House of Representatives by Northern votes. The failure on the part of the House to confer this distinction on a Southern man was not because the South was lacking in able and patriotic statesmen who could discharge, with honor and credit to the nation, the duties of this important office. This statement is unquestionably proved by the records, which reveal the fact that out of the total number of men who have been elected Speakers since the first American Congress assembled, fourteen were from the South and seventeen were from the North. Besides, it is a universal concession that among Southern men have been found the ablest leaders that ever piloted any party in our Congress. The highest honors in the gift of the people have been denied them, because they were unfortunate enough to have an opinion of their own and fought for its maintenance. The Northern vote was larger than the Southern, hence Northern men have received political preferment. But in the election of Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, a true Southerner, to the Speakership, we can discern signs of a more fraternal feeling between the North and the South. It means that sectional rancour and odium, which have been so fratricidal to Southern interests and Southern talent, after the elapse of a quarter of a century are gradually subsiding, and the normal order of things—that order in which fitness and ability rise above sectional prejudice—is being restored. Southern men are once more filling positions in the councils of this nation to which, by reason of their birth and ability, they are entitled.

How acceptably to the country Speaker Crisp will handle the gavel laid down by ex-Speaker Reed remains to be seen. It was unfortunate for the Démocratic party that the contest for the Speakership should have engendered any hard feelings between the Speaker and Mr. Mills the defeated candidate. The latter, for a short period after his defeat, was disposed to sulk, but it stands to reason that the cloud will soon blow over and the Democratic House will begin as a unit its work of repairing some of the extravagancies and sectional legislation which the preceding Republican Congress thrust upon the country.

W. B. DANIEL.

THE FEMALE UNIVERSITY AGAIN.

In writing the editorial on the Female University, for which we have been so severely taken to task by Mr. Foushee, we were actuated by a desire to awaken interest in a cause which seemed neglected and almost forgotten. To deny what has been done in the line of female education in the South since the war, to say one word against those noble men and women who have made sacrifices in their zeal for this cause—this was far from our purpose. In what we had to say, we had occasion to allude to the confinement at female colleges and the inequality of male and female education. Our assertions in this regard, the writer of the article attacking our editorial designates as careless—an imputation which, while we might prefer to acknowledge, truth compels us to deny. Our statement was sincerely made and still recommends itself to us as true; it was not founded upon "hearsay," but upon evidence which we were compelled to believe.

First, in regard to the confinement. We have space to allude only to two sources of our information in this regard. One of them is the parents of girls who attend these colleges, and surely they ought to know something about a matter which so much concerns their daughters. We have found all with whom we have conversed on this subject firm in their belief that a girl is in danger of losing her health at college, and as firmly believing that confinement is the cause. We could point out many such whose intelligence and moral worth would preclude the possibility of their judgments being formed without sufficient testimony.

Our next source of information is from the girls themselves. What we learn from them is sadly at conflict with the tenor of Mr. Foushee's article. He goes full length, and says "*girls are not confined at female colleges*," and then follows with such a description of school-girl life as to make a professorship at a female college, to us at least, seem the ultimate goal of an aspiring youth's ambition. To listen to the merry, ringing laughter of the young girls, to see them flitting and gamboling about, so charming in their grace and simplicity, to hear their pretty little screams and shouts at every critical point in their games—our writer justly supposes that these things would have considerable weight in changing our opinions about female colleges. But, removed from these enchanting scenes, we have to believe plain facts as plainly stated. The young ladies with whom we have conversed on this subject all speak of their confinement as "*barbarous.*" There is doubtless a little tinge of hyberbole in their declarations, but we believe there is also much truth. Of course no one believes that college girls are locked in prison cells and forbidden to take

physical exercise when they desire. But there is a lack of efficient motive for healthful out-door recreations, there is a restraint thrown upon the actions of students of female colleges which paralyses their inclination for exercise. The "thus far shalt thou go and no further" aspect of the campus wall is always before them, and an unseen eye is always dreaded when this barrier of their freedom is approached. That in such surroundings the body should conform itself to the state of the mind, that girls should lose their interest in healthful sports, is not a matter to be wondered at. With this we leave the "confinement" to the investigation of the reader, with the hope that he may not find it as bad as we have reason for believing it to be.

In the next place, there is an inequality in the educational advantages offered to boys and to girls which is not to be hid by a comparison of the curriculums of male and female colleges, however elaborate and ingenious it may be. We said that the course of instruction in female colleges was but little superior to that of many academies. In defence of our statement, we would say, leaving out music and art and moral philosophy, and substituting Greek for modern languages, many academies do offer a course of instruction about equal to that laid down in female college catalogues. Not infrequently these academies send boys to college prepared to enter the intermediate courses in Latin, Mathematics and Greek, and the thoroughness of their instruction is well attested by the high stands they take in their classes. In saying this much for our academies, we hope we are not saying anything discreditable to the female colleges.

The defender of female colleges reaches the conclusion, and appeals to others to believe it, that *a girl is expected to do, and does do, more work than a boy.* We cannot let this go unchallenged without injustice to our college, ourselves and our fellows. Girls don't. We trust the following considerations will prove that it is unfair to compare the course at Wake Forest with that of Chowan by the number of recitations, and in the same manner to compare a boy's work with that of a girl's. We must first understand what is considered a recitation at each of the two institutions. Algebra, geometry and trigonometry are completed in half the time here that they are at Chowan. On this basis one of our recitations is equal to two of theirs. We could make other comparisons that would show yet more favorably for our institution, but we think this will suffice. The course in modern languages at Wake Forest is not to be compared with the superficial knowledge of French and German that girls generally receive at female colleges, nor are our courses in chemistry, physics and natural history, wherein lectures, experi-

ments and laboratory work are the chief means of instruction, to be compared with the text-book knowledge of these subjects taught at female colleges, and we shall not attempt to do so. Besides, it may be well to say that every boy has about ten hours a week Society work, and is expected to pursue, and usually does pursue, a course of reading iu connection with his studies. So we cannot agree that girls do more work than boys.

Give the female colleges all the credit that is their due, still the fact remains that the provisions for the higher education of girls are wholly inadqeuate. Girls have as much right to an endowed institution as boys, and will never be properly educated until they have it. We, too, ask our readers to think of the advantages of an endowed female university, and to exert their endeavors for its establishment. GEORGE W. PASCHAL.

OUR COLLEGE AND HER ALUMNI.

We who are students seldom stop to think of the great number of worthy men who have gone out from the College, and who are now filling so many positions of honor and trust, not only in our own land, but in other lands to which some of them have gone on missions of love. Thus, not thinking of the honorable and praiseworthy record of many of these men, some students seem sometimes to undervalue the work of their own College compared with that of other institutions in the State.

For nearly sixty years the College has been busy with the work of preparing men for the duties of active and manly life, with an interruption of only a few years, caused by the late war, which paralyzed almost every industry in our Southland. How well she has succeeded in this work can be properly appreciated only by making a careful examination of the achievements of those who spent their college days here: for the real merit of any and every educational institution is to be measured, not by its stately edifices and magnificent equipments, nor yet by its ample endowment and wealth, but, we think, by the attainments of those who received their training and the needed impetus for life's work under its tutelage. Accepting this, then, as the criterion by which to judge of her work, Wake Forest has a record of which her friends need not to be ashamed. Her body of alumni is of such a character, that we who are students may justly feel honored to claim them as our elder brothers. The general catalogue of all the students who have ever registered here, now in course of preparation by our President Taylor, will, beyond doubt, give a more intelligent idea than ever the friends of the College before possessed of the far-reaching influence for material, intellectual and spiritual good, and the quickening of energies along every

line of human activity set in motion through the work of the College. From this catalogue we will learn that Wake Forest men are to be found in many States of the Union and in more than one foreign land. We will also learn that the influence of her sons has been felt, on account of their eloquence, in the legislative halls of the nation, while they have also aided in the construction of the laws of other States besides their own. Nor has the record of many of these men on the field of carnage, in defence of what they conceived to be their rights under the Constitution, been barren of glory. For special deeds of heroism they have received the grateful thanks of their countrymen, and mementoes of a more lasting nature have been awarded them. In the world's busy marts of trade they have stood at the front and reflected honor upon their foster-mother.

Likewise, we find them among that class so justly termed "the backbone of the country," and as tillers of the soil, no less than in positions of greater pretensions, have they dignified their calling and shown to the world that honest toil is no disgrace, even to a college-bred man. Nor has their influence been less felt in the school-room, where they have left their impress upon human minds, or in the circles of the legal profession, where they have ever stood for justice and the maintenance of our common law. But time would fail us to refer to their achievements in every avocation in which they may be found—of the journalists, judges, physicians and others.

Accepting the achievements of the past as an earnest of the more glorious work yet to be done in the coming years, we should esteem our College in no manner inferior to the best of those in the South.

E. S. REAVES.

A PETITION.

The year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-two is at hand. The rack, the torment, the unutterable agony of post-Christmas examinations has again been endured. And once more the time has come for some voice to sing the woes of the oppressed, the downtrodden Senior. But it is from no sense of duty, from no compliance with custom, that we proceed to resurrect again a time-honored theme. It is with the conviction that what we seek is a necessity, not an advantage. It is with the belief that past experience has proved its need. It is with the fervent hope that the class of '92 may obtain the boon they seek, and place itself on record as the first to smooth the pathway of the classes yet to come.

Oh, for the eloquence of Demosthenes, with which to paint the sorrows of the "grave and reverend" Senior! What eye can view unmoved his tribulations? What heart so

hardened as not to gaze with pity on his fate? For four long years he has battled with the untold horrors of cosines and participles, he has traversed the treacherous waters of fathomless science, he has followed the slender thread of knowledge through the worse than labyrinthian mazes of impenetrable, intangible philosophy. For four long years he has walked blindfold over the burning plowshares of intermediates and finals. And now, at last, wearied and worn, he is approaching the utopia of his dreams, the elysium of his hopes. Before his weary eye float visions of eternal and unbroken peace. His raptured gaze already sees the day when parabolas and asymptotes shall forever lose their terrors, when, once for all, he shall assume the *toga virilis* of manhood, and in the radiant glory of his newly gotten "sheepskin," go forth "conquering and to conquer."

Surely four years of faithful work deserves some recognition! Surely some respite should be given in which to bid adieu to the happy scenes of his college days—to his *Alma Mater*, whose sacred walls he is leaving, "it may be for years, it may be forever"! Surely the embryo alumnus should pause a moment to reflect upon the future so uncertain, whose portals he is now about to open! But no! Beyond the Alps lies Italy, but before Italy lie the Alps! The final "finals" are yet to come. No time for rest! No time for reflection! In rugged, plain, unvarnished Anglo-Saxon it is now with him "root hog, or die." If he attain the first alternative, "O fortunate youth"! But even then his trials are but just begun. The music, the flowers, the other attendants of commencement have no charm for him. Overworked nature must and will assert itself. The overstrung nerves relax, the vital force gives way, and the week which should above all others be the happiest, becomes the most miserable.

And if a remorseless fate has cast his lot among the number whose doom it is to manufacture the requisite supply of eloquence which in time-honored custom is to usher the graduating class into futurity, then indeed his lot is to be pitied by the most unpitying. Apart from all the gayeties of such a time he must wrestle with the shades of Demosthenes and Cicero for the ancient common-places which are to represent his college and himself. And is it wonderful, that the mediocrity of the graduating platform has passed into a proverb?

The facts are evident, the condition apparent. Now for the remedy! From time immemorial it has been the custom of every class to agitate the question of "Senior vacation." The class of '92 takes a new departure. Gentlemen of the Faculty, lend us your ears! We do not wish, we do not ask, Senior vacation. Our

unhallowed hands would not raise from the grave this hoary spectre. We come forward with a new proposition—one which is rapidly gaining favor in the progressive colleges of to-day. It is this: that all members of the Senior class be excused from final examination on those branches in which a daily mark of ninety has been attained.

We submit that it is a supposable supposition that a daily mark of 90 would guarantee an examination mark of 75. We claim that such an arrangement will eliminate the above evils, and others which plainly exist under the present *regime*. We believe that its adoption would give more than a negative benefit. It is a well-known fact that the work done by the Senior class during the year is proverbially small and confined to two or three. Now we submit that the logical tendency of the plan proposed is both to generalize and increase the amount of real work done. We claim that the records of the institutions where it is in operation will prove this fact. Much has been said, and is being said, of the questionable benefits of examinations in general. We do not touch the subject. We simply ask relief from its troubles on the verge of commencement. This, Gentlemen of the Faculty, is the boon we crave. This is the final favor which the Senior class pray and beseech and entreat at your hands. The shades of "grave and reverends" of former days stretch out their arms across the lapse of years to us, their brethren, in support of what was once their common cause. And with the prayer that what was denied to them may be granted us, we wait in hope before the tribunal of justice and of mercy.

W. W. VASS, JR.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

PERHAPS our country never before suffered so universally from an epidemic as it has from the recent attack of *la grippe*. The Northern States seem to have been the greatest sufferers, but from California to Carolina there was hardly a community, and in many communities not a family that escaped. Although more prevalent than two years ago, it is said not to be as bad a form of the disease—a current newspaper statement—which

as far as our community is concerned both observation and experience forbid us to believe. The treatment, however, is better, and people have learned to be more careful of themselves, so that the results have not been very serious.

THE LOUISIANA LOTTERY has been for years a matter of national concern and the subject of much restrictive national legislation. First obtaining a charter when Louisiana was under the control of the "carpet-baggers," a charter recognized as valid by the United States Court, the proprietors of this immense gambling scheme succeeded in having it incorporated in the new constitution of 1879. Since that day, by advertising itself as a public charity and a chartered institution of the State of Louisiana, the lottery has succeeded in getting many dollars from the unsuspecting; by hopes of sudden and great wealth has bred a disposition to gamble among all classes, notably among the young that are earning their first dollars. To what an extent it is a gambling scheme may be seen from these figures. The annual advertised sale of tickets is $28,000,000; the annual advertised premiums do not amount to $15,000,000. On this basis, with no possibility of loss, it claims as its profit forty-three per cent. of the sales of its tickets, a system of robbery not equaled in the proportion of its gains by the professed gambling houses of New York, nor in its magnitude by anything ever before conceived. Yet the people of Louisiana are asked to give a new lease of life to this nefarious business. Although the constitution of Louisiana expressly states that no lottery shall be allowed after 1895, the sole condition on which the present lottery was recognized in the constititution, the lottery managers are now using every means, fair or foul—rather all foul means—political trickery, bribery and corruption to obtain a renewal of their charter. It is to be hoped that the people of Louisiana will show to the world that their disgrace, not being of their own choosing, must stop; that in deciding whether or not this instrument of robbery shall continue in their midst their ballots will show how deeply they ought to feel, and doubtless do feel, the insult offered to them as a people of integrity and honor in being offered a bribe to allow the further existence of this business, Louisiana's curse and America's shame.

THE DAY is past when the self-important fault-finder can longer sneer at the navy of the United States; when the demagogue can talk to an audience of the defenceless helplessness of our cities; when a blush of shame arises to the face of an American citizen at the comparison of the naval strength of his own country with that of some other nation, or when rumors of foreign war cause the cheek of the sea-coast city dweller to pale with fear and anxiety. About four

years ago Congress, seeing that there would be a surplus in the treasury after the pensions had all been paid, very sensibly made appropriations for the construction of a navy fully abreast in practical efficiency with that of any nation on the globe. As a result of this there has been completed within the past two years several steel war-ships, comparing favorably with any in the world, and capable of rendering a good account of themselves under all circumstances, while others are being rapidly pushed to completion. The *New York*, which was launched and christened December 2, 1891, has many points of advantage over the best English vessels and is a more efficient ship in every way than anything in the British navy. She also excels the *Maine* and the *Texas*, sister ships. Some idea of the size of this terrific monster may be formed when we consider that the length of her water-line is 380 feet 6.5 inches, breadth of beam 64 feet, displacement 8,150 tons, coal endurance 13,000 miles; her speed is 20 knots per hour and she can sustain a sea speed of 18.5 knots, greater than that of any cruiser afloat. It is exceeding gratifying to our pride to know that one of the most efficient vessels of our navy is to be named for our capital city, *Raleigh*. Her length is 300 feet; breadth 42 feet; displacement 3,183 tons; speed 19 knots per hour. Her engines have 10,000 horse-power; at a speed of 8 knots per hour her 556 tons of coal will carry her nearly 10,000 miles. Her armament is first-class in every particular, while the most powerful instruments of destruction can scarcely penetrate her well protected sides. She is a twin ship of the *Cincinnati* and much superior to the *Atlanta* and the *Boston* and other 3,000-ton ships of similar construction. She is building in the Navy-yard at Norfolk and is almost ready for launching.

A DEVELOPMENT in the American character of which we in the South are in little sympathy is the increasing love of ceremony and desire of ostentation. We admire that simplicity of Jefferson which prompted him to ride down to the capital on horseback unattended to read his inaugural address, many sayings of which have passed into proverbs, while no one is supposed to be acquainted with the addresses of many of his successors more desirous of display. But however reprehensible a departure from natural simplicity in civil matters may be, great pomp in religious ceremonies is still more deserving of censure, because it is apt to be much more baneful in its effects. All the vainly foolish, and all of those who have not enough energy to make investigation for themselves are always found in the ranks of the Church whose outward rites are the most imposing. The Catholic Church is especially fond of pomp and ceremony and seeming to recognize that by

that means of display it can always count on the fealty of the mob, has of late manifested a love of pomp remarkable even for that Church of ceremony. A few weeks ago Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, celebrated his golden jubilee in the most gorgeous pageant ever exhibited by the Roman Catholic Church in America. The followers of the procession were numbered by the thousands. Even the sophomoric prediction of the downfall of his country would want no more eloquent argument than the prayer of thanksgiving in an address on the occasion: "Thank God we can here this evening echo back the sentiments of our Holy Father and in the light of experience and observation can affirm, that while the Church has had to struggle and while she still struggles for existence under the dark shadow of despotic rule, she grows and expands like the oak of the forest under the free air of our republican institutions." Romanism is the religion of pomp, ceremony and ostentation, and it is sad for the friend of liberty to know that by its means so many of our countrymen have been led from the simple faith of their fathers.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

ROBERT LIDE, Editor *pro tem.*

THE valuable library of the late George Bancroft is offered for sale. It will probably be acquired by the Newbury Public Library, of Chicago.

DO NOT covet learning's prize,
  Climb her heights and take it.
In ourselves our future lies,
  Life is what we make it.
SAXE.

MR. HOWELLS will make New York his home hereafter. After January he will become editor of the *Cosmopolitan* and will write exclusively for that magazine.

THE HARPERS have in press the biography of Stonewall Jackson, written by his widow. Dr. Henry M. Field has contributed an introduction. This work should adorn every library in the South.

MR. WALCOTT BALESTIER, the promising young author, who with Rudyard Kipling, wrote the Serial *Naulkha* now being published in the *Century*, died in Dresden, Saxony, December 6th, aged thirty.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. have just issued a volume of Masterpieces

of American Literature. It contains a complete piece of writing by thirteen well known authors, with biographical sketches of each. The authors are Longfellow, Whittier, Irving, Bryant, Hawthorne, Franklin, Holmes, Thoreau, Lowell, Emerson, Everett, Webster and Boyle O'Reily.

IT IS SAID that Professor Drummond delivered his lecture, *The Greatest Thing in the World*, to a small audience, without an idea of its publication. A reporter present wrote out a version of it so mangled that when it came under the Professor's eye he could hardly recognize it. In self-defence he was compelled to correct and edit it. How often are great things achieved unconsciously.

THE *Critic* says: "At twenty-five Rudyard Kipling awoke and found himself famous as a writer of prose. He is a writer of verses as well as of prose, but it was his prose that made him famous. Does any one know of another instance of a prose writer achieving fame at twenty-five?" Pickwick Papers had made Dickens famous at twenty-four. Will Rudyard Kipling ever be as great a man as Dickens?

A NEW six-penny, illustrated magazine will be published in London, beginning in February, to be called *The Idler*. It will be edited by Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome and Robert Barr. A first edition of 100,000 copies is now in the press. The opening chapter of the "American Claimant," a new story by Mark Twain, will appear in the first number. Among the contributors are Messrs. Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Lang, Payn, Ausley and F. W. Robinson.

MISS MATT CRIM, a Georgia girl, will soon publish her first novel, "Adventures of a Fair Rebel." It is concerned with a Southern girl's experiences during the late war, including the siege of Atlanta. We do not know anything about Miss Crim's ability as an author. But there are many deeds of daring by the women of the South that should be told to the world, and we are always glad when we can read a book treating of the Southern heroes and heroines. Many novels should be written where there is such a large field to furnish plots. We wish this attempt much success, and hope more will follow on the same theme.

"Bible Studies from the Old and New Testament," covering the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1892, by Geo. F. Pentecost, D. D. This volume was written under very peculiar circumstances. They were written by the author while engaged in evangelistic labors in India. As he traveled to and fro among the natives, among Europeans, amid different scenes and localities this book was written. But the author has one great advantage. The Old Testa-

ment has had a fresh illumination in his mind by reason of the oriental scenes and customs which have been his familiar, every-day sights. The temples, the gardens, the groves, the dress and manners of the people all served to remind him of the days of Isaiah and Jeremiah. Teachers and scholars alike will find instruction in this book.

ALUMNI NOTES.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

—'68. Professor F. P. Hobgood has again accepted the presidency of Oxford Female Seminary, the Spring term of which opened January 20th. Professor Hobgood is a teacher of fine ability, which, with his experience in female education, makes him especially fitted for his work. We bespeak for the Seminary a liberal patronage.

—'71. Rev. H. A. Brown, of Winston, who is one of the leading pastors of the State, recently preached his fourthteenth annual sermon as pastor of the First Church. This long and unbroken pastorate, in an age of frequent changes, speaks for itself concerning his ability.

—'73. Rev. R. T. Vann, formerly of Edenton, N. C., has accepted a call to the pastorate at Scotland Neck, to take effect the first of January. The Scotland Neck Baptists are to be congratulated in securing the services of one possessing such a beautiful Christian character, and one endowed with such rare powers as a preacher. The Edenton congregation do not willingly part with him.

—'80. H. Montague is engaged in a large real estate, banking and brokerage business at Winston, N. C. He is also a lawyer of recognized ability.

—'80. W. H. Ragsdale is in charge of a high school for boys at Greenville, N. C. His is a noble profession, and he shows his appreciation of this fact by the untiring efforts which he puts forth in the development of the plastic mind of the youth whose training is entrusted to him.

—'82. We are glad to note that Rev. D. W. Herring, of Shanghai, China, in a letter to the *Recorder* says that the rumors of war are dy-

ing away. This is welcome news to our people who have felt no little anxiety for the welfare of missionary laborers in the Celestial kingdom. During the year he has made quite an extended tour through the interior of this great country, an account of which he has published in the *Recorder*. The friends of missionary enterprise everywhere will join us in bidding him a hearty Godspeed in his work.

—'83. Rev. G. P. Bostick, of Tungchow, China, was married on the 29th of October to Miss Mary J. Thornton, formerly of Alabama. Brother Bostick left behind many warm friends in his native State, all of whom will join in congratulations.

—'85. Rev. Everet Ward, one of the many of Wake Forest's sons who have sought their fame and fortune in the growing South-western States, is pastor of the Baptist church at Brenhem, Texas.

—'87. E. J. Justice has succeeded in building up a promising law practice at Rutherfordton, N. C. Though he has achieved such success already, he is yet a young man and still greater things may be expected of him.

—'88. Rev. M. L. Kesler, who, after graduation at the Seminary last year, took charge of the Sunday-school and colportage work of the Convention, has accepted a call to the pastorate at Laurinburg, N. C.

—'90. J. A. Holloman is associate editor of the *Winston Sentinel*. *The News and Observer* says, "he is one of the rising young journalists of the State, and his facile pen goes far toward making the *Sentinel* the bright, newsy paper that it is." This we consider is a deserving compliment to his literary ability, and THE STUDENT always notes with delight the good things said of our boys.

'90. T. W. Bickett has a good position in the Winston Graded School. At the beginning of his second year in this position, he was unanimously re-elected. There is no more favorable comment upon his ability as an instructor than this. He has not given up his chosen profession, but is making use of his spare moments in mastering Blackstone. If we made any pretensions to foretelling future events, we would prophesy signal success for him at the Bar.

—'90. L. S. Cannon is principal of the Academy at Hartwell, Caldwell county, N. C. It has been his misfortune to be very ill during the Summer months, but he has now entirely recovered and has a good position, to the duties of which he is bending his energies.

—James A. Delke ('34–'35) is one of the few students now living who attended the opening session of the College. He has been a useful and successful teacher, and has left the

impress of his noble character on many youthful minds.

—John A. Oates, Jr., ('89–'91) has resigned his position as principal of the South River Baptist Institute at Autreyville, N. C., to become managing editor on the staff of the *North Carolina Baptist.* We consider this a just recognition of his literary and executive ability. J. E. Alderman ('89–'91) will be his successor in the school-room. Success to both of them.

—Col. F. A. Olds ('68–'69) is the well known press correspondent and city editor of *The News and Observer*, of Raleigh.

—G. M. Freeman ('69–'71) is in charge of a hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah.

—B. W. Wray ('78–'81) is principal of the Academy at Leaksville, N. C.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

R. E. MAJOR, Editor *pro tem.*

=1892.

=Leap year.

=Tempus fugit.

=LaGrippe is an active member of both societies now.

=Christmas gone, but alas, what about examinations?

=The Faculty gave us a week X'mas—we dont care if they did.

=Mrs. Claude Kitchin, *nee* Miss Katie Mills, spent a few weeks on the Hill in December.

=We are indebted to Mr. Webb for the excellent report of Christmas on the Hill.

=Madam Rumor says there are three genuine cases of love on the Hill, two Seniors and one Junior.

=W. B. Daniel, the Punster, went to Norfolk to spend his X'mas, and his cash, *An-na* hopes he had a pleasant time.

=Dr. Taylor is having a well dug in front of the Dormitory building, a fact hailed with special delight by all the in-dwellers of said building.

=Our two bachelor Professors, Maske and Sikes, spent their holidays at their respective homes, the former in Richmond county, the latter at his grandfather's (?) in Monroe.

=Misses Ballard and Webb, of Franklinton, visited the Misses Alston a few days during the holidays.

=Miss Annie Powell, on her way from school in Richmond, to her home in Savannah, stopped over one night with her aunt, Mrs. T. E. Holding.

=On December 15th, Miss Lena Allen left Wake Forest for Durham, where she took charge of the Art Department in the Durham Female Institute. Success to Miss Lena in her new field of labor, for which she is so well fitted.

=In the death of George W. Thompson, which occured December 7th, 1891, Wake Forest lost one of her oldest and best friends. He was one of the only two surviving original forty trustees. Probably a sketch of his life will appear in the next STUDENT.

=Professor Sledd has taken a step in the right direction in the organization of the Matthew Arnold Literary Club. If the young people of the College and Hill will manifest an interest in this work they will find him an enthusiastic and efficient leader and one who takes a special delight in anything pertaining to literature or likely to aid a student. A literary club is just what is needed here. Besides being interesting and instructive it would bring about better social relations.

=A greater number of boys went home to spend their holidays than has been known for years. Those unfortunates who had unpopular numbers last Xmas have spitefully whispered that "Priest of Paris" was the cause thereof. It is possible that "Fruit Basket" and "Priest of Paris" combined might produce such an effect.

=A handsome cane was given Dr. Royall, Christmas, by the ministerial students in token of their deep love and respect for him as a teacher, and in acknowledgment of the great help he has been to them in preparing for their life's work. His appreciation was manifest by the pleasure that lighted up his ever kind and benedictive face. He spent his holidays in South Carolina, amidst the scenes of his youth, where our best wishes for a happy Xmas and many, many returns of the same were with him. We only regret that we had not a hand in giving the cane.

=In this great age of social and civil advancement and prevention of cruelty to animals it is time for Wake Forest to shake off its anti-bellum shackles and wake up to the fact that a student who has struggled long and manfully through his college course ought to have a vacation in his Seniority. Let there be one oasis. Let his last days at his *alma mater* be pleasant ones and not cast him from her classic shades with the unpleasant

remembrance of examinations still lingering in his mind. Now, this is not an unreasonable class. They only ask to be excused from their final examinations, *provided* they make a mark of 90 on daily recitations and not absent more than a given number of times from class, this number determined by the Professors. Come, Gentlemen of the Faculty, be reasonable and the Senior class will promise to do better work than ever before.

CHRISTMAS ON THE HILL.

[REPORTED BY E. Y. WEBB.]

Christmas proper began with a Sunday-school entertainment, Thursday night, December 24th, prepared and arranged by the hasty, yet efficient efforts of Mrs. Lannean, Mrs. Sowell, and Professor Brewer. Dr. Taylor opened the exercise with one of his characteristic enjoyable talks, about Christ's birth and the celebration of Christmas. The songs and recitations of the cheery little children evoked much applause and also reflected no small credit upon those who took so much pains in preparing them for the occasion. After the musical and elocutionery performances, Santa-Claus came rumbling and scrambling down the chimney of his snowy hut, and rolled from beneath its burdened roof, a large, round snow-ball, from which he facetiously doled to each child-member of the Sunday-school a nice, neat poke of candy and nuts. Upon the whole the entertainment was a perfect success, and enjoyed not only by the young, but by all.

The other features which most marked the holidays, were the pleasant sociable parties, wheareat all pitched beans, looked "tackey," and conversed to their heart's content, and *mirabile dictu*, "Priest of Paris" was never resurrected from its eternal resting place, to which last Christmas festive days consigned it!

On Friday night the famous Bean-bag Party was given at Mrs. Dickson's residence. It was enjoyable to all, and especially to the novices. Miss Alice Dickson and Mr. N. A. Dunn distinguished themselves for their proficiency in the art of pitching bean-bags, being the avowed champions, and for their wonderfully accurate aim and right-arm swing, received the first prize, a handsome card case. Miss Mary Neal was the fortunate winner of the booby prize. In a very racy, brief address, with a poetic prelude, Professor Carlyle dedelivered the first prize to the successful competitors.

The next Monday night at Mrs. Neal's residence was the scene of the memorable Progressive Conversation Party, at which not a single person failed to have a most pleasant time. To him who should converse most interestingly on either of the two topics, "Sweethearts" or "How to kill rats," was awarded first prize,

and to him who should chance to occupy the other extreme, was presented the opposite prize. The fortunate and unfortunate contestant was designated by ballot, each young lady voting for the one by whom she had been most entertained for five minutes, and the one who had least interested her for the same time. The party was something new in the sociable line and exceedingly amusing. The parlor was in a buzzing, whizzing roar for two solid hours, during which the young men in their most striking manner, poured forth the sad or mirthful stories of youthful love, or in a most farcical style, related the adventures of their many great and exhaustive rat expeditions, which so bewildered and puzzled a poor old resident rat above, that he came forth from his hiding place in the wall, rushed out in Professor Carlyle's presence, with a woe-begone look and solemnly gave up the ghost through sheer fright, thinking the time had come for all inveterate sinners to die. We are sure that the young ladies will long remember some of the narratives heard that night.

The worthy event that closed the social gatherings of Xmas festivity, was the ever memorable Tacky Party at Mrs. Dickson's Hotel. Now, if any one had wanted to see a throng of people who strenuously attempted to disguise themselves, where each one tried to look like some other person, and where all fought against looking like themselves, he should have been present that night, on December 29th. And it did seem that all the silk dresses of *ante-bellum* days and satins of Queen Elizabeth's reign were brought forth and exhibited by widows, flirts, peasants, country lasses, colonial daughters, and, indeed, every personage imaginable was there decked and bedizened in a combination of modernism and antiquity. Trousers and vests worn by patrician and colonial fathers, were hauled forth in ridiculous profusion. Miss Columbia Fowler, for acting the country hag to effect, received the first prize, a nice dressing case. Miss Estelle Perry for looking least tacky, received the booby.

To those Christmas absentee students, we would say, that in no place have we enjoyed a more pleasant carnival. The ladies of the Hill are so pleasant, jovial and hospitable, that our remaining holidays will be spent in Wake Forest. Every parlor was trimmed and decked in holly and mistletoe, and no one was backward in lending an aiding hand to the young people in having a general good time. Our little town can boast of having inhabitants excelled in hospitality by none other in the State. Christmas, 1891, will ever be remembered by the remaining few, with lingering emotions of pleasure and with deepened respect for the cordial people of the Hill.

[REPORTED BY P. S. C.]

The most enjoyable affair of the past term, with the possible exception of its end—the holidays—was the musical given by the ladies of the Hill, complimentary to the students. Though the hall was uncomfortably packed, yet the fact that better order prevailed than on any former occasion of a similar nature, testified to its uniform excellence, and amid the rapturous swell of the instrumental, or the sweet liquid flow of the vocal music, even the ever-present monkey forgot his antics. The tumultuous applause and frequent encores showed how keenly the audience appreciated every performance. The recitations were all of a high order. Messrs. Dockery and Hardesty sustained their pregotten reputation as declaimers, while Mrs. Rogers rendered the "Last Hymn" almost beyond criticism. Not a single item of the whole programme could have been omitted without a loss to the two and a half hours of refeshing, elevating and unalloyed pleasure, and the rendering of every piece was an example of what cultivated natural ability can do.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. PIANO SOLO—Morceau Eu Form D'Etude, *Wallenhaupt.* Mrs. Lowell.
2. VOCAL SOLO—La Pinavera, *Jane S. Torry.* Miss Willie Simmons.
3. RECITATION—The Polish Boy. Mr. Dockery.
4. VOCAL SOLO—Night Birds Cooing, *Sayers.* Miss Minnie Gwaltney.
5. PIANO SOLO—Fete Hongroise, *Smithe.* Miss Minta Allen.
6. VOCAL SOLO—Indian Bell Song, *Delibeo.* Mrs. Sprinkle.
7. RECITATION—The Last Hymn. Mrs. Rogers.
8. QUARTETTE—Jack and Jill, *E. M. Bauman.* Madames Sledd, Sprinkle, Poteat and Miss Willie Simmons.

PART II.

1. PIANO SOLO—Concerto in G minor, *Mendlessohn.* Miss Hannah Lanneau.
2 RECITATION—How we Hunted the Mouse, *Perkins.* Mr. Hardesty.
3. VOCAL SOLO—Che Giojo (Italian) *Mattie.* Miss Willie Simmons.
4. Piano Duet—Defili Marche, *Ketterer.* Misses Wingate and Neal.
5. VOCAL SOLO—Protestations, *H. Norris.* Mrs. Sprinkler.
6. PIANO SOLO—Fourth Sonta in F major, *Mozart.* Mrs. Lowell.
7. VOCAL DUET—The Night, *Millatti.* Madames Sledd and Sprinkle.

Some of the strong points were the singing of Miss Willie Simmons and Mrs. Sprinkle, the playing of Miss Hannah Lanneau and the inimitable quartette, Jack and Gill. Altogether, the fact stood revealed that in musical talent Wake Forest, stands second to no town in the State, and all felt how entertaining that talent can be when it chooses. Not one but was delighted, aud from all came the wish that some time during the Spring term we may be given a similar treat.

IN MEMORIAM.

Why death, the inevitable visitor to all mortals, should lay his cold, icy fingers upon one who is in the bloom

of youth, striving earnestly to equip himself for the duties of active, manly life, and claim him for the tomb, is difficult for human beings to reconcile with the infinite goodness and mercy of Him who has power over the lives of men.

But we know that the Supreme Ruler can make no mistakes, and when, in that wisdom which surpasses our conception, He takes from us one of our number, we should remember that "He doeth all things well," and in the depths of our hearts say "Thy will be done."

On the morning of the 6th of December, the soul of Josiah Gregory, tired of its earthly prison-house, winged its everlasting flight to the God who gave it, and left us to mourn and weep. But why should we weep?

"There is no death! What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portals we call Death."

During his short stay with us he was constant and diligent in his application to duty, honest and upright in his dealings with his fellow-students, and lived an exemplary Christian life.

Therefore, in respect to his memory, be it

Resolved, 1. That, as students, we have lost a friend.

2. That, as Philomathesians, we have lost an earnest, active member.

3. That, as a Society, we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

4. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, to the *Economist-Falcon*, to the *Biblical Recorder*, to THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT, and a copy be spread upon the records of the Society.

5. That we wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

D. M. PRINCE,
J. P. SPENCE,
J. A. MASON,
Committee.

COLLEGE NEWS AND EXCHANGE.

W. W. VASS, JR., Editor.

OUR exchange table for the present month is rather below the average, both in quantity and quality. The contributions are few in number, slow in arriving, and, with one or two exceptions, of very ordinary character. We ascribe all failings, however, to the effects of Christmas jollification, and being ourselves in a somewhat similar strait, we are constrained to view with mercy the shortcomings of any delinquent brother editor. A shining

exception to the general mediocrity is found in the *Vanderbilt Observer* for December. We are greatly taken with the general get-up of the issue. It contains, besides other interesting matter, two excellent biographies of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Joel Chandler Harris, respectively. The latter being one of our "Southern Literary Portraits," is of particular interest. Both are thoroughly readable, and form a happy substitute for the usual prosy addresses or schoolboy eloquence of collegiate journalism in general. We were somewhat amused at a contribution in the same issue entitled, "Modern Gall." The writer begins by denying the truth of the classic quotation that "all 'gall' is divided into three parts," and asserts that the entire amount is in the possession of Colchester, Roberts & Co., Tiffin, Ohio. We ourselves have examined with much interest the circulars of the firm, referred to, in which they offer to all college and professional men ready-made eloquence in the shape of debates, orations, theses of all kinds at a moderate reduction. That such an industry fills a long-needed want we are aware, but the sentiment of "Modern Gall" is much to our own way of thinking. The local department of the *Observer* is especially interesting, even to outsiders. The inner life at every college is necessarily the same, and we enjoy greatly a department which brings us in touch with other college men. The work of Vanderbilt's team this year has given her considerable prestige among the colleges, and we are glad to note that from the appearance of the *Observer* her literary attainments are equal to those in other directions.

WE ARE glad to welcome a visitor all the way from Illinois, in the shape of the *Rambler*. Perhaps the most interesting department of the current issue is the "Point of View." It is entirely taken up in a discussion of the "University Extension" plan. The latter is a theme of much interest in all our exchanges. Every magazine has something to say about it. It is a live issue with a practical aim. Its object is to propagate educational influences beyond the four walls of the institution of learning, to diffuse its benefits through the surrounding vicinity, to bridge the interval now existing between preparatory school and university, "to bring the university to the people since the people cannot be brought *en masse* to the university." As such, it is worthy the support it receives. There are objections to it, as to everything else in human jurisdiction. But we believe in "University Extension."

BESIDES the above, the topics now receiving most attention among the colleges and their exponents in the literary world, are "Co-education" and the questionable benefits of the "Modern Examination System."

The latter subject is again agitated in the editorial of the *Southern Collegian.* That the system, as it now exists in the majority of colleges and universities, and the "grading" plan in general, is very defective and replete with many evils, is evident. The results are too obvious to need exposition. That some change is necessary is also apparent, and the *Collegian's* remarks are highly in order and to the point.

The Elon Monthly also bestirs itself in regard to the same much-censured matter. The students of the latter institution deserve credit for the general attractiveness of their college paper. The *Monthly* exhibits painstaking in its make-up, and shows that the students take interest in their magazine.

The Trinity Archive for November contained an able article in behalf of "Co-education in College and University Work." Its writer is plainly in accord with the idea, and the article is a forcible one. The same issue contains a contribution on the questionable advantages of college magazines. The writer takes a gloomy view of the matter. And in sober earnest we are compelled to agree with the majority of his statements. The average magazine is simply a collection of the requisite amount of time-honored witticisms, cheap eloquence, embryo politics, and prosy composition of all kinds. The article is well worth the perusal. Trinity is to be congratulated on the excellence of her representative in the literary world. We always hail with pleasure its attractive face.

WE ARE glad to receive an excellent issue of the *Richmond College Messenger*, and acknowledge the *Roanoke Collegian* and Arkansas *College Magazine.*

THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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THE FISHERMAN'S REVENGE.—A MEDLEY.

On the flat-land coast of Carolina,
Where moss and palmettoes grow;
Where the wan water-willow and the live-oak
Mark the inland river's flow;
Where will-o'-the-wisps and glowworms shine
In bulrush and in brake;
Where long, waving moss, as it shrouds the pine,
Floats in the sea-breeze subdued by the swamp;
Where the cedar grows, and the poisonous vine
Is spotted like the snake:
Where the eagle, the hawk and the sea-gull
In their daily revels soar—
In this somber, level country,
Aback from the ocean's roar,
Where the owl, in midnight carnival,
By the light of the fire-fly lamp,
Awakes the weary poor-joe
In his haunt so weird and damp—
There lies a swamp so gloomy
That men have called it so.
So dark and damp and gloomy
That hardly a human foot can pass,
Or a human heart will dare
The quaking turf of its green morass,
Save here and there by secret way or pass;
That only the native hunter dares to make
Excursions through its dismal wiles.
Yet, deep within its misty brake,
With surface black and still,
Walled in by gum and gall-bush—
The home of the whippoorwill—
There is a lake, a lone lagoon,
Within whose slimy bosom stale,
Unknown to mortal ken,
There lies a gloomy tale.

'Twas long ago it happened,
Ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumpter
Had wakened the South as one;
Some ere that wondrous pillar
Of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions
Marched on to their heart's desire.

In a little fishing hamlet—
There are many along the coast,
Where live a people, slow and simple,
Who want no better boast
Than that of fish and potatoes in plenty,
A store of the native yaupon tea,
Which grows in abundance there,
And a flat-bottomed boat for taking
The god-given fruits of the sea.

Simple and happy live this people;
They come and go with the tide.
In summer, around the house, they follow the
shadow;
In winter the sunny side.
Thus, 'twixt tobacco and gossip, they sit,
With few serious sorrows to fill their cup;
Each eve, their nets, they chatting knit;
Each night, does innocent sleep knit up
The ravelled sleeve of care.

But in the hamlet now in question,
Unlike the rest in slothful state,
Was reared among the fisher-folk
A man both blessed and cursed by fate.
A man of gigantic stature,
A face, rough hewn, but nobly grand;
A soul imperial, yet of simplest ways,
Whose part would act with willing hand,
In combat with this world of care.
Though, like the rest, he wore
The fisher's garb and listless mein,
Yet, his build and bearing bore
A striking difference;
With arm to pull and soul to dare;
The first to offer when the call
To man the life-boat came,
Nathan was his name, Nathan Dare,
A man beloved by all.

* * * * * * * *

In a distant land from this described,
Is a grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin
By the light of her wanton eyes;
Who sang the song the siren sang
On the treacherous Lurly height,
Whose face was as fair as a summer day,
And whose heart was as black as night.
But I want to tell of the holy love
That grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of a man's life
Where all was parched and hot.

* * * * * * * *

Oft, on the beach, had they played together,
And in each dispute of childhood
He had always sided with her,
Whether in the bad or good.
And, as they grew, he learned to love her—
Love her, indeed! Think you that Cupid,
With his darts does leave no scars,
Does not prank in fisher's cottage
As well as in the tents of Mars?
Yes, he loved her with that devotion
Known to none save noble souls;
And, matters not where'r you find it,
An old, old story it unfolds.

So, in the summer when the ocean
A happy life to sailors led,
Nathan Dare, the fisher,
And Nora Roe were wed.
Plump was Nora, plump and pretty,
With a cheek so white and fair!
He was anything but handsome,
Was the fisher, Nathan Dare.
But he won the winsome maiden.
They'd a cottage and a cow,
And her matronhood sat lightly
On the village beauty's brow.

Swift the happy months went over,
Months of blue and cloudless sky;
Love was lord of that small cottage,
And the tempest passed them by.
Passed them by completely,
Then burst in fury o'er their home.
Down the lane by Nora's cottage
Chanced a gentleman to roam.
He had come to spend the summer
In this pleasant seaside town,
For, 'tis said, that Carolina,
With her beach and fishing ground,
Is held by all the Northmen
To be of very great renown.
Thrice he came and saw her sitting
By the window with her work;
He spoke to her politely, passed on,
Yet in passing seemed to lurk
As though he would return.

It chanced one day that Nathan,
In coming from his nets,
O'ertook him in the pathway,
And, as one who never lets
An idle fancy change him,
Conversed and courteous asked him in:
And though his wife he never doubted,
Yet this brought about the woman's sin.

'Twas the same old, wretched story
That for ages bards have sung;
'Twas a woman weak and wanton,
And a villain's tempting tongue;

'Twas a picture deftly painted,
For a silly creature's eyes,
Of the Babylonian wonders,
And the joy that in them lies.
Nora listened and was tempted;
She was tempted, and she fell,
As the angels fell from heaven
To the blackest depth of hell.
She was promised wealth and splendor,
And a life of guilty sloth,
Yellow gold for love and husband,
And the woman left them both.

Home one night came Nathan,
With the cheery cry of "Wife"!
Finding that which blurred forever
All the story of his life.
She had left a silly letter—
Through the cruel scrawl he spelt;
Then he sought the lonely bedroom,
Joined his hands and knelt.
"O Lord, O God, forgive her,
For she ain't to blame," he cried;
"I ought 'ave seen her trouble,
And 'a gone away and died.
Why, a girl like her—God bless her!—
'Twasn't likely as she'd rest
With her bonny head forever
On a fisher's ragged breast.
It was kind in her to bear with me
All these long and happy days;
So, for my sake, please to bless her,
But curse that devil's ways!"

Never a line came to the cottage
From the woman who had flown.
None was there who could console him,
So the man was left alone.
Never a bitter word he uttered
Against the woman, but, how
Firm within his heart's deep centre
Did Nathan make a solemn vow!

Far away in New York City
Rose the woman into fame,
For her beauty won men's homage,
And she prospered in her shame.
Quick from lover to lover she flitted,
Higher still each prize she won,
And each rival paled beside her
As the stars beside the sun.

Then she made the stage her market,
And she dragged art's temple down
To the level of a show-place
For the outcasts of the town.
And the kisses she had given
To poor Nathan Dare for nought,
With their gold and costly jewels
Rich and titled lovers bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps
While the star was at its height;
Then the darkness came on swiftly,
And the gloaming turned to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty
Tore the laurels from her brow;
Of the thousands who had worshiped
Never one came near her now.
Broken down in health and fortune,
Men forgot her very name,
'Till the news that she was dying
Woke the echoes of her fame;
And the papers in their gossip
Mentioned how an "actress" lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings,
Growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story
In a far-off sea-washed place,
And ere long the dying woman
Woke and looked upon his face.
Once again the strong arms clasped her,
Which had clasped her when so fair,
And the weary head lay pillowed
On the breast of Nathan Dare.
In his arms death found her lying,
From his arms her spirit fled;
And his tears came down in torrents,
As he knelt beside her dead.
Never once his love had faltered
Through her base, unhallowed life;
And the stone above her ashes
Bears the honored name of wife.

Time passed on with weary tread,
Until the days of sixty-one,
When civil war with all its fury
Began its dreadful cyclone run.
Nathan joined the storm as welcome,
For he hoped that in the strife
He might somewhere meet the demon
Who had lured away his wife;

And acting well his part,
Favored both by Mars
And by his own good conduct,
He won a captain's stars.

Fort Macon fell. The hamlet
Saw no more the friendly gray.
Instead, the bluecoat's torch and insult
O'er that eastern land held sway.

The shades of eve came slowly down.
The swamp was draped in deeper brown,
The owl wakes up within the briar,
The fox is heard without his lair;
Yet, enough remains of wandering light
To guide a wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to a watchful foe.
He saw the fire of the midnight camp,
And heard at times a horse's tramp,
And wafted notes of soldier's song;
Heard and marked, but not for long,
For knew he whither his steps were bent,
Knew he well that scouts were sent
To search the secrets of the swamp.
So, into the fens with steady tramp,
Into the gloom of Gloomy Swamp
He plunged, and venomous vine and vapors damp
Closed round him like a pall.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He walks the log and treads the brake;
And not the summer solstice there
Tempered the midnight salt-sea air.
From tussock to tussock and trembling turf,
Tangled and dark, he journeyed on;
'Till, as a thicket's point he turned,
A camp-fire close before him burned.
Beside its embers, pale with dew,
Basked a soldier clad in blue;
And up he sprang, with gun in hand—
"Halt! your name, purpose! stand!"
"A stranger, I am, perhaps, to you;
Yet you, I know, a friend so true
That I have dared a journey to make,
Here to the shores of Gloomy Lake,
To see the man who from my life
Took all the discord and strife!
Yes, from Johnson's forces, I'm come alone
To this lake's damp shores to atone
For all your loving care;
For, sir, I am Nathan Dare!
And now, upon your life,
I ask you, *Where's my wife?*
Ah! you start! How I've panted for the hour
When I could get you in my power!"
The Yankee was brave, yet to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start.
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the rebel his haughty stare:
"You are alone," said he, "and
Of this gun here, one single shot
Would soon decide what fate's your lot.
But fear not—doubt not—which you will,
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."
Nathan marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
His rebel's great coat off he lay,
Exposing a sword and suit of grey;
Then turned upon the hound at bay:
"Now then, man to man and steel to steel,
Your victim's vengeance you shall feel!
See, I have taken you at your word,
Armed, like yourself, with nought but sword.
Here in this tangled brake,
Here beside this misty lake,
One the other's life must take
Before this thing is settled!
Know, I have, for this, your life preserved,
For when I spied you unobserved
I might have shot you like the cur
You are! But, though you well deserve
A death like that, I ne'er prefer
To sneak upon my foe."
"Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?" "No, Yankee, none!"
"I do not fear to face you, Dare,
But other means did seem but fair."
"Stand!" said Dare; "See this curl of hair?
I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms your veins."
Then each, at once, his sword drew,
Each, on the ground, his knapsack threw;
Each looked to swamp, and lake, and fen,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed—
Darkly closed with ghastly brow,

Lighted only here and now
By flickering flame of camp-fire's glow,
And flashing sparks from clashing steel!
Ill fared it then with the Yankee's sword.
He practiced every pass and ward,
To thrust, to feint, to guard:
While less expert, though stronger far,
The fisher maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the rebel's sword drank blood.
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the blue cloth dyed.
The fierce foe felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The fisherman, unwounded still,
Foiled his wild rage with steady skill:
'Till, at advantage taken, with mighty stroke
The Yankee's sword, in twain, he broke.
"Now for vengeance's sweet power!
How long I've longed for this hour!
By him who the world has made,
Your heart's blood dyes my blade!"—
"Your threats, your vengonance, I defy!
Let coward yield who fears to die!"
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like fox that dashes through the toil,
Like wild-cat who guards her young,
Full at the fisher's throat he sprung,
And locked his arms his foeman round:
"Now, gallant rebel, hold your own!
No maiden's hand is round you thrown!
That desperate grasp your frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!"
They tug, they strain; down, down they go,
The Yankee above, the rebel below.
The Yankee's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast:
His reeking locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
But all his fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came
To turn the odds of deadly game:
For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye;
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling rebel may now unclasp
The fainting Yankee's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless, the fisherman arose.
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp seemed was his last;
In the bluecoat's gore he dipped the braid:
"Poor Nora, your wrongs are dearly paid!"

When in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, pale, and stark he lay,
Shrouded in his clotted blood;
From bog and lake and tangled wood,
From swaying tree-top, near and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
"Settled?" "Finished?" "Paid!"

Thus ends the story. Would I could sit
And tell it to you as I heard it!—
As 'twas whispered to me by moss-grown gum,
And gurgling bubbles and insects' hum,
While croaking frog and katydid,
In waveless lake and tree-top hid,
Chanted their approval.

IRVING HARDESTY.

A BLINDED NATION.

It is not our purpose to lament over the ruins of empires and republics, which have long since fallen and decayed. We will not attempt to excite your admiration by relating some golden truth conned from the dusty pages of ancient or modern history. We do not call upon you to follow us over the mouldering ruins of ancient cities, once magnificently grand, nor will we trespass upon your patience by the discussion of some Oriental problem. None of these. We leave the past. It is forever gone. In our own country, there are graver problems to be solved. Questions which ought to receive our first and profoundest thought.

The race problem has been thoroughly discussed, and is of no mean importance in national affairs; but to-day a question looms up before us in gigantic proportions, beside which the Negro problem seems paltry and insignificant. Day in and day out it is doing its deadly work; and it is necessary for the intelligent and patriotic people of the grandest nation on the globe to purify, for its own welfare and safety, that stream of ignorance and anarchy which annually finds its way into the United States. To see the need of restricted immigration, we have only to study its history and some of its baneful results. The New Orleans tragedy is past, but will not be forgotten. Those Italians who, in cold blood, put to death a peaceable, honest and law-abiding citizen, Chief of Police Hennessy, have met their just fate. For I am sure no one, who is cognizant of the facts with reference to this occurrence, can doubt the justice of the act, nor can reasonably censure the so-called "mob." This "mob" did precisely what any other body of American citizens, under similar circumstances, would have done who love their country, vouchsafed to them by their Revolutionary sires. How could they do otherwise? Law had been defied, courts of justice terror-stricken, and juries bribed—by whom? Members of the Mafia, an organized band of fiendish outlaws, a nest of foul vipers, loathsome witches, outcasts from their own country, yet trying to wield their secret power over free American citizens I ask you, gentlemen, could you stand by and see a good, liberty-loving citizen of North Carolina stricken down in cold blood by a band of murderous assassins, and allow them to go unpunished? You could not; the citizens of New Orleans did not. This society was getting too deep a hold in our country. It had become necessary that it be dealt a fatal blow, in order to prevent, if possible, further deeds of violence. The citizens of New Orleans saw this, and struck the blow, for which they ought

to receive the hearty approval of every patriotic son of America. I am not an advocate of the Lynch-law, nor do I think a resort to it desirable. But there are times, it seems to me, when it is necessary. If courts of justice and juries violate that solemn duty imposed upon them, it then becomes necessary for the people to see to it that criminals get their just deserts. The existence of society and the safety of the people demand it. When solemn oaths have been broken by officers of the law, this power should return to the people, from whom all power emanates. "Lynching is bad, but to murder in cold blood is worse."

If you will only ferret it out, you will find, in a majority of cases, the prime cause of lynching is traceable to the black deeds of some foreign-born son; an enemy to law and order; a member of some secret oath-bound society, hostile to American citizens, and opposed to American institutions. The numerous lynchings in other States of the Union, as well as the late tragedy in Louisiana, show that the time for restricted immigration has come. The time for indulging in the sentimental and over-generous plea, that this free country is an asylum for the oppressed and a refuge for the unfortunate of every land, is passed. America has served as the dumping-ground of the world long enough. She has received the very slums and dregs of creation, until there is within her borders every imaginable evil, threatening her very existence. Once immigration was desired, and is still desired, if it is the right class.

The immigration previous to the sixties was very valuable to the United States. To it we owe, in a measure, our greatness as a nation. It gave us brain, bone and muscle. It made our rivers navigable. It assisted largely in building our railroads, which now thread the country from ocean to ocean. It gave us laborers, mechanics and statesmen. It was civilized, healthy, beneficial. Those who came then did so for a good purpose They, fleeing from oppression, renounced all allegiance to their foreign home, adopted the customs and manners of American citizens, and supported our institutions. But, ah, how changed now. Paupers, criminals of every class, socialists, the lame, halt, blind, and illiterate compose, to a large extent, the immigration to the United States. Their number is increasing, and they are coming from the countries whose population is most alien to the people of the United States. A majority never learn our language, nor adopt our customs. What becomes of them? The paupers, the lame, the halt, the blind, soon find their way to our charitable institutions, and there become a useless expense, consuming what would otherwise go to protect and provide for our own unfortunate class. The convicts and criminals begin again their work of violence, and finally land in the State prison only to increase the burden of an already too heavily taxed people. A large

number of them become naturalized; swear to support the Constitution of the United States, of which they know nothing, and care less. The Socialists would overturn our whole industrial and social system. Their doctrine is to take away all private property, place it in the hands of the State, which, they claim, should own all wealth, direct all labor, and compel the equal distribution of all property. Socialism appeals to the poorest to break up all accumulated wealth. Their doctrine is, of course, hostile to the institutions of a free democracy. It would take away individual rights and liberty. It is absurd, yet dangerous, because of its increasing number of proselytes.

A state of socialism would be deplorable, for there would be no inducements to thrift; no encouragement to, no reward for, individual saving; no protection against individual waste. It is an acknowledged evil in our country, and, if possible, its numbers should not be increased, but rather diminished. To do this, immigration must be restricted, for its annual stream is filling to overflowing this slough of corruption, which, if it destroys our present form of government, will bring in its train anarchy and ruin. It is a fact to be lamented, that the flow of immigration is steadily increasing, and for the last sixteen years it is equal to one-tenth of the population at the present time. It is a significant fact, also, that of this vast number forty-eight per cent. have no occupation. They are not only almost worthless, but to an alarming extent detrimental to the interests of this republic. They flock to the large cities, and become the willing tools in the hands of money kings! The whiskey dealers lead them like so many cattle to the polls, compelling them to vote as they dictate, thereby preventing any legislation against their interests. This horde of ignorant and semi-barbarous men add to the corruption of our politics. Thousands of them are illiterate and beyond the school age. This increases ignorance in our country, and is not wise. It is bad to take money which ought to be expended on our own people to educate this wandering horde, but it is worse to have them dwell among us uneducated. Ignorance brings vice and corruption.

Again, let us notice the effect of immigration on wages. At the arrival of nearly every ship, there is landed a class who come, not for any love for this republic, not to become citizens, not to stand by and support our institutions, but simply to earn a little money in the mining regions of Pennsylvania, the oil mills of Ohio, the factories of New England, the lumber camps of Michigan, and then return to their native homes and spend it. This shows that they do not appreciate the great boon they receive—liberty and protection—which to us is a priceless heritage. Disregarding this, they enter the field of competition for wages so low that our honest laborers cannot compete with them, and so hundreds of our toiling sons are thrown out of

employment by these foreigners, alien to all that is good and just, the very off-scourings of creation. They go in gangs of twenty, and participate in all that is low and degrading. Their vicious deeds are too numerous to mention, yet this is the class which is permitted to land on our coast, compete with, or rather deprive of employment, the honest American laborers, and then return to their foreign home. Oh, thou Blinded Nation!

Protect these suffering laborers from ruinous competition. How long, oh how long, shall this tainted stream continue to dash its filthy waves upon our shores? We see the evils, we have received the warning in the late tragedy, and may the time soon come when the last vestige of evil and corruption shall have been rooted out, and this republic become again the home of a law-abiding people. B. K. MASON.

TRUTHS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

"Yes, Valor, I vow I love you, and swear by the sacred memory of my sainted mother I will be your wife."

These words fell from the rosy lips of a tall, handsome, symmetrical girl of about twenty summers. She was, indeed, a beautiful specimen of physical womanhood; with large, brown, dreamy eyes, which in her most serious moments assumed a sleepy, listless appearance; her heavy, dark hair covered neatly a gracefully-shaped head, and when dishevelled hung in glistening ringlets below her statuesque waist. No one could see her without being struck with her impressive features and careless manner. She was the universally recognized belle of her western city; and her admirers were so numerous that she was kept in the bustling whirl of gay life from her twelfth year.

"Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow."

During the eight years of busy experience in the *bon-ton* circles of city society, she had gradually and almost imperceptibly acquired a coquettish nature, and learned that to be most popular she must have a pleasing smile for everyone who should make the faintest pretensions toward playing the devoted. And certainly she had discovered the secret to much flashing, yet ephemeral, popularity. So long had she entertained her escorts each with the same conversation, in meaning, that it grew natural and irresistible for her to vow to each one that she was a most ardent advocate and supporter of reciprocity. Probably the name of "flirt" will convey to your minds most accurately what she really was. A flirt in the most advanced stages; coquettish in the extreme; fluent in conversation; captivating in manner.

But now she is standing on the threshold of her twentieth year, casting a retrospective glance over the path of her wild, eventful life, along which, she could see, here and there, a withered heart, crushed and left to die by her own cruel hand. A newly made grave encased the body of a noble young man, the cause of whose death no one knew but she and his departed soul; a mother's heart was cleft and sunk into premature sleep; a father, too, was soon laid by her side, because of the careless acts of their only beloved daughter. The shrieks of bleeding hearts, the ghost of a dead lover, the disquieted spirits of deceased parents all haunted her burning brain as she sat meditating in her plush-bottomed rocker. "O, my soul! the glowing embers of this blazing fire cannot purge me of my many crimes," whispered she in painful accents.

She had just finished her toilet and sunk down in her chair before the fire to await the ringing of the door-bell, for it would tell her that Valor had come; one who was most decidedly acting the lover, and who no doubt loved her with all his being.

While sitting there before the coal grate, with unlighted lamp, in the midst of a brooding solitude and lost in reflection, the last glimmering rays of twilight faded with seeming reluctance from the chamber of her whose happy days had fled with the setting of that evening's sun. "I am an orphan," soliloquized she, "thrown upon the hospitality of my kind aunt. I cannot always ensconce myself under her hospitable roof. I *must* soon leap from my borrowed nest and find one of my own. Valor; he is worth ten thousand, has a good nature and can probably make me happy—yes, yes, I will take him, and must tell him so to-night, for he has asked me before, and a second refusal may say good-bye to my last good chance."

"Clang!" the door-bell struck. Up quickly Vexa sprang, brushing a tear from her thoughtful face, in order to appear light-hearted before one whom she has at last consented to marry through sheer necessity.

A pleasant greeting and cordial hand-clasp passed at the door, then entered they the finely draped and decorated parlor, whose walls, if they could only speak now, would check Valor from his intentions and unfold wonders to his infatuated heart; but all was quiet for a minute—Vexa gleeful, Valor serious. Valor had made his mind up to ask her again for the last time to be his wife. Resting his elbow on the mantel, his head in his hand, he said: "Vexa, I would not be so ignoble as to dare take advantage of your position. I know you are an orphan, moneyless and gradually growing friendless. When troubles and misfortune come, you would be comforted to know a strong, manly arm is about you, for you need some one to protect you from the social snares that silently encroach upon you. The world will be cold and bleak to you in a few years; you must have some

one to love and guide you; a bird without a mate is driven hither and thither by each chilling wind, like wreckage on the ocean wave. Vexa, my own dear one, the idol of my heart, star of my hopes, won't you, can't you, be my wife? Let our lives sweetly blend as two drops of water, and we can live on and on in one continuous and unbroken strain of ecstatic happiness. I bring again the once-refused yet unchanged affection to the shrine of your icy heart, ready to be sacrificed for you and your interests. O, Vexa! Vexa! did you only know the purity of the love which agitates my bleeding bosom, it would inspire your own cold, callous heart with warmth and affection. Every effort of my life shall be spent in making you happy, if you will only love and marry me. O, do, dear Vexa, do! My hope, my life, depends upon your answer!"

Vexa dropped her head for a moment's reflection and thought, "probably this is my last opportunity to grasp a strong, noble hand in matrimony, and be relieved, as he says, from the unpleasantness of my long and eventful celibacy." Raising her head, her pearly teeth glistening with a bright smile (but behind the forced smile lay a pleading, warning heart) said, "I will; I will; yes, Valor, I vow I love you, and swear by the sacred memory of my sainted mother I will be your wife."

Had an angel beckoned him to the archangel's throne, he would not have then changed her soothing presence for that exalted seat. His life henceforth would be one big ray of sunshine. He would live on sweet anticipations of connubial bliss, supported by the platonic love of his intended wife. The marriage is set for December 25th. It is now October.

When he was ready to say good-night, Vexa pressed her soft, quivering lips to Valor's face, as a manifestation of the sacredness of her intentions and the faithfulness of her vows. He departed with a light heart; she walked to her lampless room with beclouded eyes, and it did seem that each shadow cast upon the walls by the dying, flickering flames, was a lover's spectre, mocking her cruelty and ridiculing her insincerity in this newly avowed love. Every shadow and noise seemed to her a ghost.

She retired with the impression that corpses with blue lips and hollow eyes were standing around her bedside, keeping midnight vigil over her stormy slumbers. Nor did Morpheus allow her to rest peacefully that night upon his downy bosom, but dragged before her startled sight visions of a pale, entreating-faced mother; big silvery tears trickling down the wrinkled cheeks of a doting father; great rents and gorges in young men's breasts, with heart's blood issuing from them in spirts and splashes; and her closing vision was a long train of mourners, following the slow motion of a dark hearse decked with black plumes and containing the body of a discarded lover.

Early next morning she awoke from

her restless pillow, only to find herself more miserable, if possible, than when she retired. On the table sat a small vial of aconite, used to quiet her nerves just before entering the ball-room. This she raised in her trembling hand, as if contemplating the cold chill of death, for she fain would have clipped the fragile cord which bound her to earthly discontent, and thus loosed her caged soul from its habitation of clay to flit away and be at rest. But she withheld the poisonous draught, through cowardice, and replaced it on the table. Almost frantic from her overwrought imagination, she threw herself across her bed, burying her face in the tear-stained pillow, and with outstretched arms and dishevelled hair uttered with a woeful, despairing voice: "I cannot marry him! Oh, God! protect and restrain a wayward girl from such an unhappy union as so early awaits me. I don't love him! I can't love him! and the last words that fell from the death-like lips of my angel mother were, 'My darling girl, I commend you to the kind or harsh treatment of this unfriendly world; may you love some good, true, noble man and become his wife; but my soon-to-be-orphan child, never give your hand without your heart.' But O, dear mother," said she, her eyes glistening in tears, "if your immaculate soul has any concern for your daughter's earthly misfortunes, breathe upon her fevered brow as you used to do, and give your consent for her to marry Valor, the man she does not love; for O, dear mother, the small amount you left me is spent and vanished. My mother, when you were here I lived in luxury but the cold, blighting lot of matrimony, or the hideous monster poverty awaits me. Mother, dear, shall I strip my once lovely form of its laces and silks to stay for awhile the steady step of approaching poverty? No, mother, I seem to hear you advise me in my desperation to marry Valor and afterwards try to love him, for then I will be free from the hissing tongues of want."

Poor girl, she never before knew what it is to shed a tear. Her life had been a continuous chain of gaiety. But eight years of this eventful, careless life had piled up the number of her reckless deeds, until now they came down upon her with the weight of an avalanche. She knew, though, the fate that awaits an unmatched and uncongenial couple. Without the vital, essential, unsophisticated love, she knew that her lot would be more miserable than that to which the alms-house would bring her, and she felt, she knew, she did not love Valor, and never could. In fact, she could never love *any man* with that true, womanly devotion which should characterize every wife's affections towards her husband. She had doled out her affections to this one and that one from her youth up, and now her love is ununited, scattered and dead in the breasts of thoughtless, wandering men; like the rose that loses its petals one

by one, drop to the earth scentless, scattered by the chilling winds, wither, decay and die.

Could she only gather up these vanished sprays of affection bestowed in a thoughtless moment, she might now concentrate them on some good, noble, worthy man, and be happy in reciprocal love. But, alas! she cannot retract nor recall one single act. Could she have only realized in her happier days that each flying moment folds itself forever in the bosom of the past, never to be revoked, and that each day carried her one step nearer the brink of that certain precipice over which we all must inevitably tumble—I say, could she have only realized this, her sad destiny might have been different.

A few days after the engagement Valor could have been seen in the city jewelry store, carefully inspecting some elegant solid gold bracelets. The next Friday evening he stands before his betrothed in her cosy parlor, placing with a confident hand a beautiful diamond set bracelet upon her snowy arm.

"See, Vexa, I lock it with this little key, and the gordian key I consign to the kind keeping of these glowing embers." The tiny gold key melted away and ran in yellow lava down the white-hot coals. He pressed the prettily curved hand to his trusting lips then dropped it to her side, and in words that bespoke the fervor of his heart, said: "Vexa, my dearest girl, may the God who protects the poor and watches over the weak, help you to faithfully stand to the vows which that band of gold signifies, and guard you and it from the seducer's art. Good-night, I have ordered to-day my wedding suit, gloves, and shoes. I will see you again soon." FEY.

(To be Concluded.)

THE FEMALE UNIVERSITY.

In all discussions one is liable to lose sight of the original question and turn aside to collateral issues. That the reader may not do this, I purpose to take the two points separately.

In his first editorial, Mr. Paschal says that a female college is a place where girls' health may be destroyed. In his second he repeats the assertion, and says he has his information from parents of girls who attend these colleges, and from the girls themselves; that all the parents with whom he has conversed on this subject are firm in their belief that a girl is in danger of losing her health at college, and as firmly believe that confinement is the cause; that the young ladies themselves

with whom he has conversed on this subject all speak of their confinement as "*barbarous*"; and that while there is a little tinge of hyperbole in the girls' statement, there is also much truth.

Now, if these allegations be true, the condition of our female colleges is a dark blot upon the fame of our State, and Mr. Paschal cannot do the parents of the State a greater favor than to convince them that their daughters are acquiring their education at the cost of their health. If they be not true, he ought to so inform the long-suffering public, and relieve of uneasiness those parents whose daughters are now attending these colleges, and who have doubtless been much wrought up by his startling revelations

Hence, in the interest of truth and justice and fairness to the girls of the State, to their parents, and to the cause of higher education, I call upon Mr. Paschal to name his parents and his girls. If he does not see fit to make their names public, let him give their address to Dr. Taylor, or some other member of the Faculty of Wake Forest, said professor to write to the parents and ask them if their daughters lost, or were in danger of losing, their health while attending a female college; if they attributed said failure, or danger of failure, of health, to confinement in compliance with the rules and regulations of said female college, and if their opinion was confirmed by the attending physician during said failure, or danger of failure, of health; said professor to tabulate the facts elicited by these replies and give the result to the public. Said professor is also to write to the young ladies and ask them if they were confined while attending a female college, and if their confinement was barbarous, as alleged by Mr. Paschal; and to tabulate and publish the result of this enquiry as above.

Whenever Mr. Paschal produces the proof of his first point, I am ready to proceed with the second.

H. A. FOUSHEE.

[When we become convinced that the writer of the above is half as anxious to gain information on the subject of female colleges as he seems to be to leave the impression that we have willfully disregarded the truth, we shall comply with his request. But since the discussion—the real merits and defects of female colleges being disregarded—has degenerated into personalities, we cannot gain the consent of our own mind, nor presume on the patience of our readers, to carry it further.—G. W. PASCHAL]

A LEGEND.

Some years ago, at the close of a hard day's ride in the saddle, I chanced to find myself in the midst of an extensive growth of pine several miles below the border-line between the Carolinas.

The October sun was beginning to sink behind the hills, and being pretty well fagged out, I began to look around for quarters for the night. Turning a bend in the road, I came suddenly upon a little broken-down negro cabin, with its owner reposing contentedly on the door step. Reining in my horse, I asked this descendant of Ham the way to the nearest habitation. "Dar ain't no place in fi' mile, sah," was the reply, "'cepin' Marse Cunnil's" "And who is the Colonel?" said I, for the locality was new to me. "It am Cunnil Gi Shilton, sah, w'at lives up to the Seedahs," and with that he began to give me a detailed account of how, by crossing sundry "cricks" and taking advantage of divers "hoss-paths," I might find myself at the "Seedahs."

Gathering my cloak closer around my shoulders, I rode on through the deepening twilight, following as nearly as possible the directions of my sable friend. I had ridden some few minutes in silence, when I came upon a spring. It was hollowed out of solid rock, and in the centre a miniature fountain came bubbling up, pure, clear, sparkling. The remnants of what had been a covering were visible in the shape of three moss covered, worm-eaten posts. I threw myself eagerly from the saddle and stooped to drink. A shadow fell across the spring. I looked up quickly. There, ten feet away, stood a man of apparently fifty or sixty years of age, leaning on a heavy cane and regarding me with a look half-pitying, half-cynical, and wholly melancholy in his clear grey eyes. Starting up, I made a brief apology for the intrusion, and, introducing myself, asked if I had the pleasure of addressing Colonel Shelton of the Cedars. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, and accepting his courteously given invitation of hospitality for the night, I threw the rein over Nellie's head—Nellie was my horse—and followed while he led the way to the house. I had now a better opportunity to examine my host. His apparent age I have stated before His figure was not much over medium height, but powerfully built. The furrowed visage and iron-grey hair showed the unmistakable marks of time and trouble, but his step was as elastic and his eye as bright as in the bloom of youth. Add to this a stately carriage and scrupulously neat attire, and you have my first impressions of the "Cunnil." He was leading the way now along what had plainly been an avenue, but now so overgrown with weeds as to be

almost obliterated. At its head lay the mansion, a broken-down pile, but still bearing traces of former pretensions. At the side, the crumbling terraces, and beneath them the remnants of what had been a beautiful lawn, leading down with a gentle slope to where the river spun its silver thread, barely visible in the twilight.

Altogether, the site was as beautiful as can well be imagined, and being of a somewhat romantic turn of mind, I fell to wondering about its probable history. That it had seen better days was evident. The wide halls, the spacious porticos, the crumbling terraces, now falling or fallen into decay, the Colonel himself, all conspired to carry me back to *ante-bellum* days, and I seemed to see the forms and faces of another time, and to hear the merry laughter of a day long past echoing through the deserted halls. Here, doubtless, some youthful cavalier had caught from the air he breathed those principles of honor and chivalry which were to demand his life upon the bloody fields of Gettysburg or Manassas. Here some blushing bloom of youth and beauty had been wooed and won. And here ——.

But the Colonel's voice broke in upon my reverie, as in measured tones he bade me welcome to his threshold It was the first word spoken since our meeting at the spring, and I observed then, what I had afterwards ample opportunity to remark, that Col. Guy Shelton was a man of few words. We had arrived at an extreme wing of the mansion, bearing a little more of the impress of the modern on it—in fact, the other portions were hardly habitable by anything but bats and owls—and, on opening a door, I was ushered into a very commodious apartment. A bright fire was burning cheerily on the hearth. An old eight-day clock stood in one corner ticking away the hurrying moments. On each side was a large book-case. The halls were hung with portraits and small ordnance of all kinds. Above the mantle the bright blade of an old army sword, just visible above the rusty scabbard. All these I took in at a glance.

The evening meal was served by an ancient domestic and accompanied with the same unbroken silence which seemed to characterize the place and its owner. Then the Colonel took down a pair of clay pipes from the mantel, and offering me one settled himself for a quiet smoke. I followed his example, and we puffed in silence for a few moments, he gazing into the glowing embers and I wondering at the strangeness of the place and man. Suddenly, out of all connection, "I was just your age and size, young man," said he, "when I first saw this place." "Then it is not yours by descent," I replied with a kind of disappointment, for I had already gotten far advanced with the web of romance which I was vaguely weaving around the solitary mansion and its lord. The Colonel knit his brows. "No," said he, "my neighbors call me a hermit, and say a native-born would not let the

old place go to wreck like this. They cannot understand why I would rather lose my right arm than part with a single landmark which reminds me of the past—why I would spend my remaining days amid the scenes in which I lived all there was of life for me, and," with a slight shrug, "I do not try to make them. I will tell you," he continued, "the story of an old man's life, if you have a mind to listen." I expressed my eagerness, and he began: "As I said before," said Colonel Shelton, "I was in my teens when I saw this place for the first time. It belonged to the Devereuxs then, having come into the family by intermarriage with the Veres, its original owners. Both families have since become extinct, and the property devolves upon me as the next of kin. I am from Virginia myself, and though a relative of the Devereux family I had never laid eyes on a single representative until I met Tom at College. How well I remember him in those days! Of medium height, fair-haired, blue-eyed, with a form rather slight, but possessing all the perfect symmetry of the athlete, his was the brightest portrait in the album of my boyhood's days—gentle almost as a girl, he possessed a temper at times uncontrollable, and when once aroused would go off into fits of passion, whose violence was equaled only by their brevity. Generous, almost to a fault, with a courage bordering on recklessness, Tom Devereux, as I knew him, was a man of moods. He was almost universally popular; but of his associates I need mention only one, D'Arcy—Arthur D'Arcy, originally from Michigan, I believe, but spending most of his time south of the Mason and Dixon line. The latter entered college in Devereux's sophomore year, and between the two, by a strange accident, there sprang up an intimacy which lasted throughout the entire course. Well, from the first I hated that man D'Arcy—hated his cold, collected manner; hated his haughty reserve; hated everything about him. Tall, dark, with a piercing black eye, he was possibly the handsomest man I have ever seen. But how it was that a friendship could exist between the two, I have never understood. They had absolutely nothing in common. Devereux open, frank, passionate, *debonair*; D'Arcy reserved, cool, calm, cynical. Never were two men more different. But to proceed: It was in the summer following our graduation that Tom invited us down here—both of us, D'Arcy and myself. It was a beautiful place then. Only the last vestige now remains, and I alone of all that company. But I wander! The other members of the family, as we found, consisted of old General Devereux, a maiden sister, and a ward, Lillian Vere, a distant relative of Tom's, and by foregone conclusion, as I afterwards learned, his *fiancèe*. The latter was a blooming girl of seventeen summers, just filling out into the lovely curves of woman-

hood. I will not attempt to describe her. I could not, if I would You are young! You can imagine!

"Well, the days flew by, the weeks lengthened into months, and what might have been expected, occurred. The same old story! I have not much sentiment, young man; I have struggled too long with the cold, hard world for such as that. But it was not so then! I, too, was young! I fell in love, hopelessly in love. It was natural that I should—perfectly natural—ah, yes, perfectly natural. But what was I saying? Well, time was flying, summer was slipping away. I had not spoken! I dared not speak! But she saw all. She understood. The end came at last—the end of all my hopes—I might well say, of life. It was thus: We were standing on the bridge. The sun was sinking behind the hills, and its dying rays lit up the purple and gold of the forest leaves with a beauty beyond description. Below the silent flow of the majestic river, above the blue expanse of heaven with possibly a silvery star. She was standing by my side clad in pure white, with a feathery something encircling her head and shoulders. O how beautiful she looked! We were watching D'Arcy and Devereux as they paddled about in a little skiff away down beneath us, and idly throwing pebbles into the stream. The conversation flagged. I was too busy with my thoughts to care to keep it up. This, I felt, was my opportunity. Neither had spoken for a moment. I turned and looked her in the face. She must have known what was coming. She blushed painfully. 'Cousin Guy,' she said, quickly, with a slight tremor, 'I suppose I may call you *cousin* Guy now'—I believe I forgot to say that she was about as much kin to me as to Devereux—'Cousin Guy, isn't this pretty?' and she held forth her shapely fingers, and on one a ring set with diamonds. I stammered forth something, and she colored to the roots of her hair. A simple thing, you say? Yes, a very simple thing, but with it all the joy went out of my life. I recognized the ring; it was Devereux's. I saw it all then—saw how my tell-tale eyes had told the story my lips refused to utter—how she had seen and understood—how she had sacrificed herself to save my wounded pride Yes, I understood it then. Lillian Vere was another's. With that moment I woke as from a dream, and, choking back the stifled longings, took up again the weary thread of life without hope. This much by the way. But to proceed.

"The summer flew by, the melancholy days of autumn had come, and with them the event which changed my life.

"It all happened in this way: We were down at the spring, D'Arcy leaning idly against a tree, cigar in hand, and I in the light hammock, when Devereux joined us suddenly. I noticed at once that his face was greatly flushed. The crisis had come at last; the time which, in a vague,

dim way I had always anticipated. I believe I have said that from the first I had hated the ground on which D'Arcy walked. I had often wondered how the frank, open nature of Devereux could find any affinity with the cold, scheming disposition of his friend.

"Well, the end had come. The immediate cause, as I afterwards learned, was the idle gossip of a little garrulous coxcomb of a naval officer, who, with a coterie of other importants whom I have neglected to mention, formed a part of the summer appendages of the 'Cedars.' With these devotees of indolence, the probable result of D'Arcy's visit formed an unfailing topic. Madame Rumor had already hinted, and, as I look at it now, not without some slight foundation, that in his handsome face and figure Devereux would find a dangerous rival. I had paid no attention to the idle gossip. Wrapped up in my own melancholy, I had no eyes for that of another, no ears for the whispers which were going the rounds. But I remembered them afterwards.

"None, however, were ever uttered loud enough to reach the ear of the one concerned. Confident of the faith of his betrothed, unsuspecting aught of evil from a friend, Devereux pursued the joyous tenor of his way, all unconscious of the gossip of which he was the centre. Well, things had gone on in this way for some weeks, when an incautious remark, dropped in a moment of carelessness, opened his eyes to the true state of the case. His fiery passion, roused by the least fancied injury, mounted to fever-heat at once With the first dawn of suspicion he went at once to D'Arcy, and, with but slight preliminary, accused him of treachery towards a friend. Hence, the affair at the spring. The tone of each grew more insulting. Finally, D'Arcy fairly lost his head in the intensity of his anger, and made some coarse allusion to something which I failed to catch. Indeed, I was in the dark then about the whole matter. Afterwards I understood better. Devereux's eyes blazed. 'You lie!' he almost shouted. Instantly I looked at D'Arcy. Never have I seen a more fiendish expression! He had hardly changed his attitude during the whole scene. At the other's words he turned deadly pale, coolly knocked the ashes off his cigar, and then, without a word, turned on his heel and strode off.

"Then for the first time I found my voice—too late, however; D'Arcy was gone, Devereux was fairly raving. The Rubicon had been crossed. There was but one end to such an affair.

"Pretty soon, as I expected, a neatly folded billet came from D'Arcy asking a meeting next morning at dawn.

"In vain I pleaded and prayed. In vain I offered every argument in my power. In vain I entreated. The die was cast. D'Arcy's honor had been touched; Devereux's blood was up. Fight they must and would. The place chosen was down by the river; the time, day-break.

"That night the Cedars were ablaze

with light. Mellow strains floated out into the darkness. Youth and beauty in the mazes of the dance drank to the dregs the cup of pleasure. But my heart was heavy with dim forebodings. Every note of the orchestra grated on my overstrung nerves. Every merry laugh seemed the discordant notes of a sepulchral phantom. My heart was filled with vague dread.

"I remember how like a hawk the two men watched each other's every motion. Never have I seen a more entrancing picture than was Lillian Vere than on that, the last night my eyes ever beheld her dazzling loveliness. Surrounded by the usual coterie of admirers, yet in their midst, ever at her side, the one always on the alert to catch the slighest nod she gave the other, I beheld the flashing eyes of Devereux and the pale, cold, marble-like face and handsome figure of D'Arcy Never will I forget that scene. The lights, the brilliance, the music, the flowers! Such was my last vision of the girl I loved. I could stand it no longer. Turning aside to the moonlit terrace I lit a cigar and gave myself up to the gloom of melancholy thoughts. Above, the full southern moon, below the gently sloping lawn, in the distance the gentle swish of the mighty river by whose side the morrow's sun would witness—what? I could not endure the horror of the thought Twice, yes, twice, I was on the verge of disclosing the whole miserable affair while yet there was time. But something held me back. Vague forebodings seized me. I heard as in a dream the sound of gaiety within. The whole thing seemed a hollow mockery. I could stand it no longer. Going to my room I sought my couch. But sleep came not to my pillow. An indefinable terror pervaded me. Spectral phantoms, ghostly shadows flitted across my eyes. In feverish anxiety the night wore slowly on, and not till the first grey streaks lightened the east did slumber close my weary eyes. Then I knew that the die was cast, the time was come, and from sheer exhaustion tired nature asserted itself.

"I was awakened by Devereux himself. The grey dawn was just breaking, and the uncertain light cast a weird aspect over everything. His face looked worn and haggard with the night's dissipation. Otherwise, he was unchanged. In a few words he bade me get up and follow him. Mechanically I obeyed in a kind of stupor. We stole out of the house, and down by the spring to the river. I was to act as second in the terrible affair. Half-awake, in a dazed state of mind, I followed him in a kind of apathy, scarcely knowing where I went. At the appointed place we found D'Arcy and a friend already waiting. The former was, perhaps, a trifle paler than usual, but the terrible calm of his eye and the steady grasp of the pistol showed the deadly purpose. Cowardice was not one of D'Arcy's faults. I shuddered as I beheld him. In a few minutes the details were arranged. A

little breeze sprung up from the river and rustled the leaves on the trees. Besides this, not a sound. At length the signal. I shut my eyes with horror, and listened. Two reports rang out almost simultaneously, and then—the heavy thud of a falling body. I opened my eyes and started forward There on the cold ground, the gentle breeze playing with the fair hair above the damp temples, lay the poor boy—dying! Then, for the first time, the full horror of the thing struck me. O God, who can describe my feelings! I threw myself down on the bleeding body in an agony of grief and remorse. He was still conscious. 'Guy,' he said between the gasps, 'tell her – tell her—all—Guy;' and he was dead. I might live to be a hundred, but never could I forget the unutterable wretchedness of that moment. In turn I raved, I groaned, I cursed myself for not disclosing the whole affair while there was time. In vain I flung myself down on the ground, and, in a dazed, hopeless way, tried to make the tongue, now still in death, utter one more word. I did I know not what. I started up in vain attempt to take vengeance on his murderer. He was gone.

"Then I kneeled by the prostrate body, and taking one of the cold hands in my own, I vowed a vow; there, under the blue canopy of heaven, I swore before the God of Justice that not one stone should be left unturned, that I would traverse land and sea, that my hand should not rest nor my foot see peace, till I had found the murderer—till I had avenged his death.

"Starting up, I took the lifeless form in my arms and ran blindly up the path, never looking, hardly caring, where I went, until I reached the house, and, stumbling on the threshold, fell—and knew no more.

"When I came to my senses, I found myself in my own room with the gentle face of the General's sister bending over me. I had been sick for weeks, they told me. No reference was made to the catastrophe, but the tear-stained face of that gentlest of women, and the feeble step and furrowed visage of the General himself, all told the story. Grief was slowly but surely hurrying him to the grave.

"I did not hear the particulars until long afterward, when I had sufficiently recovered to hobble out and bask in the sunshine.

"True to the nature of her sex, the unhappy girl had left everything on that fateful day – home, friends—all, to share the fortunes of the murderer of her betrothed. I never saw her again. She returned soon after to her childhood's home, deserted by the wretch she loved, to end her days in premature death. She lies now beneath the hill beside the one whose life she ruined. But let the veil of charity cover all there was of wrong in her short life. I would not place aught but tears upon her tomb. I would not chide her memory with thoughts of what might have been After all, she was but woman.

"Well, there is not much more to tell. The war broke out then, and I went to my native State to enlist under Stuart's flag. D'Arcy joined the Union troops. General Devereux soon sank beneath the weight his double affliction, and his sister followed shortly. At the close of the war I received the old place as the nearest relative, and am, as you see me, now spending my last days amid the scenes of my youth."

The old man paused. The cat on the hearth awoke from her nap, and, stretching herself, went purring against her master's feet The clock ticked on monotonously. "But, Colonel," said I, "what about D'Arcy? Did you ever meet?" The old man rose, and, drawing himself up to his full height, pointed to an old cavalry sword above the mantel, "That blade," said he, "has never left its scabbard since the fated day at Gettysburg! My vow is fulfilled." His eyes blazed! He was living over again the stirring scenes of '64.

Suddenly his head fell forward on his chest. The light went out of his eye. "May God forgive us all," he said, simply. A long pause, and then, abruptly, "This is your room, sir. Good night." I took the hint. And do you wonder that the sighing boughs above my head and the watch-dog's lonely howl brought strange dreams to my pillow?

ED. EYETOR.

ANNIVERSARY—ITS HISTORY.

At the suggestion and request of an old and zealous alumnus of this College, we have undertaken to write this article—A History of the Anniversary of the Two Societies.

We expect it to be dry to a great many readers of the STUDENT to some it will doubtless be a tedious succession of names and dates. But to those who have once been actively interested in the occasion, it will recall pleasant and important events in their college lives—how as orators and debaters their youthful genius struggled to sustain the glory of their respective Societies.

It is mainly for these that this has been written, and if they should find any pleasure in reading it the writer will feel amply repaid for his trouble. Indeed this has been work and trouble, the amount of which one cannot realize unless he has had to search the old, dusty, and at times incomplete records of the Societies for more than half a century back. We feel inclined to compare it to the work of collecting from the hieroglyphics of the Egyptian Pyramids, the deeds of the Pharaohs.

Wake Forest College was founded in 1833. On the 14th day of February, 1835, the students were divided by lot

into two Literary Societies—Euzelian and Philomathesian. They were entirely secret organizations, and between them there has always existed a strong and healthy rivalry. Now they are recognized to be among the first literary societies in the South, and this College justly claims them with pride.

For several years after their organization, the 14th of February, the anniversary of their birth, was celebrated in a rather informal way by each Society in its own hall.

Not till 1854 was it made a public occasion. We find the following resolutions in the Society records of that year:

"WHEREAS, it appeareth that the celebration of the anniversary of the two Societies of Wake Forest College would advance the interests and promote the harmony of said Societies; therefore be it,

Resolved, 1. That a committee of three be appointed by each society to solicit from the Faculty permission to hold the exercises of the celebration on the night of February 14th every year.

2. That if the forenamed permission be granted, each Society shall at the first meeting in every December elect a representative to deliver at 7 o'clock p. m, on the 14th of the ensuing February an oration relative to the cause in which we are engaged."

The desired permission was granted by the Faculty, each Society elected an orator, and on February 14, 1854, the public was invited to attend what has ever since been celebrated as "Anniversary."

Beginning with 1854, we give below the names of the speakers, and as far as we could obtain from the records their addresses:

1854.

PHI. T. H. Pritchard, Wilmington, N. C.

EU. B. F. Marable.

1855.

EU. R. H. Burn.

PHI. C. W. Egerton.

1856.

EU. W. Shuck.

PHI. H. D. Fowler.

1857.

EU. C. S. Ellis.

PHI. J. K. Lassiter.

1858.

PHI. John A. Berry, Oldney, Md.

EU. W. J. Bishop, Bertie County, N. C.

1859.

EU. A. E. Rhodes.

PHI. T. D. Boone, Northampton County, N. C.

1860.

PHI. J. W. Biddle, Craven County, N. C.

EU. Fitz Hugh Ivey, Pasquotank, County, N. C.

1861.

EU. Thomas Deanes, Murfreesboro, N. C.

PHI. J. B. Richardson, Moore County, N. C.

1862.

PHI. H. Lansing Burrows, Richmond, Va.

EU. J. K. Howell, Granville County, N. C.

From 1862 to 1868 there is a break in the anniversaries. 'Twas during those long, sad years when the College was suspended on account of the war. Her sons left the contests of oratory and debate for their Society's glory to enter those of war and blood for their country's honor.

The College reopened its doors in 1866. The first anniversary after the war was in

1868.

EU. J. T. Wescott.

PHI. F. W. Pennington.

1869.

EU. J. L. Pritchard.

PHI. A. H. Hicks, Wake Forest, N. C.

1870.

EU. Rob't E. Royall, Wake Forest.

PHI. C. M. Seawell, Carthage, N. C.

1871.

PHI. W. N. Sykes.

EU. H. A. Brown, Winston, N. C.

In 1872 the Public Debate, held at 2 o'clock in the evening was added to the programme of Anniversary. The Societies elected two debaters each, one from each Society being on the same side of the question for discussion. The officers of the debate were a president and secretary, alternating between the Societies each year.

1872—ORATORS.

EU. J. F. Tuttle, Hertford County.

PHI. C. H. Martin.

DEBATE.

President, J. H. Garvey, Ashe County, N. C.; Recording Secretary, R. V. Royall.

Query: "Is increase of knowledge, increase of happiness?"

Affirmative—T. R. Underwood, Johnston County, N. C.; M. D. Burney, Alabama.

Negative—A. R. Jones, Wake County, N. C.; R. T. Vann, Hertford County, N. C.

1873—ORATORS.

PHI. A. R. Jones, Wake County, N. C.

EU. J. J. Vann.

DEBATE.

President, W. O. McDowell; Recording Secretary, L. W. Bagley.

Query: "In the career of Napoleon Bonaparte is there more to admire than to condemn?"

Affirmative—H. R. Scott, Reidsville, N. C.; A. C. Dixon, Shelby, N. C.

Negative—D. A. Covington, Monroe, N. C.; Bruce Williams, New Hanover County, N. C.

1874—ORATORS.

EU. D. A. Covington, Monroe, N. C.

PHI. H. R. Scott, Reidsville, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, J. H. Vernon, Rockingham County, N. C.; Recording Secretary, J. E. Ray.

Query: "Which is the cause of more evil, Ambition or Intemperance?"

Affirmative—W. H. Connell, Granville County, N. C.; L. W. Bagley, Johnston County, N. C.

Negative—J. W. Lucas, Harnett County, N. C.; Thomas Carrick, Davidson County, N. C.

1875—ORATORS.

PHI. J. W. Lucas, Harnett County, N. C.

EU J. A. White, Forsyth County, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, W. C. Brewer, Wake Forest, N. C.; Recording Secretary, W. O. Phillips.

Query: "Is the Sword mightier than the Pen?"

Affirmative—W. W. Jenkins, Charlotte, N. C.; J. L. Britt, Wayne County, N. C.

Negative—J. E. Ray, Wake County, N. C.; J. T. Bland, New Hanover County, N. C.

1876—ORATORS.

EU. J. L. Pritchard, Camden County, N. C.

PHI. J. T. Bland, Wilmington, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, B. F. Montague; Recording Secretary, J. W. Denmark.

Query: "Is the career of Oliver Cromwell more to be condemned than admired?"

Affirmative—W. L. Poteat, Yanceyville, N. C.; J. B. Powers, Pender County, N. C.

Negative—E. E. Folk, Brownsville, Tenn.; C. W. Scarborough, Wake County, N. C.

1877—ORATORS.

PHI. E. E. Folk, Brownsville, Tenn.

EU. W. L. Poteat, Yanceyville, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, C. W. Scarborough, Wake County; Recording Secretary, J. R. Jones.

Query: "Was the reign of Henry VIII detrimental or beneficial to England?"

Affirmative—W. L. Wright, Montgomery County, N. C.; J. G. Bunch, Chowan County, N C.

Negative—W. E Daniel, Weldon, N. C.; E. B. Jones, Forsyth County, N. C.

1878—ORATORS.

EU. W. E. Daniel, Weldon, N. C.

PHI. W. T. Jordan.

DEBATE.

President, W. L. Wright, Montgomery County, N. C.; Recording Secretary, E. F. Aydlett, Camden County, N. C.

Query: "Which was the greater statesman, John C. Calhoun or Henry Clay?"

Affirmative—J. C. Caddell, Carthage, N. C.; J. R. Ford, Marion, S. C.

Negative—N. Y. Gulley, Johnston County, N. C.; W. N. Jones, Raleigh, N. C.

1879—ORATORS.

PHI. W. L. Wright, Montgomery County, N. C.

EU. W. N. Jones, Raleigh, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, G. T. Prichard, Richmond, Va.; Recording Secretary, J. T. J. Battle.

Query: "Was the French Revolution injurious to Europe?"

Affirmative—J. F. McMillan, Robeson County, N. C.; J. N. Holding, Wake Forest, N. C.

Negative—E. F. Aydlett, Camden County, N. C.; H. Montague, Wake Forest, N. C.

1880—ORATORS.

EU. J. N. Holding, Wake Forest, N. C.

PHI. M. A. Jones, Apex, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, J. S. Bizzell, La Grange, N. C.; Recording Secretary, W. B. Waff.

Query: "That an increase of prosperity causes a corresponding increase of morality?"

Affirmative—C. S. Farriss, Raleigh, N. C.; L. T. Carroll, Columbus County, N. C.

Negative—W. H Ragsdale, Oxford, N. C.; N. R. Pittman, Lumberton, N. C.

1881—ORATORS.

PHI. L. T. Carroll, Columbus County, N. C.

EU. N. R. Pittman, Robeson County, N. C.

President, R. A. P. Cooley, Franklin County, N. C.; Recording Secretary, D. P. Reinheart.

Query: "That the cause of civil liberty has been promoted more by the general diffusion of intelligence than by human suffering?"

Affirmative—W. T. Lewellyn, Surry County, N. C.; D. L. Ward, Wilson County, N. C.

Negative—E. M. Poteat, Yanceyville, N. C.; D. W. Herring, Pender County, N. C.

1882—ORATORS.

EU. H. G. Holding, Wake Forest, N. C.

PHI. D. W. Herring, Pender County, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, O. L. Stringfield, Pender County, N. C.; Recording Secretary, J. W. Fleetwood.

Query: "Is the system of universal suffrage in the United States conducive to the best interests of the Republic?"

Affirmative—W. J. Ferrell, Wake County, N. C.; E. G. Beckwith, New Hill, N. C.

Negative—E. E. Hilliard, Harnett County, N. C.; Thomas Dixon, Jr., Shelby, N. C.

1883—ORATORS.

PHI. E. S. Alderman, Wilmington, N. C.

EU. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Shelby, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, G. C. Briggs, Asheville, N. C.; Recording Secretary, H. P. Markham.

Query: "Resolved, that foreign immigration ought to be prohibited."

Affirmative—L. L. Jenkins, Charlotte, N. C.; W. F. Marshall, Louisburg, N. C.

Negative—D. M. Austin, Polkton, N. C.; H. B Folk, Brownsville, Tenn.

1884—ORATORS.

EU. D. M. Austin, Anson County, N. C.

PHI. J. C. C. Dunford, Parnassus, S. C.

DEBATE.

President, C. L. Smith, Durham, N. C.; Recording Secretary, A. M. Redfearn.

Query: "Do the signs of the times indicate long life for the Republic?"

Affirmative—F. Dixon, Shelby, N. C.; E. Ward, Lumberton, N. C.

Negative—W. B. Pope, Lumberton, N. C.; W. B. Norton, Lilesville, N. C.

1885—ORATORS.

PHI. E Ward, Lumberton, N. C.

EU. Frank Dixon, Shelby, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, A. T. Hord, Shelby, N. C.; Recording Secretary, H. B. Conrad, Forsyth County, N. C.

Query: "Is England's course toward Ireland justifiable?"

Affirmative—J. B. Pruitt, Franklinton, N. C.; W. C. Allen, Halifax County, N. C.

Negative—J. L. White, Winston N. C.; C. E. Brewer, Wake Forest, N. C.

1886—ORATORS.

EU. J. L. White, Winston, N. C.

PHI. C. E. Brewer, Wake Forest, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, E. H. McCullers, Clayton, N. C.; Recording Secretary, J. W. Taylor, Hertford County, N. C.

Query: "Ought governments to furnish free education by taxation to all classes of their citizens?"

Affirmative—J. D. Boushall, Camden County, N. C.; J. B. Carlyle, St. Pauls, N. C.

Negative—Jacob Stewart, Mocksville, N. C.; W. P. Stradley, Oxford, N. C.

1887—ORATORS.

PHI. J. B. Carlyle, Robeson County, N. C.

EU. W. P. Stradley, Oxford, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, B. F. Hassell, Jr., Tyrrell County, N. C.; Recording Secretary, D A. Pittard, Granville County, N. C.

Query: "Has the introduction of the negro in the United States been productive of more good than evil?"

Affirmative—W. F. Watson, Carthage, N. C.; J. W. Lynch, Leaksville, N. C.

Negative—L. R. Pruitt, Cleveland County, N. C.; D. A. McCullers, Clayton, N. C.

1888—ORATORS.

PHI. J. W. Lynch, Leaksville, N. C.

EU. G. C. Thompson, Wake County, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, J. N. Boothe, Wake County, N. C.; Recording Secretary, F. B. Hendren, Wilkes County, N. C.

Query: "Resolved, that *Laissez faire* is a false theory of government"

Affirmative—M. L. Kesler, Statesville, N. C.; F. L. Merritt, Wake County, N. C.

Negative—R. B. Lineberry, Chatham County, N. C.: D. A. Davis, Yadkin County, N C.

1889—ORATORS.

PHI. F. L. Merritt, Wake County, N. C.

EU. D. A. Davis, Yadkin County, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, H. A. Foushee, Roxboro, N. C.; Recording Secretary, T. S. Sprinkle, Reeds, N. C.

Query: "Are the merits of the present free school system of North Carolina sufficient to justify the State in supporting it?"

Affirmative—W. C. Dowd, Charlotte, N. C.; J. R. Hankins, Salisbury, N. C.

Negative—M. L. Rickman, West Mills, N. C.; J. E. White, Apex, N. C.

1890—ORATORS.

EU. J. B. Spilman, Weldon, N. C.

PHI. J. E. White, Apex, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, T. L Blalock, Granville County, N. C.; Recording Secretary, G. W. Ward, Belvidere, N. C.

Query: "Ought the United States Government to have a Railroad Commission?"

Affirmative—T. W. Bickett, Monroe, N. C.; R. L. Burns, Moore County, N. C.

Negative—J. O. Atkinson, Wake County, N. C.; E. W. Sikes, Monroe, N. C

1891—ORATORS.

PHI. R. L Burns, Moore County, N. C.

EU E. W. Sikes, Monroe, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, H. A. Royster, Raleigh, N. C.; Recording Secretary, W. O. Howard, Tarboro, N. C

Query: "Would the adoption of Henry George's single tax tenure be beneficial to the poorer classes?"

Affirmative—C. B. Williams, Camden County, N. C.; J. A. Wray, Knoxville, Tenn.

Negative—J. L. Kesler, Statesville, N. C.; J. W. Millard, Goldsboro, N. C.

1892—ORATORS.

EU. John A. Wray, Knoxville, Tenn.

PHI. J. W. Millard, Goldsboro, N. C.

DEBATE.

President, E. T. Barnes, Wilson County, N. C.; Recording Secretary, E. F. Rice, Beaufort, N. C.

Query: "Should the United States annex Canada?"

Affirmative—C. D. Graves, Selma, N. C.; J. C. Kittrell, Kittrell, N. C.

Negative—D. A. Bridges, Dallas, Texas; E Y. Webb, Shelby, N. C.

O. H. DOCKERY, JR.

SOUTHERN LITERARY PORTRAITS—EDWIN W. FULLER.

It seems strange that North Carolina, with her Italian skies, her Alpine scenery, her rich historic past and wide-spreading future, should have produced so few men of literary genius. In such an atmosphere the poetic fire cannot but be kindled. Why, then, have no more of her sons and daughters woven the threads of beautiful thought into the garb of poetry?

Some one may declare that the tendency of modern literature is toward prose and the practical; that this is a commercial age, and concisely worded thought dominates over the mysterious spell of poetic diction; that the almighty dollar is overcoming the innate love of the soul for the true and the beautiful.

But we, with some reluctance, would offer another solution: The Old North State is conservative to a fault. She views with only silent admiration the deeds of her sons on the field and in the forum; and even when their hard-earned honors are about to be snatched from them by the partisan historian she scarcely offers a protest. The patriotism of our Revolutionary sires is recorded in musty, unattractive volumes, dusty, on the shelves of our libraries. The graves of our illustrious dead remain unnoticed and forgotten; their names, unrecorded on pillar or monument, overlooked by both the historian and poet.

To her writers, our State gives even a scantier recognition. Virginia is proud of her John Esten Cooke, who has immortalized her heroes in fiction; South Carolina quickly recognized the genius of the bard of Copse Hill; Georgia has reared a statue of bronze to her eloquent Grady.

But what has North Carolina done? Absolutely nothing. Despite the fact that our State is a fertile field for poet and novelist, we cannot secure a literature unless we give home talent more encouragement and more patronage than we do at present. Amid much discouragement, there have been a few brave souls who have written for love of humanity and not for money. Among these there stands no one superior to the subject of this sketch.

Even the STUDENT seems influenced, in some degree, by this spirit; for among the galaxy of Southern Literary Portraits, North Carolina is now for the first time represented.

The selection, however, is fortunate.

Edwin Wiley Fuller was born in Louisburg, N. C., Nov. 30th, 1847. His father was a man of fine personal appearance, extensive reading, vigorous intellect, and genuine, devoted piety. From his mother, a woman of superior culture and refinement, he inherited that gentleness and rich sympathy which gives a peculiar sweetness to all his writings. At home, under her

care, he was instructed until his tenth year, when he entered a primary school. At the early age of eleven he connected himself with the Methodist church, and from that time his whole life bore the impress of a consistent Christian character.

In his eighteenth year he entered the University of North Carolina, remaining there two years. Here he was universally popular, and his circle of friends included the best men of the institution. His superior talent could not be long concealed, and the same year he was chosen Anniversary Orator of his Society. His address attracted great attention by its beautiful language and striking illustrations. In September, 1867, he entered the University of Virginia. "Those young men of East Tennessee, North Georgia and South-western Virginia during the term of 1867–'8 will readily recall a youth of fragile frame and somewhat diminutive stature, who came among us at the opening of the term, whose eagle eye attracted our attention, while his gentle, winsome manners won our hearts. They will remember how we bowed in heart-felt homage before the splendid intellect of him who seemed only a boy of tender years, and they will readily concede him to have been the leading spirit of the band with whom he was almost an idol. His versatility of talents, his modesty, retiring nature, his chivalric sense of honor, his high soul integrity of purpose, his boundless ambition, his devotion as a friend, his exalted manhood, all these rise fresh before the minds of all who knew him at the University; and even more vividly will they recall the pure, unsullied character he bore."

His first literary production ever published was "The Village on the Tar," followed soon after by "Requiescam." The former is a lament of a dying inebriate, who, in his last moments, remembers his once happy home in "The Village on the Tar." From the tone of the latter poem, "Requiescam," one might imagine its author to have been of sombre, melancholy disposition; but not so, 'tis but the portrayal of a noble soul in a serious mood by one whom God has given the power of expressing his reverie in beautiful words. Other poems, written about this time, are of a more cheerful nature and written in a happier strain.

The "Angel in the Cloud," then a poem of only a few pages, was first published in the *University Magazine*. Its reception was very favorable to the young poet, and critics of national reputation passed high enconiums as to its worth. Encouraged by this success, after his return from the University of Virginia, in 1868, he began its revision and rearrangement for publication, This was done under exceedingly difficult circumstances. The continued ill-health of his father, together with increasing business cares, placed heavy responsibilities upon the young poet. In the summer of 1871, the father died. This

sad blow made a lasting impression upon the character of Mr. Fuller, and from this time there is a deeper earnestness noticeable in his life and writings.

In 1871, the first edition of "The Angel in the Cloud" was published. This poem is written in iambic pentameter, with an occasional trochee, relieving it of any mechanical tone and adding variety to its rythmic movement The plot, while clear and simple, is novel and original. His style is pure, his dictation lofty, and his thought elevating. Perspicuity and naturalness characterize the whole work. The writer has entered a field almost unknown in poetry—philosophy. In combining these two, so seemingly difficult, he has displayed a tact surprising for one so young, and the genius of a master. Having chosen an unbroken path, like all reformers, he met an overwhelming storm of criticism. If to have a definite object, a noble aim in poetry is wrong, then Mr. Fuller has committed an error, for behind every line there is an unerring purpose. He is one of the pioneers of a new order of poetry, to which Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold belong; in which thought dominates over style, and clearness and force over rythm and euphony.

The first few pages vividly describe a hot, sultry August afternoon, when

"The very winds
Seemed to have fled and left alone the heat
To rise from parched lawn and scorching fields
Like trembling incense to the blazing god."

A storm gathers with gloomy wrath, spreading its dark veil over field and wood, and with the on-coming storm a train of sombre thoughts darken the observer's mind—

"Yon brewing storm in verdant summer comes,
When vegetation spreads its foliage sails
That, like a full-rigged ship, are easier torn;
Why comes it not in winter, when the trees
With canvass reefed by autumn's furling frosts
Could toss in nude defiance to the blast?"

This is the irresistible "why" that arises in the inquisitive nature of every man. The desire to know who, what, and why we are throbs in the mind of every thoughtful being. The flood of sombre musing upon fate and self-love darken the first half of the poem. The eye-lids of the questioner close; sleep dissipates his joyless thoughts; he awakes to dream. Far up in the azure heavens, a descending speck is perceived, growing until before him a winged steed awaits a rider's command. On it he springs. Over wood, plain and sea, through smoke and cloud sped the celestial charger, nor paused until he stood in the presence of the Angel,

"On whose brow Rebuke and Wisdom met.
* * * * * *
"Above, around, all was infinitude
Of light and harmony. The worlds moved
In mazy multitude without a jar,
Star circling planet, planet sun and suns
In systems, farther yet and farther still,
'Till multiplying millions mingled formed
A sheet of milky line."

'Tis here the poet rises to almost Miltonic grandeur; the reader is borne

upward by magic spell till, with bated breath, he views the boundless unknown—the Infinite. We cannot do the poem justice. Description fails. To be understood and appreciated, it must be read.

One by one the Angel answers the questions of the despondent observer. The cloud of doubt overhanging the first half of the poem scatters; the sunlight breaks through; a tranquil peace falls upon the soul and the spirit of worship pervades the heart.

In 1873, Mr. Fuller, at the urgent request of family and friends, published "Sea Gift," a novel written by him when only eighteen years of age. The book abounds in rich description, striking scenes and characters true to life. Interest does not fag from beginning to end.

On the 26th of September, 1871, Mr Fuller was married to Mary E., daughter of the late Dr. Ellis Malone, of Louisburg. He was a devoted husband; she a loving wife, and their married life fulfilled his brightest dreams. In 1874, sorrow darkened the home. Little Ethel, the joy of the household, died. The father was well-nigh heart-broken. In his sadness he wrote the short, touching poems, "The Last Look," and "Out in the Rain."

On April 22, 1876, he passed peacefully away at his home in Louisburg. Although for several months his health had been declining, the end came unexpectedly.

"Edwin Fuller was no ordinary character, and while we struggle to comprehend the providence which cut him down in the hey-day of his great powers—even from his grave he speaks in the concluding lines of his 'Angel in the Cloud'"—

"Man cannot judge the Eternal Mind by his,
But must accept the mysteries of life
As purposes Divine, with perfect ends,
And in our darkest clouds God's angels stand
To work man's present and eternal good."

RUFUS WEAVER.

EDITORIAL.

A BENEVOLENT AUTHOR.

The labors of Count Leo Tolstoi for the starving peasants of Russia have challenged the admiration of lovers of good deeds everywhere. His benevolence, as seen in his sacrifices for these lowly people, has but few parallels in the history of the race. Leaving his home and his literary labors, to which he is much devoted, the author of "My Religion" hurried to the famine district, and is using his time and means to procure food for its miserable inhabitants, who, before his arival, saw before them nothing brighter than the long northern winter with its untold horrors of cold, hunger and death. But Count Leo Tolstoi has brought light and hope; at his own expense he feeds about one thousand every day. Tottering old grandmothers, younger women, children and men are fed at the table he provides. Nor has he been content with his own labors; with his pen he has aroused all Russia into activity and gained the attention even of the Czar, who had affected to be ignorant of the extent of the famine in his territories. The millers of America have sent a cargo of breadstuffs, the English people contributions of money. No wonder that Tolstoi is looked upon as a savior by the Russian peasant; no wonder that he is suspected of being a conspirator by the Russian despot, who cared not how many of his poor subjects perished, so long as he fared sumptuously every day. "My Religion" is no longer the visionary theories of a heretic; it is the rule of life of a great and conscientious man. Russia cannot claim another such as Tolstoi; Russia cannot claim him, he belongs not to her, his benevolence makes him the brother of every other man; a Christian cosmopolitan, his deeds are the common property of all mankind.

G. W. PASCHAL.

A PHASE OF MODERN FICTION.

The last few years have formed an epoch in nineteenth century literature. In them fiction, the creation of the period, the masterpiece of the English pen, has taken on a different form. The works of Robert Lewis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling, the tales of Bret Harte and Joel Chandler Harriss, give evidence of a new feature. It has been called, and justly called, the "Short Story Age" in literature.

The last decade has witnessed the decline of the long novel and the rise of the short No more do we see the large volume. But the periodical is flooded. The monthly, the weekly, the daily—all contain examples of the popular craze.

But the difference is not merely one of length. The novel of to-day is not that of fifty years ago. The quality, the style, the subject-matter is different. The short novel leaves no room for analysis of character. It gives hardly any play to the imagination. It deals with scenes, events, facts, rather than with passions and characters. More stress is laid on the plot itself than on the manner of its unfolding. But its advantages are equally numerous. It makes possible greater unity of parts and continuity of action. The characters are generally few, and the events easily held in memory. The impression made upon the reader is, therefore, not of disconnected parts, but as a whole. But the chief difference lies in the motive employed. In the novel the main-spring to action, the connecting link between the incidents, is found in love. In the story this may or may not be the case. A thousand others may be produced. Hence, the wider range, the greater freedom of the latter.

Whatever may be urged against the literature of the period; whatever it may lack in the pathos of the early dramatists, the philosophy of the Elizabethan age, the grace and finish, elegant, though artificial, of a century ago, it has, at least, given to the world the greatest production of all literatures—the novel; to the writer, the grandest realm in which to wander—modern fiction. As long as human nature remains what it is, so long will the story of real life give pleasure, so long will the portrayal of human character and passion never cease to charm. To the novelist, there remains a power which none other can ever wield.

And in the modern drift of fiction we see the consummate product of the literatures of the centuries. The impress of the age affecting all else has touched the realm of letters also, and the result is the short story. In it we have the cream, the essence of the novel. In its composition is needed the summit of good taste and literary ability. To unfold a plot in a few pages is an accomplishment possessed by few. The relation of an anecdote, the enlargement of an incident is one thing, the successful exposition of a "web of romance" in a few words another. W. W.

CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON.

The month of February as it was ushered in carried to the civilized world the sad intelligence of the departure of one of its greatest leaders. Early in the winter the health of the great London preacher became such that he was forced to seek a milder climate. Mentone, in Southern France, on many similar occasions had proved a favorable resort, and it was hither that he bent his way in search of health. And here, beside the Mediterranean sea, Mr. Spurgeon spent his last days, and closed his eventful career January 31, 1892.

Those who know of his life tell us that it was one continual struggle. Born in moderate circumstances, descended from the great middle class, he learned during his early years to endure those trials and overcome those difficulties which must be surmounted to make life worth living. His life is another striking proof of that already well established truth: that humble though honorable birth, so far from being a barrier to greatness, is one of the most fruitful sources from which true nobility springs.

We have no better criterion by which to judge of his greatness than by the wonderful achievements which he wrought. Pastor's College, with its 1,500 young men already gone forth to the duties of life, many of these to labor in foreign lands, will serve as a fit memorial of its illustrious founder and president. Though the voice of Mr. Spurgeon will never more be heard in his great London Tabernacle, truly he yet speaketh throughout England and in many other lands. The 500 boys and girls who are constantly to be found at Stockwell Orphanage, together with the hundreds who have gone out from that institution, will ever keep sacred the memory of their noble benefactor, through whose influence they have found a Christian home. His Home for the Aged, Alms House, Colportage Work and School for the Poor are unmistakable evidences of his goodness.

For many years he was editor of the *Sword and Trowel*, and this excellent religious magazine is a sufficient comment upon his ability in this capacity.

As an author he is no less renowned. The "Treasury of David" and "John Ploughman's Talk" have probably been most widely circulated, 180,000 of the latter being sold in the first year after its appearance. "Morning by Morning," "Evening by Evening," "The Saint and Saviour," "Types and Emblems," "Lectures to my Students," in four volumes, and "John Ploughman's Pictures," together with many smaller works, are among his publications. Beside these, there are 1,500 sermons bound in twenty-seven volumes.

But it was as a preacher that he was pre-eminently great. For more than a third of a century vast audiences from all parts of the world flocked to hear his teaching, and yet the interest never waned, but steadily grew with each passing year. No auditorium, save his mammoth Metropolitan Tabernacle, with a seating capacity of six thousand, could suffice for his use, and even here it is said that it was no easy matter to secure a seat.

Considering all this, one may ask, In what did his greatness as a preacher consist? Low of stature and inclined to superfluous flesh, his physique must have been against him as an orator. With the rules of elocution and fine oratory he did not comply, but was extremely simple in gesture, and expressed his thoughts in the most concrete language. "His was the power of a thoroughly good man." With the honest conviction that he had a

message to deliver, he delivered it with the earnestness of his being and the genuine simplicity of his nature. Of him it was said, "He preaches well, but he prays better."

Fifty-seven years and seven months, a short life, comparatively, but how wonderfully useful! His was, indeed, a noble aim in life, and one well worthy to be imitated, viz., to glorify God and bless humanity.

E. S. REAVES.

CURRENT NOTES.—It is to be observed that the *University Exchange* department has suddenly awoke to a realization of the "spirit of unfairness," partiality and the like, with which the November STUDENT appears to have been "saturated," with regard to the game of a season ago.

The editor's eloquent discourse concerning "the ignorant" and the "higher plain" for college students, etc., is doubtless interesting, but—

Wake Forest is sick and tired, and wearied, and bored, and disgusted with resurrected issues and *post-mortem* criminations, and now suppose we devote no more space to the University Exchange. W. W. V.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

THE deaths in European and American countries during the month of January were greater perhaps than for any period of the same length since the discovery of America. Rich and poor, great and small, saint and sinner alike have been disregarded; "*pallida mors æquo pede* knocking at the doors of all classes. The Russian famine has been most severe on the lower classes, but among those prominent in the world's affairs the mortality has been fearfully great.

About the first of the month, Cardinal Manning, until the time of death, one of the most prominent Englishmen in the Catholic church, died at the advanced age of eighty-three. His long life was devoted to the service of the church of his choice; for it he labored assiduously, zealously and successfully; thus death found him.

In striking contrast with the life of Cardinal Manning was that of Prince Albert Victor, heir presumptive to the throne of England, who died on the same day. His life was given up to pleasure, and possessed of every advantage he had accomplished nothing. He was thought to be not many de-

grees removed from idiocy; his royal blood could not conceal that from the public, and on the occasion of his betrothal to Princess Mary of Tech, a few weeks prior to his death, many of the English journals went so far as to express their sympathy for the unfortunate Princess. But when his death was reported, all England went into mourning, apparently sincerely regretting the death of the young Prince. This would seem to indicate that monarchy, or the semblance of it, monarchical form, has a strong place in the affections of the English people, and that an English republic is not to be expected for some generations.

But greatest of all the Englishmen who died during the month of January was Charles Haddon Spurgeon, the great London preacher. There is hardly a village among English-speaking people where his name is not known, his sermons read, his influence felt. Preaching to the largest congregation in the world for two score of years, he has been one of the leaders of religious thought, and established for himself a reputation second to no preacher since the Reformation.

Of equal importance to us was the death of Dr. Basil Manly, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville. From the time of its establishment until his death he was a teacher in the Seminary; his labors in its behalf have been invaluable, and his place will not soon be filled. He also had considerable talent in the line of hymnology, and compiled a book of hymns, "The Choice," which was coming from the press at the time of his death.

THE most interesting matter of conjecture just now is who will be the Presidential candidates in the coming campaign. Already the opposing hosts have raised considerable clouds of dust on either side of the political horizon and the glimmering of the shields reveals who is most prominent and likely to be the leaders. On the Republican side, since the withdrawal of Blaine from the race, Harrison is apparently without opposition, and certain to receive the nomination. With the Democrats, however, matters are not so concordant; Hill and Cleveland both ask the support of their party and on much the same grounds—their past records. Until a year ago, Cleveland was the undoubted choice of the South, but of late Hill has been steadily growing into favor. This, we believe, has been, in a great measure, brought about by Cleveland's friends, who erroneously imagine they are benefiting their favorite's cause by abusing Hill, whose record for seven years as Governor of New York—a position which he leaves only for the higher one of United States Senator—does much to refute the calumnies of his opponents.

WITH what a thrill of joy did the nation hear of the death of the Louisiana Lottery! But a moment ago, and it seemed that it would succeed despite opposition; the moral sense of the

nation was aroused, but the cause of the anti-lotterymen was recognized as hopeless. The new postal laws gave the lottery its death blow, and for passing this law, if for nothing else, the last Congress deserves to live long in the memories of the American people.

ALUMNI NOTES.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

—'86. Rev. J. L. White, formerly pastor of the First Church of Durham, has accepted a call to the First Church of Asheville. He is one of the leading ministers of the State, an orator of no ordinary ability, a careful student and a fearless champion of the cause in which he is enlisted.

—'86. Dr. R. H. Whitehead is Instructor in Anatomy and Materia Medica in the Medical School of the State University. Dr. Whitehead is a physician of rare skill and ability, and not long since successfully applied a treatment which has brought his name into prominence. Briefly stated, the feat referred to was that of producing artificial digestion in the gullet of a patient who happened to have the misfortune to get a piece of beef, with a stout gristle attached, lodged in the passage several inches above the stomach. This was effected by preparing an artificial gastric juice by combining pepsin syrup and hydrochloric acid in the proper proportions, which being administered brought relief to the patient by digesting the troublesome beef.

—'86. "The Magistrates at their meeting on Monday elected Mr. John E. Vann, of Winton, as Solicitor of the Criminal Court of Hertford County. The *Index* thinks that the Magistrates acted wisely in selecting Mr. Vann, and believes that he will perform the duties of the office with credit to himself and the Court." The above was clipped from the Murfreesboro *Index*, and confirms what we said of Mr. Vann in a recent issue of THE STUDENT.

'88. Rev. T. C. Buchanan is Principal of the Academy at Globe, N. C., and was married not long since to a young lady who had recently entered his school. We extend congratulations and best wishes.

—'89. H. M. Shaw, after reading law with his father, was granted license to practice at the examination held in January. We understand that he will

go into a copartnership with Hon. W. B. Shaw, his father, at Henderson.

—'90. George W. Ward, after taking the course at Chapel Hill, was also admitted to the Bar in January. He will locate at Elizabeth City and offer his services to the people of Eastern Carolina.

—'90. E. S. Coffey, after pursuing the usual course of reading, under the direction of Col. G. M. Folk, of Boone, N. C., was also granted license to practice law, at the recent examination. We hear that he will locate at Boone for the present. To all these young lawyers, THE STUDENT extends its best wishes for success.

—Lee H. Battle ('87–'90), formerly bank cashier, at Roxboro, has accepted a position as book-keeper with W. Duke & Co, of Durham. The Roxboro *Courier* says: "Mr. Battle is an excellent gentleman, a first-class business man, and of course is popular." The *Courier* also says things no less complimentary of Mrs. Battle. We are always pleased to note the good things said of our boys.

—B. B. Winborne, Esq., is Judge of the Criminal Court of Hertford, and is an exemplary official. Judge Winborne is one of the best lawyers in North-eastern Carolina, and enjoys a large and lucrative practice. He is a good financier, and is President of the Murfreesboro Railroad Company. But for his untiring energy this road would not have been built. He has husbanded his resources, and is one of the wealthiest men in his county.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. W. VASS, Editor *pro tem.*

=Anniversary!

=More honey!!!

Senior Vacation.

=Where is it? "Out of sight!"

=Miss Mattie McLeod is the guest of Mrs. J. B. Brewer.

=Ask Reese what he means by "illicit process of the Major."

=Miss Lollie Lewis, of Goldsboro, N. C., is the guest of Miss Lucy Mills.

=Miss Lillian Daniel, of Weldon, N. C., is visiting Miss Annie Walters.

=It is to be observed that the *Night Hawk* club has again commenced operations.

=Miss Sophie Hart, of Charleston, S. C., is the guest of her uncle, Professor Lanneau.

=The Hill is delighted to welcome again Mr. and Mrs. Baker, and with them Miss Carrie Buskey, of Norfolk.

=Some things that make us tired—
The rising bell.
Depot wall-flowers.
Church-door loafers.
All references to Senior Vacation.
Anonymous love-sick poetry.

=And now from the ashes of departed dreams, from the desolate ruins of fallen hopes, let us rear a sepulchre, and with holy veneration consign to an eternal rest that iridescent vision of a dreamer—Senior Vacation.

=We are glad to inform the young ladies of the Hill that there is still hope. We have it on reliable authority that a certain Adonis is taking ten extra recitations this year with the express intention of devoting the next to Cupid.

=The recent examination in physiology appears to have developed some astounding facts in reference to the human diaphragm, and the cause of myopia. The results will doubtless be forwarded at once to the *Scientific American.*

=The church-goers on a Sunday morning not many months ago were edified by the spectacle of a chicken's head protruding from the sand in front of the old dormitory building, with this inscription, "Pray for me. I'm in the soup!"

=Exit the most pleasant Anniversary in our recollection. Among the visiting young ladies who graced the occasion, we note Miss Cannady of Oxford; Miss Graves, of Selma; the Misses Kittrell, of Kittrell; Miss Kitchin, of Scotland Neck; Miss Raney, of Kittrell; Miss Street, of Roxboro; Miss Wynne, of Raleigh.

=Mr. J. H. Gore, Jr., a student from Wilmington, N. C., has presented to the College Museum his collection of birds' eggs, numbering about three hundred, and representing many species. It is one of the most valuable amateur collections in the State.

=We regret to announce the departure of Miss Julia Brewer for her home in Murfreesboro, after a brief visit to relatives on the Hill. The glum and down-cast looks of certain of the Senior class seem to intimate "H----" (w)ell they would have liked to "depart" also.

=By a recent decision of a young lady of the Hill, the most "kissable" mouth in College is the property of a certain popular and energetic base-ball manager. Since the above was rendered, half of the college, including THE STUDENT staff, has turned green with jealousy.

=We have been delighted to see again the familiar faces of several old students. Messrs. Riddick, Coffee and Moore, class of '90; Shaw, '89, and Pendleton have at different times during the past month spent a day or so on the Hill. Come often, boys! To see you again reminds us of *Auld Lang Syne.*

=With pleasure we announce the election of Mr. D. M. Prince as Manager of THE WAKE FOREST STUDENT for the coming year. Owing to an un-

fortunate loss of manuscript the present issue was greatly delayed, and the departments confused, *ergo*, the unusual lameness of "In and About College." We hope to be more prompt in future.

=The latest departure in athletics is the tug-of-war. Class teams will be organized, and the "tug" will constitute one of the features of field-day. The most recent measure of the Senior class is the election of Mr. D. H. Bridges as Captain of the team. And it is hoped that this particular measure will be attended with more success than the generality.

=Field-day has become a reality. Our popular young Professor of Physical Culture is full of the subject, and the boys are with him hand and glove. This is a new departure, one which meets with everyone's approbation. The medals are ordered, and things are getting in shape rapidly. Let everybody join in and make this, the first of the kind, a grand success.

=The following diagnosis of the Fresh. Class has been handed in:

Cheeky man—Justice.
Pretty man—Hobgood.
Conceited man—Gore.
Ugly man—Wallace.
Blusher—Burden.
Dude—Parker.
Dead-beat—Morgan.
Borer—Exum, with honorable mention of Rogers, Carpenter, and Howell, W.
General all-round-cussedness–Dockery, S.

=Certain whispers are going the rounds of an interesting romance in our midst. We have space only for the outline: *Scene*—A moonlight field at midnight. *Place*—The proximity of a chicken coop. *Motive to Action*—A double-barrelled shotgun. *Distance*—One hundred yards. *Time*—Ten seconds; and it appears that the half-year Freshman from Bertie still holds the record.

=What about that oratorical contest? We believe the plan, as proposed by Col. E. G. Harrell, is a good one. We are confident that it will prove a success. And if there is to be anything of the kind, Wake Forest should be represented. The Philomathesian and Euzelian Societies, which claim to be the peers of any in the South cannot afford to be backward in the matter. We say, "Lay on, Macduff!"

=Our genial Professor of Astronomy held quite a reception on the night of the Aurora Borealis for the benefit of anxious enquirers in regard to the probable approach of "Colonel Gabriel." It appears, however, that some bright genius, unmoved by the nocturnal rainbows and other celestial disturbances, conceived the idea of running an opposition in the shape of a lantern suspended in the top of a campus oak. And thereby hangs a tale with reference to three seniors who were strolling homeward in the "wee sma' hours," and seeing the phenomenon took it for moon number two, inferring—but we mustn't tell all we know.

=A very important change in the administration of the College has recently taken place. Professor Tom, by pressure of his arduous, labors, has been compelled to abdicate the chair of bell-ringing, and Professor Dennis has been called to that exalted post. While we sincerely regret the former's retirement from public life, we feel assured that his successor will ably sustain the dignity and responsibilities of the position.

=It is not within our province to report Anniversary, but just a word in regard to the feature of the evening. By the kindness of the ladies of the Hill, the gymnasium was tastily decorated with the colors, and refreshments served therein, the proceeds to go towards defraying the expenses of the base-ball season. Although the weather was unfavorable in the extreme, enough was cleared to set the team on a sound basis. Now this is a move in the right direction, and the Association begs to tender its thanks to all who in anyway contributed to the success of the evening, and especially to the young ladies who so heroically contrived to consume the ice-cream, with the thermometer at zero, for the cause of athletics.

=Now it came to pass, in the days of Daniel, the ruler, that the Senior class was exceeding wroth, and counselled one with another, saying: "Lo, we are as the dust of the field, which is trodden under foot. Come, therefore, let us paint the town red, which, being interpreted, is 'Raise Cain.'"

And it was night. And the rain descended, and the winds blew; and when they had arisen early in the morning to see the work of their hands, lo! they were not. And every man went to his own house. And, behold, not a Senior was seen in all the land, for they were exceeding sorrowful.

Now the rest of the acts of the Senior class, and what they did and what they did not, are they not all written in the book of the Chronicles of the Howler?

=The first of the interclass matches took place on the 9th of February betweeen Junior and Fresh classes, resulting in a complete walk-over for the former, who, consequently, hold the championship of the College until the Seniors dispute the fact on the 26th instant. Base-ball is on the boom. It does our soul good to see the outlook on the diamond. The boys seem to have started in with the realization that nothing but hard, steady systematic training will bring the team up to what it can and must become. The material here this year is, in our judgment, better than ever before, and with the necessary training, our chances for the season are excellent. We are informed that two dates have already been scheduled—one for the 30th of April with University, the other for the 4th of May with Trinity. Keep the ball rolling!

=The remnants of the Terpsichorean have reorganized and once again the night is made hideous with their dulcet (?) strains.

=The latest fad in the matter of locomotion in Pennsylvania appears to be the wheelbarrow. Verily, this is an age of progress!

=La Grippe has again been all the rage for the past few weeks. Among its victims we regret to note Professor Sledd. THE STUDENT extends its sympathy.

=With pleasure we announce the election of Mr. Frank P. Hobgood as manager of the base-ball team. The selection is a good one and will give universal satisfaction.

=With great pleasure we chronicle the resurrection of the *Howler*. The last issue, besides being in every way up to the high standard of former years, has the additional advantage of an artist on the staff.

WAKE FOREST SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY—FEBRUARY SESSION.

Although the attendance was rather small on account of the grippe, and one of the members from whom a paper was expected was unable to be present on that account, the session proved an interesting one.

Professor Brewer first read a paper on that newly isolated member of Halogen Family—Fluorine.

All attempts to obtain fluorine in the free state had failed. This appears to have been due to the extraordinary power which this element has of combining with other substances. This power caused it to combine with whatever materials of which the vessels in which it was liberated were made.

In the latter part of 1887, the French chemist Monsieur Moissan discovered a means of preparing platinum so that fluorine would not immediately attack it. Then he took an apparatus made of that metal, prepared it, and by simply passing an electric current through a solution of potassium fluoride and hydro-fluoric acid, the element was obtained in the free state without much difficulty. By this method fluorine is now isolated quite rapidly.

The Professor then went on to discuss its occurrence, properties, importance in chemistry, etc.

When the paper was placed before the Society, the question arose as to why fluorine occurs in nature chiefly in combination with calcium as *calcium fluoride*—being found almost wholly in this state, and in the compound known as *cryolite*.

Professor Poteat next called the attention of the Society to three glass cylinders, each containing about the same amount of water, and each having a layer of mud sediment at the bottom.

He said that last summer when he had his well cleaned out, the water, of course, was muddy. The old negro who did the job remarked, that all the water needed now was a handful of salt. The Professor, though he had often heard this, did not believe in it,

and threw in no salt. But in his absence some one tried the experiment, and the water soon settled.

Did the salt have anything to do with this, or would the water have improved just as soon without it? He determined to find out. He took the three cylinders and filled them equally with water in which he had shaken some as finely divided mud as he could obtain—the last cylinder being more muddy, if anything, than the others. In the first he put no salt. In the second he put a smaller quantity. In the third he dropped twice as much as in the second.

In an hour or so the third was clear. A little later and the second settled also. But it took weeks for the first to settle, and even months before it became quite as clear as the other two.

How did the salt effect this change? They were not solutions but mechanical mixtures, and why did the particles of mud remain in suspension longer in one case than in another?

At this point Professor Lannean took up the discussion. He suggested that, suppose an earthy particle *adheres* to a molecule of water. By gravity that particle and molecule together should descend, starting a delicate current downward, and, therefore, a corresponding current upward.

But, if a similar particle *adheres* to a molecule in the upward current, these two tend to produce like counter currents. The forces are thus in equilibrium, and, therefore, the earthy particles remain in suspension, until their adhesion to the molecules of water is, in some way, lessened.

Now, the question arises: How is this adhesion lessened? How does the salt clarify the water?

As bearing on this question Professor L. made the following experiments: One of the horn scale pans of a delicate balance was arranged to just touch the surface of the water used, and then weights were carefully placed in the other scale pan until the adhesion of the surface of the water to the under surface of the first scale pan was overcome and its strength noted.

ADHESION.

1. To surface of pure water	5.09	grains.
" " of salted water (saltiness 2.6 per cent.)	3.45	"
Loss of adhesion (32 per cent.)	1.64	"
2. To surface of pure water	4.05	grains.
" " of salted water (saltiness 1.3 per cent.)	4.00	"
Loss of adhesion (11 per cent.)	0.05	"
3. To surface of pure water	4.07	grains.
" " of salted water (saltiness $\frac{1}{100}$ of 1 per cent.)	4.06	"
Loss of adhesion (2 per cent.)	0.01	"

The last case shows that a mere trace of salt in the water, one part to 10,000, diminishes the adhesive force as much as two per cent.

The after-discussion led to the influence which salt may have in the formation of bars at the mouths of rivers, of the lines seen dividing the ocean water from that of the river, in the greater ease with which vessels move in salt water than in fresh, etc.

I. H.

THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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SENTIMENTAL.

If all the flowers of the field
  With thee should be compared—
The rose, the lily—all would yield
  To thee, my golden-haired.
For not in beauty can thy mate
  In all this world be found,
Nor yet, in that more fortunate—
  A mind and soul profound.
I speak, not as lovers do,
  To gain some selfish end,
But to thy charms make homage true,
  The homage of a friend.

MEÆ MULSÆ.

A "POISONED PARADISE." *

I can conceive of no more beautiful country than the south-eastern part of France. It seems to be the favored region of the sun. There the restless and careworn business man is wont to bask near the shore-locked lakes, or to commune for a time with Nature beneath the kindly shade of the giant palms, olive trees and oleanders. There, beneath the bright sunshine

* Anniversary Oration of John A. Wray, Orator from the Euzelian Society, February 12th, 1892.

of a deep-blue unclouded sky such as only the genial South can boast, in this gallery of picturesque scenery and land of villas, are many lounging-rooms for tired and weary man. This Riviera has its sunny spots, its Marsailles, its Mentone, its Nice; but would that to-night I could wield the pen of a Goldsmith, had the language of an Irving, or the eloquence of our own lamented Henry Grady, that I might speak to you of Monte Carlo, which none can rival in situation and grandeur. There, in this great hall of natural and artistic beauty, it seems that the two immortal goddesses have met, joined hands, and each bestowed upon the other her richest jewels. In the background of this beautiful picture stand the majestic rocks; the mysterious Alpine mountains, with their eternal peaks of snow piercing the very doors of heaven, hover over this fascinating spot, and ever and anon they loose their little gurgling streams that they may hurry along over their mossy beds to water the flowers and shrubbery below. At the foot of these mountains, and extending toward the deep-blue of the tideless Mediterranean lies the Hesperides garden of the world. There, as far as eye can see, are groves of fragrant orange trees, forests of lemon, beautiful gardens with their palm trees and their cactuses, beds of roses and violets, the verdure of endless Spring, and towering tropical plants that wave their graceful locks to the morning sun. An Eden, graced with all that is wont to make it the paradise of the world! As you approach near enough to become sensible of the sweet odors wafted in the breeze which sighs through the flowers and the orange blossoms, to hear the birds sing their love song, and catch a glimpse of the cloud-shadows flighting over the blue mountains in the distance, you feel as though you would loose your soul from its prison-house that it might commune with the spirits which seem to hover around you. You seem to be nearing the home of the fairies, when, at last, you look upon the Casino, a magnificent edifice, standing in its haughty grandeur in the very center of this Hesperides garden, and, like the Grecian Acropolis, looking down on all below. You have doubtless heard of the beautiful apples that grow upon the banks of the Dead Sea To the traveler's eye they seem delicious as the golden pomegranates of Eden, but crushed in his hand they change to ashes, and just so it is with the rare beauty of Monte Carlo. The apple plucked from Eden's bough is rotten at the core! Yes, "Under each crumpled rose-leaf is a bright-eyed asp; beneath the golden fruit in this Hesperides garden gleams the foul-fanged adder." The very atmosphere is charged with a poisonous gas, and the fountains, fed by the little mountain streams, pour their clear water into a stagnant pool. Yet to this place from all over

Europe hurry men and women, kings and queens, lords and peasants, for within the walls of that magnificent Casino, the pride of art and glory of architecture, is the gambling-hell of Europe. There throats are cut; fortunes, the accumulations of years, are lost in an hour; there more suicides are committed daily than in any other spot on the globe. Man and woman, having lost their all, walk out of this den of thieves with hopeless expressions, bloated faces, and in their recklessness and dire despair they seek to extinguish the flame of their own life. Here man is the serpent that has entered and inserted his deadly fangs into that which should be beautiful and pure; has corrupted the very heart of Nature. What an influence for good might Monte Carlo wield! yet man has made it a pest-house. *The Paradise made by God has been poisoned by man.*

Why is it that the heirs of God will oftimes oppose the will of Nature, and attempt to change the channel of her intentions? We have only to remember that man is a child of circumstance, and is rocked in the cradle of environment. When the cradle turns, so will he. Eden was pure, innocent and holy. God implants in the bosom of every human being a conception and an appreciation of purity. The tiny babe that sits on its mother's knee bespeaks the purity of its Creator; its merry chatter and prattle show that the Great Author is good. The soul of the universe is charged only with the good and the true. The rivulet that gushes from the mountain side pure and clear as crystal, the snow-flake that falls from His own hand—these testify that Nature is pure. But there are tributaries that poison the purest courses, other streams pollute what was unpolluted, the snow-flake is colored and loses its beauty by contact with earth. All things were made to serve the good and the true, but short-sighted and erring man struggles to thwart and check. There is a purpose in every work of creation. Not a star in the firmament, not a twig of grass in the field, not a stone in the ground but is meant to subserve a purpose, is a portion of the "Great Scheme."

> "Nothing walks with aimless feet,
> And no one life shall be destroyed,
> Or cast as rubbish to the void,
> When God hath made the pile complete."

The inhabitants of Grenada one morning, in 1492, when they turned their eyes toward an old gray-bearded man as he rode out from the Alhambra, with head and heart bowed, turning his back on Spain forever, knew not that they were looking on the discoverer of the Western world. Lawrence Coster, as he stood cutting the names of his children in the bark of a tree, did not realize that he was at the same time chiseling his own statute for a niche in the world's Parthenon. The boy who sang for

his breakfast on the streets of a little town in Germany, knew not that he dropped a pebble in the great sea of humanity, whose waves would continue to lash against the foundations of Papacy till the mitre-headed Pope should tremble in his chair at Rome. That Mayflower that ploughed an unknown sea more than three centuries ago, knew not that she had on board the ark of a covenant, the army of God, the protectors of right. That little band of pilgrims, as they erected their huts and stored their all in the deserted wigwams, did not know that they were laying the foundation of what He intended should be the temple of virtue, truth and justice. Yes, at last the Spirit of Truth, guided by the beacon-light which the creator of the universe held before her, had reached her home, although in her journey she had witnessed the downfall of empires and bathed her plumes in human gore. That body of honest workers who planted the first seeds of the constitution, who laid the corner-stone of the mighty edifice, and gave their lives in the erection of a home for the lovers of freedom, bequeathed their tools from man to man, father to son, generation to generation, and each mounting the scaffolds made by their predecessors have continued to work, until to-day that eternal rock, washed by the waves of the restless Atlantic, stands at the very threshold of the most powerful empire on earth.

And thus it is the source of mighty nations, as well as of individuals, is colored by the minutest circumstance. The great oak grows from the tiny acorn, one spark of electricity blew the mighty rocks of Hell Gate Reef into atoms, and once a woman's smile changed a nation's destiny.

"We are the heirs of all the ages, standing foremost in the files of time"; we have now become the heirs of the great and fundamental principles with which our untiring ancestors were endowed. And now, as we view the glorious sunset of the unparalleled nineteenth century, let us turn for a moment and look back over the path that we have trod. From the time when man stood in this boundless wilderness, and, with his beast, bowed at the brook to slake his thirst, ate what he had made by his own hands, knew nothing of steam, and the scrolls of nature were his literature, until to-day he drinks the water from distant springs, orders his meals by the touch of the electric bell, and realizes not from whence they come; is hurled across the continent with the speed of lightning, sits in his chair and reads the news of the world; he spans from ocean to ocean, the sea breezes meet; he stands first on the frozen shores of the lakes, then sails over the tepid waters of the great Southern gulf. He has chained fate to his chariot wheels and made destiny his household slave.

Oh, that John Lockland could rise

from his ashes and see what his signing the Magna Charta has done for mankind! From that crumpled parchment has sprung the pioneer of the world, the answer to the prayer of the ages, and all nations bow their heads and gaze in wonder at her prosperity and advancement, her grandeur and resistless power. If some grand old man who guarded the fire of personal freedom, like the vestal virgin at the altar, could rise from his grave made holy by his dust, mount some high pinnacle, and turning his eyes westward could behold this factor of human progress, this pyramid of civilization, standing in all its pomp and glory, he could only exclaim in a voice that has been silent through the centuries, "*Eureka!!* Thank God, I look upon the paradise of the universe, the realized dream of ages." But doubtless, in his blind enthusiasm and ignorance, he unknowingly looks upon the apple of the Dead Sea and all its ashen fruit cast ashore, a Monte Carlo, a paradise that is already being poisoned by greedy and selfish man.

Let us call on Raphael, the most renowned of Greek artists, to give us a true painting of the inside of this pyramid, of the society of America to-day, and to put it on a canvas stretched across the blue canopy and pinned to the very heavens by the stars, so that all the people may see and no longer be deceived. In the centre near the top of the canvas he would paint in his most brilliant colors, Mammon wielding a golden scepter, and towards his throne all in the picture would point. About him would stand his body-guard, the gilded churches, ball-rooms and feasts of the wealthy, the banquets of Delmonico, and the festivals and drinking carousals of the political gods. But beneath all these, and in the darkest colors that he could command, he would place the child of poverty, and the laboring class, the yeomanry of the country, the backbone of the nations, the solid base upon which the world rests in all its splendor.

Yes, we have advanced, we have been heading for the goal of prosperity and perfection, we have only to turn and look back to see that the stream of human progress has ever widened. But stop, analyze the waters, and we will find that it is poisoned; some polluted stream has entered! *They must be cleansed.* Man in his blinded rush for gain has attempted to change the will of Nature. While one class has glided down the stream in their gilded barges, another has been made to dig out the channel and left as hewers of wood and drawers of water. Do we not hear the voice of George Buchanan sounding down the telephone of the centuries saying, "The will of the people is the only legitimate source of power"? Is it so? Hundreds of people in this country have no will, the fangs of poverty have torn it up by the roots; and millions of those who have wills

crouch and cower beneath the frown of the moneyed king.

We sing songs of our great and glorious Republic, of our freedom at the ballot-box, but there is one man in New York, worth more than the State of North Carolina, and if he would, could cast more votes than the whole population of this State. Half a dozen men in this country could combine and by their damnable schemes elect a President in November—an oligarchy could place their chief on the throne. Stop, restless man, in your rushing and hurrying onward; stop and think! Exercise that great power which God has given you. Think! 'Tis true, you "are living, you are dwelling in a grand and awful time, an age on ages telling, when to be living is sublime." But whither are you drifting; are there not rapids below you? What is wrong with your country, your brothers around you? Visit your cities; walk with the high and the low; see the poor soul clothed in rags raise his hat to a devil in broadcloth! *Might makes it right.* Go to the potters field and there behold the countless graves of millions who were starved beneath the onward wave of civilization. The lady of society, with her neck circled with rubies and pearls, reclines her head on pillows of satin; the servant cares for the children in the nursery, while perhaps at the door stands a mother with a dying babe in her arms, a child that has never heard a lullaby, for want has driven out the music from the mother's soul. The villain of earlier times was the laborer; the villain of to-day is the thief, the murderer. Oppression begets want, and vice is the offspring of poverty. Walk through the streets of the poor, traverse death in life, behold the shackles that civilization has bound about the limbs of human beings. A babe is born to-day, to be cradled in a pauper's grave to-morrow. Oh, Heaven! has the great heart of humanity frozen? Will man in his unceasing clamor for gold continue to trample upon the dying bodies of his fellow-man? Is it the injustice of God, or the greed and injustice of man that has caused all this misery?

"Have they not human souls to live,
And human souls to save?
Are they foredoomed to be cradled in want,
And to lie in a pauper's grave?"

Money is the great power that seems to be ruling the world. Socrates is dead, but man falls upon his face before the Crœsus of the nineteenth century. Society weighs not the mind of a man, but the crowns in his purse. The plutocracy is wealthier than any aristocracy that has ever crossed the horizon of the world's history.

Plutocrats sit in the ante-rooms of our Senate Chambers, and form the laws of our country; they hold the keys of the nation, and the newspapers are only the hired mouth-pieces

of these. The man of wealth sits wrapped in his robes of purple and fine linen, his gouty feet resting on cushions of velvet, and holds the world in awe; guides the fiery steeds of progress; raises his hand, and man in his hopeless humility bows at his feet, while every coin that rings in his coffers represents the tears and blood, the sighs and groans of millions of people. Whence came his wealth? Is he one of the favored heirs of God? Did he gain his countless thousands by honest toil, or did he, like the Jew, find it on Sylvesta's Eve beneath the old Druidical stones of Plouhinec?

Organized capital in the form of monopolies, combinations and trusts is the great octopus that is enfolding America in its mighty arms to-day, and secreting its poison in her every vein, both religious and political; is wrapping its deadly tentacles around this home of free institutions, cutting every fabric of this grand civilization, and eating out the very heart of human society. We are being surrounded by its arms and bound to this monster! Pray, what will be the end! Who will unloose these microbes of humanity and release us from this devil-fish? Who will unchain Prometheus and deliver him from the vultures? What Alexander will rise to sever the gordian knot, and let this country, released from her bonds, leap forward to marvelous prosperity and untold achievements?

Why this centralization of wealth and tyrannical rule of money power? *Is it not party legislation?* Is not the ring of the coin the gavel that calls our lawmakers to order? What is it that darkens the political heavens but the dense smoke and poisonous fumes from our Tammany Halls, and these iron-hearted misers and hoarders of money? Patriotism, hast thou resigned to partisan strife? Will public opinion forever remain silent? Public opinion! The *people* are the source of power, and will man see that grand old principle that was born near the doors of heaven, and whose little flame of life was first fanned by the breath of God himself, buried and trampled upon by his oppressors? Will the tiller of the soil ever continue to toil and take the bread from the mouths of his children to feed the pugs and greyhounds of the moneyed aristocracy? Is it not true that agriculture, "the art of all arts, the science of all sciences and the life of all life," bears upon its very face the signs of a depressed industry? "What is it that has such a grip on the labor of this world that it can make men die, and can override all justice or equity?" Thank God! the farmers, they who follow in the footsteps of those who laid the first stone for the building of the Republic, will no longer sing their songs in a strange land; they have refused to serve, as they have always done, as pack-horses for the onward march of civilization.

The rapid current of Niagara as it hurls over that mighty precipice buries itself deep beneath the great bed of water and runs in an undercurrent. The traveller as he looks upon the river sees nothing but the sleeping, pulseless water. Ere long the surging current tires of its bondage and in its hell-like fury breaks its chain, and billows rolling mountain high contending with each other, defy mortal man to risk his life on their battle-ground. Just so among the farmers there has been a subterranean sea of discontent, until at last, weary of their submerged life, tired of living as slaves, of knocking at the government chamber and receiving no admittance, they have in one mighty wave come to the surface; they have broken the shackles from their arms, and stand to-day in an organized band commanding the attention of the world and the fear of political parties. Their eyes are being opened to the rulings of the world; the scales have fallen away. They are learning the functions of the government, and with knowledge comes power. They are standing face to face with this rotten political system, and I hope will pluck out the ulcer though lordly hearts be at the root. It is the greatest political, social and economical movement of this generation. Though some of their actions seem ruinous to both themselves and country, the organization is built upon the Gibraltar of principles, those fundamental truths that were nurtured by the first benefactors of mankind, and that will live through the "wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

The laborers rightly demand that government be used as it was intended, as a machine to insure justice and personal rights to everyone, a common meeting-ground for all citizens, and not as a Monté Carlo, or a gambling garden, for the moneyed kings. They *will* be heard! They must have redress, for they will no longer listen to the songs of sirens, but with the lamp of experience and the history of twenty centuries to guide their footsteps, they will go forth by millions, armed in the holy cause of truth and justice. History will repeat itself, and, like all revolutions, this will bathe the country in the blood of its victims. But may it, like that of the French, be the consecration of humanity. For, as Victor Hugo says, "the brutalities of progress are called revolutions, but when they are ended this fact is recognized: the human race has been chastised, but it has moved onward." Yes, "the individual withers and the world is more and more." Let us believe that this is only the tragic play in His unchangeable program; that this may direct the tide of human affairs as the light-house on the cape sends its glorious beams through the embattled hosts of darkness to light the storm-tossed mariner across the sea; as the inspired eye of long ago saw the glorious end through the

curling smoke that rose from the funeral pyres of those heroic souls who sacrificed themselves for freedom of conscience, so may we see through this incessant turmoil, hurrying, jostling and trampling upon each other, through the mist that often gathers around the Stars and Stripes, the unfolding of the great creation plan.

Let us continue our march by the guidance of honesty, love and justice. Anchor to truth, for it will stand the test of time and the journey through the ringing groves of change. We, like Odysseus of old, must fill our ears with war, bind ourselves to the mast and listen not to songs of Sirens on their rock-bound coasts. Keep abreast of truth, for it is God's dynamite, blasting the rock of absolute monarchy and aristocratic privilege, at whose touch thrones have trembled and tottered, kings and beggars changed places, and hoary-headed despotisms shook to their very foundation stones. Turn our eyes to the great Temple of Truth, rendered sacred by the footprints of angels, as the Mecca of our hopes and the temple of our God.

The issues before us to-day must be met by *men*, not by cowards; by *minds*, not by traditional axioms. We must grapple with the mighty problems in the necessities of our time, and not in the *narrow* lines of party. We are not chained to the governmental precedents of our ancestors; not bound hand and foot, cringing cowards fettered by custom, nor do we blindly grope through the night of traditional superstition. The age of scholasticism is no more. Let the demagogues be trampled under foot, dogmatic creeds crumbled into dust, but let us nourish and cherish those principles which had their birth in that part of man which He formed after His own image, and which are carved upon the rock of eternal rights.

It is told in the stories of ancient Greece how on a feast day in the halls of Oineus, in the Ætolian land, all prayed for wealth and glory for their chief, for his wife Althia and for the child who had on that day been born to them. Men offered sacrifices and Oineus besought Jupiter that his son, Meleagros, might grow up stout of heart and strong of arm, and that he might win a greater name than his own. But the Miorai, whose word even Zeus himself could not turn aside, had fixed the doom of Meleagros. That night the child lay sleeping in its mother's arms, and Althia prayed that her son might grow up brave and gentle and be to her a comforter in the time of age and the hour of death. Suddenly, as she yet spoke, the Miorai stood before her; neither love nor pity was in their cold gray eyes, and as they looked down with stern unchanging faces on the mother and her child, one of them said: "The brand burns on the hearth; when it is burnt wholly thy child shall die." But love being

swifter than thought, the mother snatched the burning brand from the fire and quenched its flame in water, and she placed it in a secret place where no other hand but her own might find it.

In 1783 on old Virginia's soil a child was born, the child of human rights; the wise men of the East, guided by the Star of Bethlehem, came and fell upon their faces before it; shepherds offered up the lamb of the flock. Those noble old heroes who had guided the course of the empire westward, consecrated it with their own blood, clothed it in the constitution of our country and carved it, not on the crumbling parchment of Runnymead, but on the tablets of their hearts, where no living man could disturb it. They intrusted it as a sacred heritage to unborn generations, until to-day *we* stand as its defenders: so soon as we cease to guard it with that "eternal vigilance" which is ever the price of liberty, that child must die. Let us defend it, the offspring of the valor, heroic deeds and untiring zeal of our Revolutionary parents; defend it with our lives, for

"How can man die better
Than by facing fearful odds;
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temple of his gods."

We need no seer to tell us of the great to-morrow, for He who guides the countless worlds through the labyrinthian mazes of space, holds the future as well as the past eternity in His hand. All things change as the great wheel of time rolls on. As the shells of the sea are found entombed in the marble of the mountains, so the wretched of to-day will in the course of time sing the hallelujahs of the world. Every joy has its sorrow, every day must have its night. No earthly paradise without its poison. No golden age without blood on its escutcheon. No country but whose bosom is scarred with the scars of battlefields.

"Yes, give me the land of the wreck and the tomb,
There is grandeur in graves, there is glory in gloom;
For out of the gloom future brightness is born,
And after the night comes the sunrise of morn.
And each single wreck in the war-path of might
May yet be a rock in the temple of right."

JOHN A. WRAY.

THE CLASS OF 1854.

In response to your invitation to sketch the Class of '54, I have to say, that while it was small, containing only six men, it is not immodest to claim for it some good work done for God and our country.

Of some of its members I have been able to gather but few details—such as I have, I give your readers.

Joseph John Williams was born in Pitt County in 1831. After graduating he removed to South Carolina,

where, for a time, he was engaged in the turpentine business. He married a Miss Polsson, of South Carolina; was a member of the State Legislature for several sessions. After the war he was County Court Clerk, and resided at Mount Pleasant, opposite Charleston, where he died, in 1889. His widow and several grown children now live in Savannah, Georgia. He was a handsome young man, of popular manners, and was known in college as a great ladies-man, a tremendous Democrat, and an uncompromising teetotaler. He was my chum during our last year at college.

Rufus P. Jones was the eldest son of the Rev. William Jones, one of the early graduates of Wake Forest, and for many years the agent of the Baptist State Convention, and was born about 1830, in Wake County. He married Amanda, eldest daughter of Rev. Dr. James McDaniel, of Fayetteville; removed to Arkansas, where his chief occupation has been that of teaching, though I have heard that he preached occasionally. He has a large family of children, but where he now resides, or what is his condition, I do not know. He was rather tall in stature, neat in his dress and quite good looking.

John C. Patterson, the son of James Patterson, Esq., of Orange County, and the youngest member of the class, chose medicine as his profession, and settled at the old family homestead, where he practiced his calling. This excellent gentleman has never married, and has devoted his life, with a spirit of heroic self-sacrifice, to the care of the mentally afflicted widow of his father, though not his own mother. All honor to such a noble man!

J. H. Mills, the son of an eminent Baptist preacher of Virginia, Rev. John Mills, was born in Halifax County, Virginia, July 9th, 1831; entered Wake Forest in 1850 or '51. After graduating he taught in a female seminary of Oxford, of which Dr. Samuel Wait was President; became principal of this school in 1855, which position he held for several years; bought the *Biblical Recorder* of Dr. J. D. Hufham in 1867, which journal he edited for six years with such success that for the first time in its history it became a paying institution. In 1873 Mr. Mills organized the Oxford Orphan Asylum, of which he remained Superintendent for eleven years, and it may be truly said that this noble charity, which fed and clothed and educated hundreds of helpless children, was sustained almost entirely by the unaided efforts of this benevolent and indefatigable philanthropist.

In 1886 Mr. Mills became the first General Manager, and may be regarded as the founder of the Baptist Orphanage, at Thomasville, at which post of honor and usefulness he still remains. Indeed, if the statement of Dr. A. E. Dickinson, of the *Religious Herald*, is to be credited, the Virginia

Baptist Orphanage at Salem owes its origin also to Mr. Mills, so that his name will go down to posterity indissollubly linked with these beneficent institutions, which will probably live as long as time shall endure. Mr. Mills married Miss Lizzie Williams, of Nash County, and has one living child, the wife of Rev. J. I. Newton.

As a student, Mr. Mills was very like Mr. Mills as a man. He was a close student, and graduated with the first honors of the College.

Judge W. T. Faircloth was born in Edgecombe County; was reared on a farm; entered the Preparatory Department of Wake Forest in 1849; took the full course of study, but did not graduate with his class, as he thought injustice was done him in the honors assigned the different members of the class. At first he did not grade so high as two other members of the class, but he worked hard and gradually rose in his standing until during the last year his grade was as good as the best. The Faculty maintained that the final honors should be adjudged according to average standing of the student during his whole college course. He contended that the persevering industry and unflagging energy which brought him abreast of the foremost at the end of the race should have won for him equal honors with them, and I must confess that I rather sympathize with his conclusion. At any rate, he was deeply mortified and refused to deliver his speech or receive his diploma. He read law with Chief Justice Pearson, obtaining County Court license in 1855, and Superior Court license the year after. He settled first at Snow Hill, Greene County, where he was made County Solicitor, but soon removed to Goldsboro, where he has resided ever since, and where, in the face of a strong Bar, he has done a large practice and gained fame and fortune.

When the war began he volunteered as a private in the 2d Regiment State Troops, commanded by Colonel Tew, and when it closed at Appomattox Court House, he surrendered as Captain of a cavalry company.

In 1865 he was a member of the Provisional State Convention, from Wayne; the same year was elected a a member of the Legislature, which chose him State Solicitor for the Third Judicial District. In 1875 he was a delegate to the State Constitutional Convention, and in 1876 was commissioned by Governor Brogden as a member of the Supreme Court of the State, Chief Justice Pearson, Judges Read, Rodman and Bynum being the other members of the Court.

Judge Faircloth has been a director in the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, the Atlantic and North Carolina Railroad, a trustee of the Insane Asylum, a trustee of the Baptist Orphanage, of Wake Forest College, the Raleigh Baptist Female Seminary and Chapel Hill.

Judge Faircloth married the eldest daughter of Council Wooten, of Lenoir County. They have no children.

The subject of this sketch was poor, he taught school during vacation, but notwithstanding was obliged to go in debt for his college and legal training, and it was not till 1867 or '68 that he was able to pay off his obligations. For twelve or thirteen years he was burdened with poverty and debt, but adhering, as he has told me, to a resolution he formed when he entered public life, to *know himself* and *to be true to himself*, believing that thereby he could be unjust to no one, he bravely and successfully battled with life, and has not only made money, but has attained that which is far better than worldly wealth—the reputation of being a man of incorruptible integrity.

Thomas Henderson Pritchard was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, February 8th, 1832; baptized by Dr. W. T. Brooks in 1849, at Wake Forest; was graduated from Wake Forest College in 1854; delivered the Valedictory; served the College as tutor for half his Senior year; served as agent of the College for one year after graduation; was ordained as pastor of Hertford Church in November, 1855, Dr. William Hooper preaching the sermon; read theology for a time with Dr. J. A. Broadus, at Charlotteville, Virginia, in 1858; filled the pulpit of the Fredericksburg Baptist church, Virginia, during the year 1859; was called to Franklin Square church, Baltimore, Maryland, in January, 1860, where he remained till August, 1863, when he was imprisoned and banished to the South for being a rebel and refusing to swear allegiance to the United States government; filled the pulpit of the First Church, Raleigh, from November, 1863, to May, 1865, during the absence in Europe of Dr. T. E. Skinner, the pastor; settled as pastor of the First Church, Petersburg, Virginia, July, 1865, resumed the care of First Church in Raleigh, February, 1868; became President of Wake Forest College in July, 1879; became pastor of Broadway Baptist church, Louisville, Kentucky, in September, 1882; left Louisville on account of the health of his wife and became pastor of First Church, Wilmington, North Carolina, in November, 1883, where he still remains. He was for seven years Chairman of the State Mission Board, and Corresponding Secretary too a good part of that time; was for several years associate editor of the *Biblical Recorder*, and is at present one of the editors of *Charity and Children;* is trustee of seven different institutions, Wake Forest College, Chapel Hill, and Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, being among the number; received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Chapel Hill in 1868; married Miss Fannie G. Brinson, of New Bern, North Carolina,

in November, 1858; has five living children, and is thankful that he is the son of a poor Baptist preacher.

In 1852 he left college and taught a year, making five hundred dollars at the age of nineteen, most of which was loaned out and lost, an old college-mate, a lawyer, collecting the money and running away to Texas with it; he quit college six hundred dollars in debt, which it took him three years to pay.

Three members of this class worked their own way through college, Jones, Faircloth and Pritchard, and they were the better and stronger men for having done so.

T. H. PRITCHARD.

LIST OF AUTHORS AND BOOKS.

The following list of authors and their works is intended to act as a practical guide in general literature. This list will, perhaps, be found helpful by those even who are acquainted with the best literature; it was prepared, however, with special view to aiding the uninitiated,—those students who have read little and, ignorant of what is best, are hopelessly confused by the multitude of books in the library. The junior member of the committee was commanded by his colleagues to write an "introduction." This will be found appended to the list.

W. L. POTEAT,
W. ROYALL,
B. F. SLEDD,
Committee.

FICTION.

SCOTT.—Ivanhoe; Kenilworth; Rob Roy.

DICKENS.—Pickwick Papers; David Copperfield; Dombey and Son; Oliver Twist.

THACKERAY.—Vanity Fair; The Newcomes.

GEORGE ELIOT.—Adam Bede; Mill on the Floss; Silas Marner; Romola.

HAWTHORNE.—Scarlet Letter; House of Seven Gables.

CHARLES READ.—Put Yourself in His Place.

GOLDSMITH.—Vicar of Wakefield.

BULWER.—Last Days of Pompeii; The Caxtons.

HUGO.—Les Miserables.

EBERS.—Uarda.

E. A. POE.—Fall of House of Usher; Ligeia; Gold Bug.

C. BRONTE.—Jane Eyre; Villette.

E. BRONTE.—Wuthering Heights.

Mrs. A. RADCLIFFE.—Mysteries of Udolpho.

AUERBACH.—On the Heights.

DeFOE.—Robinson Crusoe.

MARRYATT.—Peter Simple.

DISRAELI.—Lothair.

IRVING.—Knickerbocker's New York; Sketch Book; Alhambra.

Arabian Nights.

BUNYAN.—Pilgrim's Progress.

KINGSLEY.—Hypatia.

POETRY.

SHAKESPEARE.—King Lear; Julius Cæsar; Hamlet; Macbeth; Henry IV; As You Like It; Midsummer Night's Dream.

ADDISON.—Cato.

OTWAY.—Venice Preserved.

MARLOWE.—Faustus.
GOETHE.—Faust.
POPE.—Homer's Iliad.
DRYDEN.—Virgil's Æneid.
MILTON.—Paradise Lost; Comus; Il Penseroso; L'Allegro.
DANTE.—Inferno.
DRYDEN.—Alexander's Feast.
POPE.—Rape of the Lock.
SPENCER.—Faerie Queen, 1st Book; Shepherd's Calendar.
CHAUCER.—Nonne Prieste's Tale; Knight's Tale; Clerk of Oxford's Tale.
COLERIDGE.—Ancient Mariner; Christabel.
GRAY.—Elegy in Country Churchyard.
SCOTT.—Lady of the Lake.
KEATS.—Lamia; Hyperion.
WORDSWORTH.—Ode on Immortality; Excursion (selections by M. Arnold).
MOORE.—Lalla Rookh.
BURNS.—Tam O'Shanter.
GOLDSMITH.—Deserted Village.
COWPER.—John Gilpin.
BYRON.—Mazeppa.
SHELLEY.—Alastor; Ode to Skylark.
MACPHERSON.—Ossian.
LONGFELLOW.—Evangeline; Hiawatha.
TENNYSON.—Enoch Arden; Tithonus; Ulysses; Passing of Arthur; Lancelot and Elaine; In Memoriam; Locksley Hall.
LOWELL.—Vision of Sir Launfal; Sunthin' in a Pastoral Line.
POE.—Raven; Annabel Lee; The Bells.
M. ARNOLD.—Sohrab and Rustum; Balder Dead; Dover Beach; The Gypsy Scholar.

ESSAYS.

DeQUINCEY.—Confessions of an Opium Eater.
LAMB.—Essays of Elia.
BACON.—Essays.
MACAULAY.—Milton; Bacon; Hastings; Bunyan; Carlyle; Johnson; Signs of Times; Characteristics.
HAMERTON.—The Intellectual Life.
HOLMES.—Autocrat of Breakfast Table.
ADDISON.—Spectator; The Sir Roger De Coverley Papers.
EMERSON.—Nature; Representative Men.
M. ARNOLD.—Byron; Wordsworth; Emerson.
SWIFT.—Battle of the Books.
A'KEMPIS.—Imitation of Christ.
WARNER.—Being a Boy.

TRAVELS.

WARNER.—My Winter on the Nile.
BIRD.—Unbeaten Tracks in Japan.
WALLACE.—The Malay Archipelago.
DARWIN.—A Naturalist's Voyage.
KINGLAKE.—Eothen.
DRUMMOND.—Tropical Africa.
FROUDE.—English in the West Indies.
DU CHAILLU.—Land of the Midnight Sun.
HEINE.—Travel Pictures.
BATES.—Naturalist on the Amazon.

HISTORY.

Student's Gibbon.
Student's Greece.
Student's Rome.
MONTGOMERY.—History of France.
BARING-GOULD.—Story of Germany.
HOSMER.—Story of the Jews.
GREEN.—Shorter History of English People.
ROBERTSON.—Charles V.
PRESCOTT.—Ferdinand and Isabella.
MOTLEY.—Rise of the Dutch Republic.
BRYCE.—American Commonwealth.
STEPHENS.—History of the United States.
McCARTHY.—History of our Own Times.
WHITE.—Eighteen Christian Centuries.
CREASEY.—Fifteen Decisive Battles.

BIOGRAPHY.

Plutarch's Lives. Selected.
TREVELYAN.—Life and Letters of Macaulay.
LEWES.—Life of Goethe.
BLAIKIE.—David Livingstone.
BARBOU.—Life of Victor Hugo.
MILLER.—My Schools and Schoolmasters.
DARWIN.—Life and Letters.
KINGSLEY.—Life and Correspondence.
AGASSIZ.—Life and Correspondence.
WAYLAND.—Life of A. Judson.
HAWTHORNE and his Wife.
BROWNING.—George Eliot.
HOLMES.—Life of Emerson.
FISKE.—Irving's Life of George Washington.
SHARP.—Life of Browning; Life of Heine.
NEWMAN.—Apologia Pro Vita Sua.

STANLEY.—Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold.

SCIENCE.

KEARY.—The Dawn of History.
CLODD.—The Childhood of the World.
DARWIN.—The Origin of Species.
KINGSLEY.—Glaucus.
LE CONTE.—Evolution and Religious Thought.
GEIKIE.—Geological Sketches.
LEWES.—Studies in Animal Life.
STEWART.—Conservation of Energy.
LOUIS PASTEUR'S Life and Labors.
RECLUS.—History of a Mountain.
BUCKLEY.—A Short History of Science.
TYLOR.—Anthropology.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION.

PLATO.—Apology; Crito; Phædo.
MARCUS AURELIUS.
FISKE.—The Destiny of Man.
TULLOCK.—Movements of Religious Thought in Britain.
WALKER.—Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.
SEELEY.—Ecce Homo.
PARKER.—Ecce Deus.
STAPFER.—Palestine in the Time of Christ.
SMYTH.—Old Faiths in New Light.
DRUMMOND.—Natural Law in the Spiritual World.
EDWARDS—On the Religious Affections.
FULLER.—The Gospel Worthy of All Acceptation.
SPENCER.—Education.
COX.—Tales of Ancient Greece.

WHAT SHALL WE READ?

Mr. Andrew Lang says that his invariable reply to this question is, "Read everything." But, then, not everybody has Mr. Lang's opportunities and capacities. So if we would answer wisely we must say, "Read what is good." Now, there are two kinds of good books—those absolutely good, and those relatively good. The former are to be read by everybody and at all times; the latter are to be read only when there is special need or desire for them. In other words, those books absolutely good are to be our daily, life-long companions; those relatively good are to be our chance acquaintances. This brings us to the question, What books are absolutely good? Poetry and history are the only kinds of literature which have been accepted by all nations and all ages as absolutely good. Assuming that this statement is incontrovertible, we shall proceed to give some suggestions, first, on the reading of poetry.

Poetry, most of all kinds of literature, should not be read out of a sense of duty or with too fixed a purpose. Too often do we find poor mortals, without one spark of the divine fire, trying to discover the vaunted beauties of *Hamlet* or of *Paradise Lost.* They are bored; they yawn; they turn the leaves to see how far off is the end; and yet they must read these books—for do not all "cultivated" people read them? Alas, for such cultivation! Time so spent were better given to hewing wood and drawing water; or, if such people will read, let them read history, novels, anything except poetry. Indeed, I make bold to say that only they who have much of the poetic instinct born and bred in them can come to appreciate poetry at its full worth.

The order in which the poets should

be read is of prime importance. I shall here assume that I am speaking to the uninitiated, to whom my own experience may prove suggestive and stimulating. One of my first loves among the poets was Longfellow. For the mature cultivated man Longfellow has no message. He is essentially the poet of the young, for whom his verse has charms as varied as they are ennobling. Who has not wept over *Evangeline*, or been thrilled by the adventurous legends of *Hiawatha?* And yet it seems to me that Longfellow appeals to youth mainly in his shorter pieces—*The Bridge*, *Excelsior*, the *Psalm of Life*, *Pulaski's Banner*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, and countless other charming lyrics and stirring ballads.

But first of all was the influence of Tennyson; and the spell of this sweet voice has not lost, but rather gained, in power with the passing years—for his is the voice of the century, and whatever message our times may have for posterity is to be found in his poetry. The study of Tennyson is best begun with his narrative poems—*Enoch Arden*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *Launcelot and Elaine*, *The Passing of Arthur*, and *The May Queen*. From these progress will be easy and delightful to *Locksley Hall*, *The Princess*, with its matchless interludes and songs, to *Maud*, and lastly, *In Memoriam*, the great poem of our century.

Space will permit me only to mention Gray's *Elegy*, the one perfect poem of our language; Keat's *Lamia*, the most beautiful of romantic tales; Dryden's *Alexander's Feast*, our greatest ode; Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, the most delightful of narrative poems; Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*, which Charles Dudley Warner considers the greatest poem in American literature. To such as, like myself, love the weird and supernatural, I would especially commend Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel;* Shelley's *Alastor*, and, of course, Poe's *Raven*.

The greatest masters of song—Shakespeare, Dante, Milton and Goethe—should not be read until one is sufficiently mature to appreciate them. *Hamlet*, *Faust* and the *Divine Comedy* must be read again and again before they will yield up the fulness of their wisdom and mysterious beauties. If the young student feels that he *must* read Shakespeare, let him begin with the lighter dramas—*As You Like It*, *Henry IV*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *A Midsummer-night's Dream*.

Many readers will, perhaps, be surprised that Robert Browning is not among the poets who are thought worthy of all acceptation. This omission is due neither to ignorance nor to negligence. Browning's genius is peculiar; it cannot be adequately represented in selections. Moreover, this great but obscure poet is not for the young or the "fond many." Long

and patient study must be given to his works before they will reveal their rich but subtle beauties.

When I come to speak of the reading of history, I am aware that I am treading on dangerous ground, so slight and undefined is my own knowledge of this subject. And this knowledge has been gained, for the most part, indirectly. Historians have furnished the bare threads; the living, glowing woof has been woven in by the poets and romancers. In English history, King John, the Richard's and the Henry's live for me in the plays of Shakespeare; and the Wars of the Roses becomes a reality only in Bulwer's *Last of the Barons.* We Americans must of course know well the history of our own country. On this subject, the works of John Fiske, though still incomplete, are most trustworthy, and, at the same time, most entertaining. Irving's *Life of Washington*, as abridged and supplemented by Fiske, will be, for the young student, an admirable introduction to American history. To the mature student, Bryce's *American Commonwealth* is especially commended.

After the history of our own country, that of England is most important and interesting. Green's *Short History of the English People* is the standard work on the subject; but it must be supplemented by McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times.* Next in importance comes the history of France; and the history of France is essentially the history of modern Europe. All who would be called "cultivated" must know the history of Greece and of Rome. For the tragic story of the Dark Ages, Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* must always be our surest authority.

In Fiction, I should advise the student to follow Mr. Lang's advice and read everything, or at least everything in our list. This need not be done in a week, or a month, or a year; enough if it be done in a lifetime. For let us hope that we shall never become so old and so selfish that the romantic no longer appeals to us. For my own part I count myself happy that I have still to read much of Dickens, of Scott and of Thackeray. Tennyson, it is whispered, finds still in his old age unfailing pleasure in the reading of novels. Were I called upon to select from our list the most fitting representative of our noble language, it would be—*The Vicar of Wakefield.*

Perhaps the best books in our whole list are those included under the head of Essays, all of which should be read—Holmes, Lamb and Addison for genial humor and wit; Bacon and Emerson for profound wisdom; De Quincy, for tragic pathos; Hamerton for sound, practical advice; Arnold, Carlyle and Macaulay for acute criticism; Swift for biting sarcasm.—In Science, Biography and Philosophy, one's taste and needs must be his guides.

B. F. S.

TRUTHS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

[CONTINUED FROM FEBRUARY STUDENT.]

Two weeks later Valor had an engagement with one of his friends to carry him around to meet his betrothed.

"Mr. Vulner, let me introduce you to my friend, Miss Vexa Waller." Each bowed and sat down in the cosy parlor. A pleasant evening was passed in general conversation; speaking of the approach of Christmas and the delightful time each expected at the centennial ball, which is to occur on the twentieth of December, just four days before the marriage.

Eugene Vulner was a young man of eighteen—a romantic and susceptible age—a college graduate, and wealthy. The fine form and easy conversation of Vexa impressed him very much, and, in fact, he was deeply smitten. That night he retired thoughtfully and his sleep was often disturbed by spontaneous outbursts of his own passion. Next morning he told his aristocratic mother that at last he had met a woman he believed he could love. The mother was alarmed at the thought of her only son loving such a thing as a woman. Nevertheless, in those restless midnight hours was born in Eugene's breast a germ of an affection which was destined to mature into a mighty chain of love.

The mighty flow of all great streams,
Begins a tiny brook;
The potent chain that love oft seems,
Is generated by a look.

Time wore on, affairs ran smoothly, and the centennial ball grew nearer. In the meantime Valor went North to buy his spring goods, and during his absence Eugene saw Vexa several times, becoming more and more infatuated, being led on by her old-time encouragement. Valor was ignorant of what transpired while he was away, thinking that Vexa had seen the rich young college swell but once, when in reality he had become almost intimate with her who was standing on the threshold of matrimony, and could seemingly catch the rich odor from her bridal flowers.

At length the evening for the ball arrived; costly preparation had been made by the dives of the town. Invitations were sent all over the State, and many visitors arrived on the afternoon train to attend the *recherché* hop. Among the arrivals was a large, heavy, fine-looking, careless "drummer," with black hair and perfect mustache; a graceful dancer he was and a favorite among the ladies, though almost an entire stranger in this little town.

At seven o'clock the town hall was illumined to the brightness of day; the floor glassy slick; the walls decorated with flowers of the richest perfume. At eight the actors began to assemble, and for half an hour the crowd of fair women were gathering bedizened in their ball dresses, made

for the occasion, with low-necks and short sleeves, and the most costly pearls and diamonds glittering at their throats and Maréchal Neil roses in their hair. The gentlemen, most of them stately, presented an imposing array. In this bustling concourse of *élite*, Vexa held no secondary position. It was generally conceded that she was the belle of the occasion. Valor had the engagement to escort his *fiancée*, but feeling indisposed transferred it to one of his nearest friends. Had she only remained at home, too, as etiquette demanded, so much suffering might have been avoided. She went. At the outset everything pointed to a delightful time. Little did anyone suspect the tragedy that was to be plotted and begun that night. When the inspiring music broke forth from the rear of the hall the beautiful forms lightly stepped in the arms of their strong escorts and glided away as if on waves of ether. During the first waltz it did seem that the room was filled with glittering butterflies, with dazzling wings loaded with gold and silver tints, trimmed in colors of every hue. This tinselled throng, moving in intricate lines was enough to bewilder the ordinary looker on. Soon an intermission of five minutes ensued, during which time the young men claimed formerly arranged engagements and made new ones.

At the opening of the second waltz Vexa gracefully leaned in the embrace of the handsome, winning "drummer," Julian Victor. Quickly Vexa was impressed with his general bearing, so much so that she thought his conversation, manner and physique surpassed that of any man she had ever known. The coquette's smile had again changed her fickle heart. Gliding down the waxen floor with face upturned to his, she felt the soothing spell of satisfaction; felt as if transported to some lovely garden filled with the aroma of violets, roses and lilacs, and sitting there beneath a shady bough listening to the mellow voice of a god. Oh, Love! what havoc flirting plays among your sacred works.

After Vexa's entrancing intercourse with Julian Victor, she danced one set with Eugene, who was constantly watching her with a jealous eye. A few more waltzes followed, and at this juncture, many of the dancers being fatigued from continuous motion, some one proposed that a party should go across the lake to a little island, where there was to be a grand display of fireworks in commemoration of the 125th anniversary of the town. The small island, called Pleasure Spot, lay beautifully in the middle of the silvery lake Laurie.

A goodly number prepared to set out, and quickly Julian Victor sprang to Vexa's side and asked the pleasure of escorting her. "Certainly," said she. About eleven o'clock the party stepped into their carriages for the

banks of Laurie, a mile distant. On arriving at the small harbor, each gentleman procured his little craft and steersman to row him and lady across to the island. Off each oarsman shoved for the common destination. Soon Vexa and Julian Victor were comfortably seated in one end of their little barge. Victor was acute. He had already learned his power over the city's belle. In her he saw that indomitable and wrecking propensity to flirt, and determined to match her if it lay in human power to do so. He himself was an inveterate flirt. At last Greek had met Greek. He began his often repeated story, by heaping shame and dishonor upon any man who should appear sincere to a girl, win her love, her confidence, and then betray it. His short preface, seemingly moulded in words of honor, begot Vexa's confidence in the man and prepared her hitherto incredulous nature to believe his avowal of pretended love. Under the cold glamour of the silvery moon Vexa sat, entranced, transported by the soft strains of "love at first sight," which poured from their artificial source in torrents of melody and silently rolled across the still waters and gently echoed on the blue fringed crest of the surrounding mountains. She was captivated, caught, ensnared, by the hollow declarations of a prey-seeking man. Ah, Vexa! retribution has come at last. Heretofore, men have been your victims; now you are the victim of a man. Julian, looking intently at the bird he had charmed, said: "Vexa, what means that large locked bracelet on your arm?"

"I am engaged, Julian, but I don't love him. He is not half so noble as you"! With his strong fingers he grasped the yielding band and wrenched it from her snowy wrist, and with a villainous smile tossed it into the blue waters beneath.

"Oh, Julian, I am to be married in four days! What shall I do?"

"You will not be married in four days; you will be *my* wife," replied he in a gruff voice. "Take this pencil and paper and tell that old blusterer that you have decided not to marry his highness. You want somebody who has money enough to take care of you and keep you in the best society." Vexa tremblingly took the proffered pencil as if conscious of its deadly effect upon her deluded Valor, and almost illegibly wrote:

"DEAR VALOR—Changed, changed forever. I have found another and cannot marry you. All things change. Don't judge me too harshly for obeying a law of nature. VEXA."

She folded the soiled piece of paper and handed it to the vile perpetrator for his inspection. He swore to her that he would be ready to marry her in three months, when they would be blissfully happy together.

As soon as they landed on the island, Victor hurried to find a runner to carry the fatal note to the door of Valor's chamber. The errand boy took

the first boat for town and hastened to deliver the brief missive to its address. Valor was not asleep, though the clock had long since struck twelve. The ragged boy tapped on the door; a low "come in" was replied. "Here is a note, sir, a gentleman sent you from Pleasure Spot."

As his eyes scanned the few fateful lines he grew pale and motionless, fell back in his chair and groaned, "Oh, God! mine is a hard lot." He remained in a stupor for a few minutes, then arousing, fearlessly walked to his bureau, opened the drawer, and from it raised his large pistol with pearl handle and shining barrel. He dropped back into his chair for a few moments reflection before he should extinguish the sacred lamp. Several times did he place the cold muzzle to his heated temple, as if anticipating the chilling spell of death. Finally, almost frantic at the thought of losing the one that had hitherto been sunlight to his path, and driven to reckless desperation by this withering disappointment, with his agitated hand he violently clutched the deathly weapon, pressed it to his temple and uttered a wail which bespoke the agony, the bleeding, and dying of a human heart: "Poor, foolish, fallible man! Let the ghost of my self-murdered corpse be a sentinel to warn you from listening with credulity to the treacherous words of frail, fickle, deceitful woman! Oh, God, is there not some social curse to blast a woman who owes her popularity to her lovers' ruin!" This said, he fixed his teeth, his eyes turned glassy, and the deadly load was discharged, and all was over. He fell to the floor and lay there cold in his clotted blood till gray dawn revealed the horror.

While the report of Valor's suicide was flying like wild-fire over the town, the morning train pulled out from the station bearing the person, the fiendish seducer, Julian Victor, laughing and giggling in his sleeves at the childish credulity of the duped girl, for he had no idea of marrying her, a petalless rose as she was. At the first station he heard of Valor's suicide, and, understanding it, extended his ticket across the country to Mexico. Gone for all time. Vexa never heard of him again.

When the sun rose and cast its slanting rays upon the marble brow of Valor, it was scarcely redder than the scene that met one's eye on entering his death-chamber. The whole town was startled, and every inhabitant wore a gloomy expression, for Valor was a good, upright, popular young man and respected by all who knew him.

The news of the tragedy soon reached his intended's ear. She was not prepared for it, though an almost similar incident had happened about her before. She was a little bewildered, yet it soon passed off, and no one knew the cause of the tragedy except she and Valor's destroyer.

She wore no mourning, shed no tears, felt no remorse, but with that aggressive effrontery which tainted her whole social life she continued in gayety, though often stung by the result of her past acts.

Soon after the young merchant's death, in examining his papers the executors found his will, in which he left $10,000, his watch and diamond ring to Vexa. This was kept very quiet for fear of hurting Miss Waller's reputation in society, yet it thereafter furnished funds with which to buy her silks and evening dresses. In fact, very few knew of the intended wedding, as it was to be private and no invitations issued.

Yet, with that innate adroitness which characterizes women in gathering news, Eugene's mother penetrated the pretentious veil and discovered that something dark and suspicious was connected with Miss Waller and the lately deceased Valor. For this reason, with her maternal hand she assiduously attempted to restrain and smother the youthful yet ardent passion of her only son for the diabolical woman she hated. But Eugene was persistent and made his visits often, and, with that rashness which accompanies impulsive youth, he was soon engaged to the desecrater of hearts.

In the meantime Vexa had met a lawyer of thirty at a May picnic, and, living in separate towns, kept up a regular correspondence. He would come to see her monthly, each time pressing his suit, till finally she engaged herself to the lawyer too! Engaged at the same time to two men! Surely there is no such woman living to-day—so truculent, so rash.

Eugene and the lawyer naturally became bitter rivals. Anxious to capture his lovely prize, Eugene insisted on an early consummation of the engagement, until his parents told him in case of such a marriage he might consider himself disinherited. This somewhat changed his plans, but increased his determination to wed her.

One morning, when the cold September wind was blowing, a telegram was handed Eugene: "Come this afternoon; I will." He boarded the one o'clock train for a little village fifteen miles distant, where he expected to meet his betrothed and be secretly married to her. The secret was to remain for two years, hoping in that time to reconcile his parents. On reaching the town he secured a two-horse buggy and was soon standing at the gate waiting for his bride. Quickly they were in the buggy and whirling out of the hamlet in the direction of an old country parson. Leaving the suburbs, the clouds began to darken and grow portentous, the thunder rolled on the top of distant hills, the lightning flashed and leaped from the black, jagged clouds, and a heavy, penetrating rain began to fall. At length, nothing daunting the determined pair, they drove up

under a large oak tree fronting the parson's. The minister came out, they explained their visit, and the old white-headed gentleman prepared to tie the two together in matrimony. All was ready. The couple remained sitting in the buggy. A few witnesses stood round, and the parson proceeded something like this:

"Under this oak tree, this rainy weather,
I join ye man and wife together.
What God joins in flashing lightning and rolling thunder
Let no man dare to put asunder."

The ceremony was thus performed, and Vexa and Eugene drove away—married.

That night Eugene returned home happy in the consciousness that Vexa was his, and bent on obtaining his obstinate parents' permission to wed her, when he would have simply to declare the secret marriage publicly.

Vexa followed next day to avoid suspicion and delude inquisitors. She was now in a critical predicament—engaged to one, married to another. One man's wife, and engaged to be that of another in two weeks!

The fortnight hurriedly rolled round, and the imposing lawyer sat before her in a dimly-lighted parlor, pressing their immediate marriage with all the irresistible logic of a brilliant lawyer's tongue. Poor girl! She was in a woful position. She dared not tell him she was already married, and she could not refuse to carry out her promise, so faithfully made. As the clock was striking twelve, almost insane, she reluctantly agreed not to postpone the marriage, but to have the marriage rites performed that very night! Wildly happy in the thought of at last wedding his pretty bird, he hastened to the darkened residence of the Baptist clergyman, asking him to officiate immediately, in order that he and his bride might depart on the three o'clock morning train. A few neighbors were called in; the couple arranged themselves just under the arch of the bay-window; the minister walked in, Bible in hand, and soon declared them man and wife. Vexa's countenance drooped as if something heavy and terrible was weighing upon her heart.

While this was transpiring and congratulations being extended, there was a glistening, furious eye peeping in at the side window. It was the eye of Eugene. Almost distrusting his own eyesight at seeing *his* wife declared that of another man, he wrung his hands, pulled his hair, uttering a low muffled moan, as in the most intense agony. He overheard their remarks about leaving on the morning train, which almost set his brain on fire, and suddenly dashed away as fleet as a deer and wild as a goaded tiger. He approaches his own home, where his fond mother is praying for him. All is quiet—as silent as death. Softly he steals to the small tenement-house occupied by a farm-hand. Gently he taps on the door, and quietly arousing

the negro, tells him, "Here is one hundred dollars, if you will do what I am going to ask you. A man and woman are to go off on the train that will be here in thirty minutes. Here is a 38-calibre Smith & Wesson pistol. Take it and go stand at the door of the depot waiting-room, and when this couple enter and are seated, spring before the man, place the pistol at his heart and fire. Here is your money. Go quick, and don't fail, even though it take a second shot."

The hireling, tempted by the big roll of greenbacks, sets out to perform the fiendish task. The newly-married are already seated in the waiting-room when the assassin reaches the depot. Hastily he walks to the entrance and instantly springs before the groom and empties two barrels in his lately consecrated heart. Without a moan the man drops from his seat and expires without a struggle. Vexa faints and is carried home senseless. The assassin sprang from the platform, penetrated the thick darkness and escaped forever, leaving no trace of the perpetrator of the crime. The same little town was again startled and stirred from center to circumference over so strange an affair.

Vexa recovered from her swoon after a few days, when Eugene called secretly and demanded an explanation of her wild inexplicable conduct. She told him the lawyer had forced her to marry him at the point of a gleaming knife, and wept in the most pitiful and penitent manner. Eugene, easily touched by a woman's tears, forgave her and promised to forget the past.

A year passed by and Eugene's father, seeing the unchanged and relentless intention of his son, at last reluctantly gave his consent for him to marry his first love, but never did his mother consent.

They were then remarried in the Episcopal church, and lived comparatively happy for awhile. But ever present remorse preyed so heavily upon Vexa that she soon began to fade, as the sun withers the fresh plucked flower. The roses left her cheeks. Her pristine beauty fled. Eugene was disturbed, for he loved her with all the fervor of his young heart, but his wife still grew thin and pale. In vain he sought the healing balm, but the worm was in the heart, and no hand can heal that cannot probe the sore. Her appetite left her, rest departed, and those fair features that so lately could claim the prize of beauty, they too were no more the same. With deep sunk eyes and withered flesh, she grew each day to resemble more and more a skeleton.

"Till lost those charms that once such fame had won,
Like gathered roses fading in the sun."

Months passed heavily by, and Vexa died and was laid to rest in a premature grave in an isolated corner of an old country churchyard with these few expressive lines carved on her gravestone:

"A pretty girl, and careless,
Is buried here alone—
A handsome figure breathless,
With once a heart of stone.

Let this white lone sentinel
Warn you, passers-by;
For when we look upon it
A tear bedims our eye."

The rank weeds and briars now grow above her mouldering dust, and the plaintive winds sweep across her final resting place, bemoaning the sad fate of one who might have been a guiding star in society and a light to direct and ennoble mankind.

The human heart is too sacred to be trifled with, and many of its pleadings should not be laid aside too carelessly.

FEY.

EDITORIAL.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The above is the topic of the day among North Carolina colleges.

The idea was first presented two years ago in the shape of an intercollegiate association between Davidson and Trinity. Annual contests were held with excellent results, and it was hoped that the interest aroused would become general. During the following year Guilford was admitted, but owing to the inactivity of the other colleges of the State, the matter was allowed to drop. Such, briefly, is its history.

In lieu thereof it is now proposed that a contest of oratory be held at each annual meeting of the Teachers' Assembly between representatives from the several literary societies of the four leading male institutions of the State; that the addresses be original and limited to fifteen minutes each; and that to the successful competitor a medal be awarded.

The advantages of the plan are evident. That such a feature would be a valuable addition to the Assembly's program and supply a much-needed incentive to the study of oratory throughout the State no one will question.

We favor the idea, first, because of its aim and effect. The decline of oratory in the present age has become too worn a theme to need exposition here; and any plan to counteract this tendency in the rising generation, we believe, will meet with the support of the public and prove a benefit to the colleges of the State. We know of no more potent factor in accomplishing such an end than the present proposition. We see no reason why, under proper management, such an event should not be accompanied with results in the highest degree satisfactory.

But we favor the idea, moreover, because it is intercollegiate. We are inclined to look with approval on anything which tends to bring the colleges of North Carolina in contact; which fosters a spirit of liberality; which awakens interest in their common cause; which widens the horizon of their under-graduates and causes them to look beyond the four walls of their *Alma Mater*. We believe in intercollegiate contests. And we are aware of no more legitimate field for rivalry than that of oratory. This is our opinion on the subject. But if we are to have an oratorical contest it is time for the colleges of the State to

take the matter in hand. Its success or failure depends on their action. Which shall it be, gentlemen of the University, of Trinity, of Davidson?

W. W.

A PLEA FOR ENGLISH.

Of the many changes in the customs and habits of various people wrought by the centuries of human experience, none are more marked or interesting to review than those which are to be found in the methods adopted by successive generations in the education of the young. So rapidly are these changes taking place that the school-boy experiences of our fathers or of our grandfathers seem to us quaint and unreal. "Prophet of Judea, philosopher of the Athenian Palæstra, priest on the margin of the Nile, orator of Rome, monk or soldier of the Middle Ages, classicist of the Revival, man of science of the present, each in turn has handed to the people of his day a new curriculum for youth to be formed by."

Many earnest pleas have been made in behalf of the study of the classics, and so successful have they been that the study of Latin and Greek now holds a prominent place in every course of instruction that lays the least claim to thoroughness. So far has the pendulum swung in this direction that it is said, and not without cause, that "for four hundred years men have been educated with their backs to the future." Against the study of the so-called dead languages we have no objection to urge; for, in addition to the excellent mental training which their study affords, the youth has been brought face to face with the greatest Greek and Roman poets, conquerors, artists and philosophers, and this experience has been beneficial in inspiring lofty ideals. Also, to these languages we are indebted for many derivatives, whose meaning is best studied through the original. What has been said of the classics may also be said of the modern languages, with the addition that they are more practical, since much of the best literature of the day is to be found in these. And to modern science, whose study is being so vigorously prosecuted that our age has been styled the "age of science," we owe much. But in the great current of enthusiasm for the study of the classics and modern languages on the one hand, and science on the other, are we not in danger of neglecting too much the study of our mother tongue? Our plea is not for a less comprehensive course in other languages and in science, but for a more thorough study of English.

That so large a number of young men who annually enter the higher institutions of learning are deficient in the rudiments of English is a striking proof that its study in the preparatory schools is not receiving the emphasis which it demands. Also,

is it not a just criticism, and one which should bring the blush of shame to our cheeks, that many college graduates in our own day have a more accurate and ready knowledge of Greek and Latin roots, inflections and syntax than they have of these same principles in the English language? If, then, many of the youths come from the preparatory schools deficient in their knowledge of English, can this deficiency be remedied in the higher institutions, where three years are allotted to the study of each of the classics, two years each to the modern languages, and the entire course in English may be taken in one year? To us it seems evident that the attention now being paid to the study of English in schools and in institutions of much greater pretensions is entirely inadequate and sadly out of proportion, when compared to the labor lavished on languages which have long since ceased to be spoken. The youth should at least be thoroughly grounded in the principles of grammar, composition and rhetoric before he leaves the preparatory school. An entrance examination to college in English, as thorough as that now required in mathematics and other languages, would go far towords securing this. In the higher institutions why should not as much time be devoted to the study of the language which is to be the vehicle of thought and the means for accurate expression in every line of literary and scientific pursuit as to those which are dead or foreign? Instead of the short course as at present in Anglo-Saxon, English literature and rhetoric, let the course be lengthened out so as to take three or more years for its completion, and then we could hope to devote some time to the critical study of the great masterpieces, and in every way to make a much more thorough and exhaustive study of our own tongue.

E. S. REAVES.

AN EDITOR.

It is singular that Northern men so deeply concern themselves about the Negro. In every periodical, weekly and daily, there appears invariably an article about the great "Negro problem," written by Northern men who know no more about the Negro than they know about the Lilliputians, and yet they theorize, extemporize, philosophize, and go through all the category of "izes," "isms" and "ists," without ever solving or even approaching a solution of the momentous question.

As long as the editor of the *Independent* and all men of his stamp survive, the bitter feeling between the North and South, engendered by the civil war, cannot be wholly obliterated. Such a man is a living curse to any nation, not only because of the poisonous venom of which his whole sentient organism is composed, but because he

comes to us in the garb of christianity, with the words of the great Nazarene, "Love thine enemies," on his lips, and hurls into our teeth the bitterest invectives that only a man of his character could conceive. Instead of trying to bridge over the chasm between the two sections, which would be in tone and keeping with a religious paper, he never fails to try to present to the mind, clearly and distinctly, that the chasm is impassable. In one column he has the pure and undefiled teachings of Jesus Christ; in the next he even forgets that his is a so-called religious paper, and dabbles in the corrupt politics of the day, never failing to paint in the liveliest of colors the *inhuman* treatment of the Negro at the hands of the whites. He seems to take a special delight in sprinkling here and there in doctrines of the Bible his own diabolical criticisms of the South, as if he wished to hide his lies behind the great breastwork of Truth. Such men brought the war on; such are still fanning the embers of a lost cause. The Devil wants no better incarnation than that of the editor of *The Independent.*

EMMET.

"THE ALHAMBRA."

A few months ago Lowell died and the American world of letters is not yet done its discussion of the products of his pen. Many a time it has been mentioned as a mark of distinction that he belonged to the band of authors who were the glory of our early literature; and well may it be considered an honor to be named in such noble company. In the desire to praise, however, there has been a tendency to overrate the merits of Lowell and to underrate those of our earlier writers. We hope that this will furnish an excuse, if excuse be needed, for calling attention to "The Alhambra," one of the most pleasant works of Washington Irving, the brightest name in our literature, and the first American author to establish a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

In writing "The Alhambra" Irving was favored by circumstances best fitted to draw forth his great descriptive and narrative powers. He had made his way to sunny Granada and taken up his residence in that magnificent Moorish palace which gives name to this book. On all sides were scenes of historical and traditional interest; to the North were the snow-capped Andalusian mountains, on which the Christian armies often appeared to disturb the peace-loving Moors; to the south was the "Hill of Tears," or the "Last Sigh of the Moor," so called because the sorrowful Boabdil, when driven from his kingdom by Ferdinand and Isabella, here turned to take a last despairing look at the Alhambra, the home of his ancestors for so many generations. With every ruined castle were connected traditions; every hill and valley had their

story; every chamber of the Alhambra had its history and its legends. The land was full of love-romances and the subjects of them, the soft black-eyed maidens of Andaluz. Here was food for Irving's soul.

The merits of "The Alhambra," which we can the better appreciate the more we know of the circumstances of its production, are many; the diction pure, the style perspicuous, the descriptions entrancing; but all can be summed up in the one word, faithfulness. How well is the local coloring — the half Spanish, half Oriental character of the country of Granada—maintained throughout the book! Every page is tinged with the roseate hue of the Spanish morning; every sentence is a sunbeam, fragrant with the perfume of the Spanish fields. Fortunately, too, Irving has remembered what many authors forget—that a story which would reflect the character of those concerning whom it is related must not ignore the women. Inimitable portraits of women are found in the Sketch Book and in Bracebridge Hall, and we find them also in "The Alhambra." Spanish beauties, Moorish beauties; the influence of their melting black eyes is felt everywhere; even the bachelor heart of Irving seems not to have been free from it. But for him the decaying palace had a charm that nothing else had, and this charm the reader is made to feel. "I shall not die satisfied unless I shall have seen the Alhambra." This criticism of of an intelligent reader tells all that need be told of how much interest "The Alhambra" awakens in the reader's mind.

But says the world: "That is old; that is not modern; progress has left that behind; no musty books for us; give us something fresh; this is a progressive age." Hold; not so fast! If literature may be considered an index of progress, much of our progress is of fungus growth and will decay in a day as it has sprung up in a night. The truth is, that literary productions, being essentially dependent on the natural endowments of man, have been found in all their beauty in all ages, and cannot be manufactured by any art. Diamonds, rubies, pearls, jaspers; Iliads, Æneids, Œdipus, Hamlets, gems of nature and of mind, reflect your light to all the world.

G. W. PASCHAL.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

AS THE spring sun, passing the first point of Aries, begins to mount the ecliptic towards the tropic of Cancer, the breasts of many aspiring North Carolinians begin to swell with gubernatorial hopes. The balmy air of spring is especially favorable for the production of candidates, but fortunately the sultry weather of June and July weeds out all but a very few. This year, however, the aspirants for the governorship seem slow in making their claims known to the public. Perhaps this is indicative of a becoming modesty, and should be approved; but let the people of North Carolina long and seriously consider who will be their next Governor, and try to select a man who will sustain the honor and dignity of the State, as well as administer the laws with an even hand. In many States—for instance, Virginia and Ohio—owing to the care of both parties to secure as their candidates such men as have shown themselves the ablest and worthiest, the governorship confers a distinction of no small note. It is a matter in which the whole nation is concerned. Not so in North Carolina. We esteem so little the man whom we elect Governor that we do not insure him respect abroad. Was not our Governor and all his guard almost wholly ignored at the Inaugural Centennial? Even his name was misspelled in the newspaper reports, while the Governor of one of our neighboring States rode the first man in the procession and was the lion of the occasion. Why this difference? Why but because we do not set a sufficient prize on the highest office in our gift? For the last score of years our Governors have had nothing greater related of them abroad than the immortal remark which some Governor of North Carolina, at some time before the flood or after, made to the Governor of South Carolina. This grand remark, preserved in alcohol, has been the property of our Chief Magistrates from time immemorial, with the exception perhaps of one who has established a reputation for drinking Lithia water. We hope this exception is the beginning of a transition, and that our people will see to it that the chicanery of primaries and conventions shall not prevent them from bestowing the highest office in their gift on the man best fitted for its duties.

WITH much expense of time and labor, Justice Minor, the librarian of Harvard University, has compiled and edited a narrative and critical history

of America. In many respects the author deserves to be praised. He has shown assiduous effort in getting together the material. The ten large quarto volumes, as they appear on the shelf, suggest a herculean labor. But the author has at least one very serious fault. In many points of historical interest he does the South great injustice. He does not even mention such an important fact as the Mecklenburg Declaration. This neglect or disregard of truth in a work which professes to be exhaustive is a great blemish, and must render it much less valuable as a book of reference than it would have been otherwise.

THE death of ex-Governor W. W. Holden serves to recall to us some of the scenes of the past. His faults we will not discuss. All seem willing that the bitter memories of '69 and '70 should be buried with his bones. We like the custom of noting the good deeds of a great life, for they alone are worthy to be remembered. So a few words about ex-Governor Holden. This man, who for a score of years was the ablest of North Carolina journalists, and one of the most prominent in her political world, was born and reared a poor boy, and at an early age entered a printing-office, where, by his industry and energy, he rapidly rose to become proprietor of the most powerful paper published in our State. The story of his life teaches that, in North Carolina as elsewhere, ability and purpose not only deserve success, but also command it; teaches besides some sterner lessons which everyone knows.

THE decision of the Trustees of the University of North Carolina not to grant any degrees of Doctor of Divinity or Doctor of Laws this year is hardly to be commended. It would seem that the University takes this means of ridding itself of those people who are not worthy of these degrees, yet who have the hardihood to apply; and if this were the only means of keeping these gentlemen from degrees, we should approve it. For the D. D.'s, the brassy sort, are the crying evils of our country—worse than the internal revenue, the tariff or the Louisiana Lottery. They are as thick as the frogs were in Pharaoh's plague, and croak as loud. Every little college dismisses a brood every year, which go forth to devour the land. These do not need any college or University degrees, and we are not in favor of them having any. They can easily be distinguished by a propensity to "swell"—on the street, in railway cars, everywhere—and to hop into the first place in every public meeting. But there are a class of men to whom this honorary degree should not be denied. An educational institution could well afford to pass by a whole host of the immodest aspirants in order to bestow this merited mark of distinction on one more modest and more worthy candidate. Such

are honors to any institution. They are enough Doctors of Divinity by nature, as well as by education, to have a becoming modesty, and not always to be striving, like a certain gentleman in "The Tale of Two Cities," to shoulder themselves into prominence. You recognize them at once as great and good, and your soul pays them willing homage.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

RUFUS WEAVER, Editor *pro tem.*

THE NUMBER OF NEW BOOKS published during the year, their subject and character, are usually correct indices to the taste and tendency of popular thought. There were issued in 1891 4,665 books — more than twelve volumes per day. The popularity of fiction remains undiminished, 1,105 volumes (nearly twenty-five per cent. of the entire number) being devoted to this department of literature. The short story is gradually superceding the long, tedious novel. There is also a perceptible increase in the number of books which treat of theological, political and social questions, showing a continued enlargement of interest in these subjects. However, there is a significant decrease in books of travel, description, mathematical science, and historical works. On the whole, the literature of 1891 indicates a deeper thoughtfulness and a growing, intelligent concern in all the living issues.

"LUTHER IN ROME," by Levin Schücking, is one of the most powerful historical novels that in recent years has been translated from the German. Its translator, Mrs. Eudora L. South, deserves special praise for reproducing in English much of the rugged strength of the original. Its hero is the central figure in that period of upheaval and reformation which lifted humanity out of darkness into the light of religious liberty. D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation" and the annals of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family" give rich, vivid descriptions of his later life and work. But *Luther in Rome* portrays the stage of transformation, of mental struggle which preceded his resolution to become the Reformer. There is no work which gives a clearer insight to Roman life and culture during the sixteenth century. Besides, the reader can but be interested in the sweet, pathetic story which is the groundwork of the book.

AMONG the short stories issued during the past year, none excel a nicely-bound volume by James Lane Allen, entitled *Flute and Violin.* Its author, several years ago, was requested by the *Century Magazine* to write a series of articles upon the quaint but interesting convents of Kentucky. His study of the subject and people suggested the writing of the novelettes which he has embodied under the above title. In rich description, beautiful language, tender pathos, it surpasses any book of the year. The White Cowl and Sister Dolorosa strike the minor chords of every sympathetic heart. They are touching stories of stifled love and voluntary self-sacrifice. The slow-fading twilight, the barren Kentucky hills, the sad but lovely nun, her lips moving in silent prayer, is a picture that cannot be easily forgotten. Mr. Allen is a Southern man and has infused into his characters a purity of sentiment, a liveliness of emotion which is refreshing and also natural to the sons and daughters of the South. Although he is already past the meridian of life, his talents are by no means impaired, but ripened into full maturity.

* * *

IT IS a matter of congratulation to his Southern readers that Albion W. Tourgée has at last written a book in which there are no tirades upon the South and its people. It is entitled *Murvale Eastman, Christian Socialist.* The work deals with living questions in a practical but masterly manner. In the past, the conflict between the many and the few has been one of personal right. From the serf has evolved the citizen, from the slave the freedman. But for the present conflict history offers no analogy. The man who labors for himself is free, but he who is dependent upon the will of another for the opportunity of employment is half a slave. No laborer has the right to demand work and wages of an individual employer. Yet the controlling of opportunity by monied powers enslaves the energies of the laboring class without entrenching upon personal liberty. "We cannot do without Christianity," said Matthew Arnold, "and we cannot endure it as it is." Is it true? "We have applied," says Mr. Tourgée, "the basic principle of Christianity to half the relationship of life; the result has been personal liberty—the equal right of every individual to control his own energies. Is the world ready to apply the same immutable principle to another field of human relation—the field of opportunity as well as freedom of endeavor?" This is the question that he formulates and answers in *Murvale Eastman.* The hero, a young popular minister, studies personally, during a street-car strike, the condition of the poor and its causes. The awakened desire to uplift his fellows finds its outburst in the settlement of the strike, favorably

both to the employer and employee. This is the beginning of a great work. Amid much opposition, his earnest voice awakes a deep interest in the members of his congregation for the unfortunate and oppressed. It results in the organization of The Christian Socialists, who invite all, irrespective of faith or creed, to assist in the application of the philosophy of Jesus of Nazareth to all living problems. The story is interesting, but almost smothered by the writer's teaching and philosophy. It can but be a profitable book to all who are interested in applying Christian ethics to every-day life.

* * *

WE HAVE just finished probably the greatest novel of the year. It is *The History of David Grieve*, by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who is well known to American readers as the author of *Robert Elsmere*. American critics lavish much praise upon the work, but the English reviewers, with characteristic reticence, are less extravagant, and even severe in their criticisms. The book is neither a novel nor a romance, but both. Her characters are, if real, exaggerated. David Grieve, with his Titanic strength of body and mind, seems to us as extraordinary as Ivanhoe or Wallace. His sister Louie is a repulsive, almost inhuman creature. Indeed there is not a lovable woman in the whole book. The plot of the story is about as follows: David leaves his early home, runs away to Manchester, enters business, and makes surprising progress in the studies of French and Greek. His wonderful business qualifications soon make him a successful book-seller and publisher. Here his thought is deeply colored by the reading of French novels and infidelic literature. His life is devoid of happiness. Indeed this seems studiously avoided through the whole book. His first real joy comes to him in Paris. It is a *liaison* with a pretty French artist. Within one month she deserts him. Self-abasement, misery, despair follow. Louie, too, falls into the clutches of a heartless libertine and is ruined. David returns to Manchester and afterwards marries Lucy, a simple, frivolous school-girl. The last pages are brightened by the development of Lucy into a sweet, loving wife, immediately to be followed by her death—one of the saddest scenes in all literature. At last David is enabled to see God's guiding hand in all the trials and to lean submissively upon the divine will. The story closes. Reluctantly we lay aside the book, wishing that the author had painted more sunlight in the life of one of the noblest characters found in fiction. The whole book is filled with suffering, misery and shame. If life is as Mrs. Ward describes it, surely it is not worth living. A sombre pessimism pervades every chapter. Yet, in spite of the gloom, it is a wonderful book—superior, indeed, to "Robert Elsmere"—and secures for its author a place second to George Eliot.

ALUMNI NOTES.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

—'49. Henry E. Folk is a prominent lawyer in Tennesse, and has built up and ably sustains quite a large practice in Memphis and Brownsville. In addition to this, he is a well-known journalist in Nashville.

—'74. Rev. A. C. Dixon, pastor of Hanson Place Baptist Church, of Brooklyn, New York, has been sued for libel by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, who places his damages at five thousand dollars. Mr. Dixon charged the noted infidel with advocating the spread of obscene literature, and he does not fear to test the truth of his statement in the open courts of justice. He is a fearless defender of the faith, and, as another has said, "is one of the best preachers in America, and is a level-headed, judicious and godly man." He has been mentioned as the successor in the London pastorate to the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

—'77. Rev. E. E. Folk is editor of *The Baptist Reflector* of Nashville, Tennessee. His ability as a journalist is readily recognized by those who read his able and interesting paper.

—'83. Henry B. Folk, Jr., who died in 1885, was also of this noted family of journalists. He had been on the editorial staff of the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans, and after this of the *St. Louis Republican.*

—'85. E. F. Eddins is the Principal of Yadkin Mineral Springs Academy, at Palmerville, North Carolina. He has a good school, and is exceedingly beloved by the people among whom he is laboring. The space allotted to this department is always cheerfully given to record the success of Wake Forest men.

—'88. Rev. W. J. Ward is located at Somerset, Kentucky, and is busily engaged in the work of the ministry. His many friends will be pleased to learn of his marked success in his adopted State. He is yet a true North Carolinian, as is shown by a recent correspondence, in which he speaks of a "young gentleman" who was born in his home not long since, and who, his father says, will be a student at Wake Forest in coming years.

—'89. E. L. Middleton is Principal of the Durham Female Institute. The Institute is under able management, has a thoroughly competent corps of teachers and will, we have no doubt, receive its share of the pat-

ronage. His friends here were glad to see the genial face of Professor Middleton at our recent Anniversary.

—'90. Ed. F. Early was unanimously reëlected to the principalship of Hopewell Academy, Marion County, South Carolina, and returned the first of November to resume his work. His employees are delighted with his work, and we heard nothing from them but words of commendation for their teacher. His friends will address him at Fork.

—'90. T. L. Blalock, after spending last year at Johns Hopkins, accepted a position in the North Carolina Experiment Station at Raleigh. He now holds the position of third assistant, and is busy with the work of analyzing fertilizers, food-stuffs, minerals, etc. Tom is a careful chemist, has a love for his chosen work, and will succeed.

—'90. J. A. Holloman, formerly on the staff of the *Winston Daily Sentinel*, has recently purchased the *Kernersville News*, of which he is now the editor. He has achieved marked success already as a journalist, which we consider as an earnest for greater things in the future.

—W. F. Kornegay ('50) founded the large firm of W. F. Kornegay & Co., machinists and engine-builders, of Goldsboro, North Carolina. Their plant was destroyed by fire in 1884, but having rebuilt they began operations again, and a little later Mr. Kornegay sold out to the present firm of Dewey Brothers. He was afterwards elected President of the Goldsboro and Greenville Railroad Company, and later President of the Farmer's Bank, which, however, has never begun operations. He is a leading business man of Goldsboro and a representative man of that district of country. Last year he became President of the North Carolina division of the Richmond and Danville Railroad system, of which he has long been a stockholder.

—R. M. Nelson ('50) is President of the largest bank of Selma, Alabama. He is also President of a syndicate of Englishmen who own large tracts of real estate in Alabama, and in the interest of the syndicate visited England not long since. He is also President of the Bankers' Association of America.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

E. Y. WEBB, Editor *pro tem.*

=Springtime!

="Come, gentle Spring; ethereal mildness, come!"

=The seniors have somewhat subsided.

=Now is the time to organize tennis clubs.

=On the homestretch for Commencement!

=Whites *vs.* Old Gold: 5 to 1 in favor of the latter.

=The *german* study is the most popular in college.

=Professor Poteat has just made an order for the library.

=Professor Johnson has moved to his new home on Pennsylvania ave.

=The skating-rink sprang up quickly and died in the same manner.

=It is reported that no one appreciates Ann*a*versary so much as W. B. D.

=Mrs. Charles E. Brewer has returned from a two weeks visit to her father.

=The Terpsichorean Orchestra is giving some charming music now-a-nights.

=Mrs. Wilkerson, Greystone, North Carolina, is visiting her mother, Mrs. Pompey Holding.

=Why is a certain visiting young lady on the Hill like a queen? Because she makes hearts her *Vass*-als be.

="In the Spring a brighter iris changes
on the burnished dove;
In the Spring a young man's fancy
lightly turns to thoughts of love."

=Miss Mattie McLeod has returned to her home in South Carolina, after a few weeks pleasant visit to Mrs. W. C. Brewer.

=It is rumored that one of our young professors intends an early abandonment of celibacy to put on the gentle(?) yoke of connubial bliss.

=Misses Kitchin, Lewis, Graves, Pace, Street, and Julia Brewer, to the delight of their many friends, remained over a few days after Anniversary.

=Miss Lilian Irene Daniel, Weldon's fascinating belle, after two weeks pleasant stay with Miss Anna Walters, has returned home and left many sad hearts. Miss Lillie adds to all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, those accomplishments which render their impressions irresistible: polite, affable, jovial, and capable of conversing with equal ease and dignity.

=At the election of Commencement Marshals, Messrs. D. M. Prince, F. P. Hobgood and W. A. Smith were elected from the Phi.; Messrs. G. W. Blanton, W. A. Jones and A. S. Joyner from the Eu.

=We are glad that our excellent Professor of Chemistry has learned the superiority of the heating stove over the wall-heater and has placed one in his laboratory. May the same conclusion be reached and a similar result obtained in the lecture-room.

=The following was handed us, which is the Freshmen's retaliation, and begs space in the form of an exegesis of the Senior class: Millard—Temple of knowledge. Mills—Base-ball maniac. Vass—Dude. Peterson—Unbearable bore. Paschal—Agitation personified. Cook—Emporium of conceit. Reaves—Go-easy. Howell—Tough.

=Rev. Baylus Cade, on the night of the 8th inst., delivered a lecture to a goodly attendance. His subject was "Cheek." He handled it admirably, and showed thought and study in its preparation. The whole discourse was interspersed with rich illustrations, couched in vivid diction. His many facetious points caused hearty laughter, and the sacred illustrations evoked admiration and produced a midnight silence on the audience. He analyzed cheek from alpha to omega, beginning with himself as a specimen of cheek in general, then proceeded with business cheek; manufacturers' cheek; political cheek, which is divided into evasive, bombastic, patriotic and social cheek; petroleum cheek; religious cheek; lachrymose cheek; intolerant cheek; christian cheek; and lastly, painted cheek. His divisions were thorough, and covered the whole realm of every possible kind of cheek. The subject he handled masterly and was thoroughly interesting to all.

=Field day will be on the 23d of April. The general programme is as follows, though there will be other races and games for amusement. The first effort, it is hoped, will be accompanied with much success. For the following events gold medals will be awarded: One hundred yards dash; one mile run; one mile walk; four hundred and forty yards dash; three-legged race; one hundred and twenty yards hurdle race; pole vault; running broad jump; standing high jump; standing broad jump; running high jump; running hop, step and jump; potato race; throwing hammer. An entertainment will be given that evening in the chapel. This day should be looked forward to with enthusiastic interest, and every young man should contest for at least one of the many pretty medals. It is a new institution in our college history, and deserves the united support of the whole student body. All entries for the events must be made with the President, E. W. Sikes, on or before April 11.

WAKE FOREST SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY—MARCH.

The Society met at the usual time, with a large and appreciative attendance. Its members arranged for a public meeting, wherein they propose to discuss the causes of local financial depression. The meeting is to be held this month.

Professor Sledd then made a very enlightening talk on "The Science of Fairy Tales," in which he said that fairy tales were the oldest institutions of North Europe, and confined principally to that section. None of importance ever sprang from Roman literature. Their chosen home is Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, few in England, many in Wales and Scotland. They are originated and flourish most in rural districts and firesides, among a domestic people who make and tell the tales to while away the long evenings and lonesome nights. There are some countries in which story-telling is made a profession. Civilization and education are unfriendly to fairy tales, for they brush away the mystic vale and mysterious shadows in which the tales most thrive. They began to disappear in 1830, when educated ministers and teachers visited their home, for enlightenment is fatal to them. A prerequisite for the growth of fairy tales is an isolated nationality and the nation comparatively young. The people who believe and tell these tales give personality to all things, and invest each stripe or check of the dress with a meaning, which the aged grandmother explains to the interested and credulous children.

He then related, in his interesting style, several of the most noteworthy tales, explaining the orders and general tendency of each set of tales. What lends interest to them all is that all turn on a superhuman act, and, in fact, the supernatural has been the sole source from which literature has drawn. Nearly all of our Southern Negro myths can be traced back to African origin.

The address was classical and valuable, and well worth the ear of every student of literature.

Mr. Dougherty followed, presenting the Society with a paper on "Recent Advances in the Psychology of the Lower Animals." He reviewed several recent articles on the subject, offering suggestions and illustrations. Ants have power of thought; also the fox. Almost all animals of a similar kind are able to communicate their impressions to each other; yet the subject is dark and perplexing, and there is much room for further discoveries. He illustrated the adroit reason of the dog by an old rheumatic hound, who, when he came in from hunting, cold and stiff, would seek the fire, but the younger and more vigorous dogs would crowd him out, whereat the old fellow would rush out the door, barking, growling and showing all

signs of terror, which would attract and arouse the other dogs, and they too would dash for the yard, expecting to see the cause of their companion's apparent madness, when the old smart dog would dash back into the room and double himself up in the choicest place before the fire. He expected that some time in the not distant future there would be a monkey language.

The paper was ably prepared, and contained many striking points and illustrations about the brute and bird kingdom.

Dr. Taylor then made some interesting remarks on the lower animals, defining instinct as the doing of a thing without any object to achieve the end—following a blind impulse without an idea of what is to come from the acts. But no fundamental belief should be shaken, even could it be proved that lower animals have reason.

Dr. Royall stated that the mental structure of the lower and higher animals is the same, but of a different order and degree. Animals may have consciousness, but not self-consciousness, and are capable of no reflections; have recept, in a sense precept, but not concept.

Professor Poteat then explained the gulf between man and lower animals by evolution. When brute became man, there he left the brute and there the brute has remained, while man has evolved and developed in mind and intelligence.

ANNIVERSARY.

[BY W. B. D.]

The anniversary celebration of the literary societies came off on February 13th. This occasion is always immensely enjoyed by both the students of the College and its patrons. Though the day was extremely cold and unfavorable, this did not prevent the attendance of a large and appreciative audience.

At 2:30 P. M. Mr. E. T. Barnes, president of the debate, in a pleasant and graceful manner, welcomed the audience and announced the query for discussion, "Should the United States annex Canada?"

Messrs. Graves and Kittrell argued for the affirmative, and Messrs. Bridges and Webb defended the negative.

We shall not attempt any synopsis of the speeches. We would do great injustice to the speakers if we did. But suffice it to say that each one did honor to himself and to the Society which he had the honor to represent. The standard of the speeches in argument, logic and rhetoric was equal if not superior to that of any previous anniversary. Competent judges pronounced the debate a credit to the institution and to the young men who participated in it. At the close of the discussion the question was decided in favor of the negative by a very large majority. Then the audience dispersed and awaited the time for the orations, at 8:30 P. M.

This is by no means the least im-

portant feature of the occasion. The young men elected to deliver the orations have usually proved themselves worthy of the honor in the debate of previous anniversaries.

At the time mentioned above, the audience reassembled, and the orators of the evening, Messrs. John A. Wray and J. W. Millard, were escorted to the rostrum. Their respective subjects, "A Poisoned Paradise," and "Dreaming and Doing," were handled with rare skill and ability. For more than an hour the audience was held as if spell-bound by the magic words of these "silver-tongued orators."

The last but not least enjoyable feature of anniversary is the social gathering in the Society halls, where everyone can take part in the speech-making. Here the remainder of the evening was spent in pleasant social enjoyment.

Thus passes away the Fifty-seventh Anniversary of the Societies.

FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY.

At half-past two the Wingate Hall
Was thronged with listeners, great and small,
Who came the combat to behold
Of four young men sincerely bold.

The query read, then Graves arose,
His thoughts through language to disclose,
And tell of treasures rich and grand
Afforded by Canadian land.

He claimed our States might well employ
These treasures for our pride and joy,
And "Annexation" prove the best
For North and South, and East and West.

Then Bridges spoke in thundering tones
Of bitter tears and sighs and groans
That would be sure to follow on
When these two peoples join in one.

He argued that these States of ours
Would be thus joined with dangerous powers;
And painted thus our country's wreck,
And like a "whirlwind," "swept the deck."

Next Kittrell strove to help maintain
The side of Graves with might and main;
With steady brow and manly form,
He sought to quell the "Texas storm."

He thought Canadian coal and wheat
Would tend to make our wealth complete;
That we sublimer heights might gain,
And to the greatest power attain.

Then Webb, the last—not least, indeed—
Came forth with ringing voice to plead,
And prove the side where Bridges stood
To be both wise and just and good.

Canadian laws he thought not best
For these our States, so highly blest,
But we our government should hold,
Divinely given to young and old.

Then followed all in swift reply;
Some for "more honey" seemed to cry;
When, having all their wants supplied,
They groaned and smothered—then they died.

For those who said annex to ours
Canadian soil and wealth and powers
Were beaten by the other two—
So said the people not a few.

* * * * * * *

Again the spacious hall was filled,
At half-past seven, by all who willed
To hear "orations," *soft* or loud,
As suited best the varied crowd.

John Wray then thrilled, not once nor twice—
His theme, "A Poisoned Paradise"—
The hearts of all the listening throng,
While telling of the brave and strong.

Tom Dixon-like, he brought to view
The foul corruption of the few,
Who, by their cheats and schemes and powers,
Are blighting this fair land of ours.

Another speaker forward came—
J. W. Millard was his name;
He swiftly scanned the old and new,
And painted well the good and true.

Most wisely, nobly did he tell
Of "dreaming" first, then "doing" well
Such deeds of virtue, love and truth
As bring good cheer to age and youth.

Thus closed the scenes in Wingate Hall,
Which were enjoyed by one and all;
But other scenes awaited near,
The maiden and the youth to cheer.

To "Literary halls" retired
The ladies all, so well admired;
The boys went, too—well, yes, I s'pose,
To see the Lily and the Rose.

Till late at night the tender ear
Heard words most soft and low, yet clear.
Perhaps the whisperer——well, you guess
What followed when she told him "yes."

I. T. NEWTON.

[We cannot guess, but we once heard of a proposal somewhat in this wise:

JACOB WHITE.—"Oh! Miss Beccy, I have been talking to the Lord; I've been praying to the Lord, and it's the Lord's will that we do marry."

MISS BECCY.—"The Lord's will be done, Mr. White—yes."

JACOB.—"Let us embrace!" (Curtain falls.)

It is poetical license, however, to suppose that any Senior has ever asked for a "yes." Seniors are too wise. As to Juniors and Sophs, it is not a question; and can it be that the Freshmen have carried their insolence thus far!—ED.]

THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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BUT STOP!

This republic is now a little more than one hundred years old. Just a few years ago she celebrated the first century of her existence. Within that short period she has crowded, comparatively speaking, centuries of civilization. She has marked her place in history with tales of heroism and with the monuments of powerful minds. The genius of progress has set all-conquering on her advancing fronts. The stories of her material prosperity are heralded by her centenial orators. The angel of tolerant religion has planted his foot upon her soil and spread his glory to her borders. The faithful Protestant has told the beautiful story of his Christ and his salvation, and this republic has smiled approval upon his Christian zeal. The tradesman, untrammeled by local restraint, has sold his wares to his neighbor and received in return his wages. Industrial action has not been interfered with, and the citizen has been a law unto himself, so long as he has not infringed upon the rights of others.

What land so blessed! What people so supremely fortunate! At first glance, one would think that here Plato's Ideal Republic, Moore's Utopia and the Pantisocracy of Coleridge and Wordsworth had found expression, and the poet's dream of ideality has become reality. Here, it would appear that contentment would ever be found brooding. Here, hunger never visits, trouble never comes and plenty would seem to always smile. Here, it seems that every man would be a king and every laborer a prince, and his sovereignty resting beneath his hat. All past history has

pointed to democracy as the ultimatum of every people's hope. Here, it has been secured and maintained until this republic is the richest nation existing.

But stop! what is the truth? Look about you. Scenes of marvelous prosperity meet your eye, but above the clink of coins the moan of unsatisfied hunger falls heavily upon the ear. At the cave of Adullam shivers the child of low birth and want. Amid the monotonous droning of spindles, the rush and roar of railroads and the bustle of commerce the brat of poverty sends up its pauper cry, a protest, in the name of its Maker, against its terrible inheritance. From its mother's womb the bread of discontentment has been broken for its nourishment, and thus it grows to manhood and to American citizenship. That man is a revolutionist. Patriotism cannot find a fit dwelling place in the breast eaten by hunger. But make the picture a little brighter. The mechanic, with respectable parents and an honest name. A will for honest toil is born with him; a desire to live as a Christian, to be genteel, to pay his debts and to educate his children has been bequeathed him; he works faithfully, but somehow every annual settlement finds him no better off and one year nearer the grave. That man, too, is a revolutionist, of less pronounced type perhaps, still he feels that something is wrong in our social arrangement, and the desire for change stirs his brain.

But come nearer home. An honest tiller of the soil, the farmer, a man whom you respect, a man who toils and reclines on the bosom of his family as his truest altar. He is your friend and your neighbor. You see his fields every day—the monuments to his industry and honesty. He plants, he toils, he reaps. Now the time for his yearly reckoning comes. With pencil in hand he sits down before his fire which provident Nature has supplied. His account at the supply store stares him in the face; his guano bill is unpaid; all his liabilities crowd upon him, and he realizes that he is poorer to-day than before he toiled and labored. He sees the land which his father left him to improve, the land which Jefferson said belonged in usufruct to the living, slipping from him piece by piece. His hardened hands remind him that he has tried; his more bent form tells him that he has suffered. What shall we call that man? Shall we call him a revolutionist? You would be loath to confess it, yet what is the difference? Within, there stirs a feeling that something is wrong; that the man who produces is not he who reaps; that the man who grows the fruits of the earth is not the one who feasts. He stands before the mirror of his own mind a living, real example of that truth, an incarnate argument to that fact. He reflects. Determination is the fruit of reflection. He determines to escape the clutches of that demon—injustice. What is the

result? First, agitation, then organization. We have not called him a revolutionist; but need you be reminded that agitation is the parent and forerunner of revolution? Need you the blood-stained hand of history to point you to England and France? Need you be told that Cromwell was an agitator, and before the French revolution, above the rattling of wine glasses and the clink of coins in the pockets of the nobles, could be heard the peasant voice of France, crying each to the other in the night of their distress? We need not stir your patriotism by a reminder of the open-air meetings, the heralds with swift relays, the voice of Patrick Henry which preceded our own struggle for independence.

Revolution at all times and in all countries has been generated by agitation. Agitation has ever been the result of want and discontent among those who labor. What will twenty years more of such agitation as now moves the masses produce? Is it reasonable to expect nothing of it? As sure as cause begets result we will see, in our day, the condition of the masses better or immeasurably worse.

We have faith in our institutions to right wrongs and equalize inequalities, but hugged blindly to our bosom they may prove a snare to our feet. Blind security is a dangerous thing for any people, for under its waning hand energy falls asleep and Delilah comes in the night-time and cuts away the strength with which to meet emergencies. The sentiment, "Soul take thy ease," is as dangerous to governments as it was destructive to the soul of that man who pulled down his barns to build new ones.

Democracy is a glorious institution, but you need not be told that it is a two-edged weapon, sometimes cutting each way; that, driven to desperation, it not only destroys its enemies but wounds itself. How carefully, then, should we fortify against these dangers.

The motto that shines at the masthead of the ship of State in France, "Liberty! Fraternity! Equality!" may well furnish us food for reflection, for they are at the foundation of every free government. One depends upon the other. Liberty cannot exist without fraternity, nor can fraternity survive the absence of equality, hence we see equality is the key to all successful republicanism. Here is to be the apology for every labor organization in this country, because in cherishing so blindly the forms of liberty we have let its twin-sister fall by the way to perish, and those who toil have stopped to lift up the dead body and are trying to resuscitate it—the laborers are organizing to revive their interests so cowardly neglected.

But must there be apology for these organizations? Is apology demanded of four millions of laborers, freemen and citizens? Agitation begotten by injustice and oppression forced them to organize. They must do it to se-

cure legislative recognition, then need they apologize? Democracy springs from the people. It represents in its ultimate analysis, after being stripped of its parasitic attachments, the man between the plow-handles and the laborer in the shop, whether the field he harrows borders on the great lakes or is bathed by the gulf, or whether the smoke from his furnace darkens the sky of the Alleghanies or hovers among the crags of the Rockies. Have these men entered into these organizations without cause and without consideration? Does any man deny the need for reform? Can anyone assert that unwarrantable inequalities do not exist, and that the laws in our land protect those who most need protection? Will any man stand up in the face of the poverty and crime around him and say that nothing is wrong, and that we are moving on to the fulfillment of our destiny as a nation without hindrance and without danger? Then if, as all admit, there is something wrong, let us no loger call him an alarmist who sees and points out danger. Call him not a demagogue who exhorts us to arm against it. Let us not contemn that man or set of men who suffers most from injustice and inequality and tries to right them.

Above all sectional feuds, "above all political differences, above all parties," let us value the peace and progress of our beloved republic, and may she no longer revel in the ways of vice already trodden by republics that are no more.

C. W. WILSON.

THE DISTINGUISHED FIREMEN.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.]

In the province of Turingia the bells were ringing slowly and mournfully. Karl August, one of the noblest and bravest Germans, was dead. For fifty-two years he had ruled his people wisely and well.

It was Sunday midday, about the middle of June, 1828. The last tones of the funeral bells had died away in the distance, and now there was assembled at the saloon a vast crowd of the citizens of the town of Fogelsburg, all of whom were engaged in earnest conversation. Some were talking of the death of Duke Karl, others of the hay-harvest, and others still of the war that was then going on between the Turks and the Russians.

"There comes old Lutzner!" suddenly interrupted some one. "Indeed, the Duke's death must be going very hard with him, for people say

that the Duke once gave him considerable property."

Now old Lutzner was a tall, elderly man of about seventy years of age, but still walked with a firm and steady step. Dressed in his gray miller-suit, he entered the saloon and ordered a glass of beer. As he drew out his purse to pay for the beer, he also took out a dollar piece having a hole in it and a ring attached.

"This," said he, "was given me by the Duke along with a number of other pieces, and it has been a source of great pleasure and satisfaction to me. My poor dead wife wore this on her necklace for forty long years. Look, it is still as bright as when she wore it."

"There come into the world no more such men as the dead Duke," continued the miller. "He played a great many funny capers—he and his friend up there"—and hereupon he points to the pictures of Karl August and Goethe which happened to be hanging on the wall. "Yes, indeed, people were of a much gayer disposition then than they are in these days. Our Duke was always ready to lend a helping hand whenever he found anybody in distress, and in his young days he had strength enough for three men. In a fair wrestle he could have thrown down any one of you with his left hand; but when we three, the Duke, Goethe and myself, worked together, that was a sight for men to behold. Ah, well, men these days are not what they used to be, they keep getting weaker and weaker all the time. But, by the way, I had intended to tell an entirely different story from this."

"Come! tell us how it happened. We have always been hearing vague rumors about it, but could never get the straight tale," they all cried with one voice. "Yes, tell us, so that we may know the whole affair just as it is."

They all eagerly gathered around him. The old miller nods his head, and says:

"Now, you must all keep quiet, and not blow your tobacco smoke into my face. By the way, the Duke was very fond of smoking, and always had his pipe and dog along with him."

"Well, now tell us the whole story from the beginning," they said.

"All right," said the miller. "It was the third of March in the year 1779. At that time I was a mere boy, and was staying at the Heyda mill. One night I was all alone in the mill walking to and fro, busily engaged in pouring the grain from one sack into another. The wind was very high, so that at every moment one would have thought that the mill was going to be overturned. For a reason, I know not what, I happened to glance out at the window. Great heavens! What do I see? The whole town is on fire! Quickly I spring down and stop the mill-wheel, wake up the master and his wife and

children, and then hasten to the town.

"I am one of the first to the place. I rouse up the mayor and the blacksmith, and then run to tell the sexton to ring the alarm. But the alarm did not have much effect. The wind so violently snatched away the tones of the bell that they could scarcely be heard in our own town, much less in the neighboring towns.

"'There must be fire-riders to all the towns in the community,' said the mayor. 'You, Lutzner, go home, take out your horse, and ride as fast as you can to Grossneuhausen.'

"We first ought to establish order, and try to help ourselves before calling on help from others," said I.

"'That will do, not another word,' replied the mayor, threateningly. 'You know what the result will be if you don't obey immediately.'

"I obey and ride off at full speed through the woods to Grossneuhausen. Now, as I ride through the town and cry out through the quiet streets, 'Fire! Fire! Help!' at the top of my voice, my hair stands on end just as though I myself were experiencing all the terror of the men who are just waking from sleep. I must bring the whole town into an uproar, and already I have hallowed till I am hoarse and my throat is sore. After a while the people of Grossneuhausen are aroused, the engine is brought out, and immediately I start off home with it. As we go through the woods, along on the mountain side it is so bright that one could easily see to pick up a needle from the ground. The whole town is standing in flames, and the fire is reaching nearer and nearer towards the church. At home everybody seems to have lost their heads—the people are running together in terrified and confused mobs, but nothing is being done to stop the fire, the children are screaming, the women are crying, and the men are swearing and rushing madly around. I begin at once to try to restore order, and after awhile succeed. The engines begin to puff, the water begins to spout, and everything is soon quiet.

"Suddenly some one angrily calls out, 'Young chap, what are you doing there? Fall in line with the rest of us. You are no better than anybody else.' Now, in all my life I never had considered myself a person of any special importance, but whenever there is nobody present who is able or willing to establish order, then whoever sees where it is needed ought to try to undertake it.

"There are engines enough, but they are not properly worked. So we arrange two files of men down to the brook—one file to convey the water from the brook to the fire by passing the vessels from man to man, the other was to return the vessels to the brook in the same manner. Things would have been managed very well now, if there had not been so much confusion. Some wanted the engines

in one place, others said that they were needed worse somewhere else. So they kept pulling the engines from place to place without accomplishing anything. In the meantime the lines of men were very slow and irregular in passing the water from the brook. Vexed at the situation, I began to give orders at the top of my voice; but just then some one—I did not see who it was—suddenly dashed a bucket of water on my head. At this everybody laughed in spite of their distress. But this very thing served me a good purpose, as you will see further on.

"There, see! There come two fire-riders from Kaiserburg at full speed! The one on the brown horse with the dog following him is the Duke, the one on the gray horse is his friend who is visiting home from Frankfurt.

"'There comes the Duke! The Duke is here,' cries some one. Nothing of any effect was being done before, but now everybody wanted to stop. They all crowded around the Duke as though he were the only one who could render any help. And nobody could be gotten to move a finger towards doing anything else. Yes, the Duke and his friend had come. They ride up very near. The friend alights, but the Duke remains sitting in the saddle and holds up his hand. He takes in the situation, and observes which way the wind is blowing. Then he turns his horse round so that we can understand him, because the wind is blowing so hard that one can scarcely hear himself talk. Now the Duke, who had a very strong voice, shouts for us to preserve order and obey his commands without delay. He dismounts and begins to give orders. His voice, manner and bearing all told that he was one to be obeyed. At that time he was very handsome—handsome as a picture. He offers to render what assistance he can, and so places himself in the line of men. But it is now too late, it avails nothing.

"A small cottage was burning near the church, and the bell from the church-tower rang out as though it were saying, 'Help is needed here, or else the house will soon burn down, and my voice must then be hushed forever.' When the Duke had perceived carefully and well how matters stood, he called out with loud voice:

"'You men, are you going to allow your church to burn down without making any effort to save it? Tear down the cabin and save the church!'

"'It may be that we can save the cottage.' 'No, let it alone; it will soon fall of its own accord.' 'There is too much danger of getting burnt for us to try to save the church.' And many other such things could have been heard here and there.

"'Tear it down, or else what might be saved will be lost. Tear it down!' said the Duke, stamping upon the ground.

"Everybody stood speechless and motionless. The Duke seizes a fire-hook, and holding it up, says:

"'Who will go with me and help me?'

"'I will,'' said I.

"From that moment I felt no more the cold chills which were running over my body. I seized a fire-hook, and said:

"'Please your Honor, let me go in front; they have poured water over me, and there is no danger of my getting burnt.'

"So we lay hold of the fire-hooks and work with all our might. As I look toward the front wall I become dizzy. The hut sways to and fro, the whole world appears to be turning round and round, and everything seems to be in a whirl. Now, I see nothing more, and finally all my strength fails me. Crash! crash! and the burning beams come tumbling down, and for awhile I fear that I have fallen into the fire. I can see nothing for fire and smoke, and my eye-brows and hair are singed off. But I am not seriously burnt, neither is the Duke. I am now as dry, and my clothes are as free from the water that had been poured on me, as though I were in a stove. We make one more effort, and succeed. And now—ah, yes, so it is, if one leads the way the others are always sure to follow—now the rest come also and help us. They are ashamed of themselves that they have allowed the Duke to work so hard for them, but the Duke did not leave the place till the cabin was torn down. The fire breaks out in another place, but the church is saved.

"'What is your name?' the Duke asked me.

"'Lutzner,' said I.

"'And who are you?'

"'A miller-boy,' I replied.

"'Come with me into the church,' he said.

"I follow the Duke into the church. The Duke's dog, at the bidding of his master, lies down outside the door. We walk into the church. The Duke goes up in front of the altar. I follow him. There he stands for awhile thoughtful and motionless. Taking hold of the table, he pulls out his purse and empties it upon the altar, and says: 'Lutzner, take that.'

"Now, of course I did not allow him to say this to me the second time, so I take the money and put it into my pocket, while the Duke looks on approvingly. It was exactly seventy-five dollars. However, before giving it to me he doubly blessed it, first in his hands, then on the altar. I have spent it all except this one piece. When he gave it to me I could not say one word. I could only offer my hand to the Duke, who gave it a warm and friendly grasp. Being tired from his long ride and hard work, he sat down in a pew, crossed his hands, and soon fell asleep. Day

was now beginning to dawn, and I sat by and looked on as the Duke closed his eyes in sleep.

"At that time there was a custom—and it should be so now—for people to hold a thanksgiving after a fire. So the church is soon full of men, women and children. From the gallery bursts a mighty organ-peal, and the whole congregation joins in singing. 'Now let us all thank God.' Immediately the Duke awakes, raises his head and perceives that he still has on his hat. Taking it off, he rises and stands till the singing is over.

"Now we all go out of the church. The sun is high above the mountains, and the whole heaven is one glorious splendor. I look straight into the Duke's face, which appears so handsome in the morning light. His friend is standing near by, and the Duke says to him, 'Where were you in the meantime?'

"'Never mind about that,' replies the friend, 'I will tell you on the way home.' (They were as intimate with each other as though they had been brothers.)

"Then the blacksmith steps up, and says: 'Please your Honor, the gentleman (he knows not that his name is Goethe) has been managing the files of men down at the brook, and has been helping me draw and carry water, and he has done everything so well and orderly that we are due him a thousand thanks.'

"The horses were brought out and the fire-riders mounted. Yes, indeed, they were different fire-riders from any of us—one was Karl August, the Duke of the province, the other Goethe, the most distinguished poet of Germany. They both rode gaily away in the early brightness of the morning.

"Yes, the Duke is now dead; the glorious sun still rises and sets; towns conitnue to be burned down and rebuilt; good men still die, over whom we fondly trust that death can have no more dominion; other men come to take their places, and the world is continually repeating itself, going over and over again just what it has gone over before."

The old man, who had spoken these last words in a low murmur to himself, was silent and thoughtful, and the crowd around him for awhile remained as still as death.

While the story was being told, time had passed swiftly by and twilight was settling down over the world. Again the solemn notes from the funeral bells began to peal forth upon the evening air, and old Lutzner went back home to his mill.

S. J. PORTER.

"THE EVOLUTIONARY FOOL AND FOOLDOM."

The Chinese live in China, the Germans in Germany, and Fools live in Fooldom. "Indeed! I know where China is and I know where Germany is, but where is Fooldom?" Ah! that is a question that gave me no little concern when I was studying geography; for Maury didn't have it on any of his maps, and Monteith didn't have it on any of his; the fact is, none of the geographers seemed to know anything about it. I read that because Columbus came over here and found America, he was called *great;* and that because Stanley and Livingstone had ransacked Africa and wrote funny descriptions of the country and people, they were numbered among the *brave.* So I came to the conclusion it would be the making of me if I should be the first to find Fooldom, and draw a map and write a description. And for this reason, and for this alone, one night I started out, without ships or caravans, without fleets, armies or horses. I had very good luck, and soon found it; drew my map, and now my description.

Now, I take it for granted that every one has seen Fools, or at least heard of them. But for some reason men have always been inclined to classify and name them. Why, I remember very well, when I was a little fellow, having heard grown people speak of the "self-made-Fool," and the "Fool-that-was-made-Fool-by-men;" I heard of the "foolish-Fool," and the "Fool-for-the-lack-of-sense;" I heard of the "natural-born-Fool," and the "Fool-of-Fools." Very naturally, then, I supposed there were Fools of many species. But when I was over in Fooldom I found that all these terms were incorrect, and that there was but one *general class* of them, and that was the *Evolutionary Fool*, which, of course, is the *Fool proper.*

Perhaps it would not be amiss for me to say right here, that before I went into Fooldom I spent a great deal of time in ransacking history and diving down into the profundity of knowledge that I might ascertain exactly at what time the Fool appeared, and from what he originally came, but historians furnish very little satisfactory information, and geologists are very much divided. Over in Fooldom, though, they have a full and authentic history, but, of course, it is witten in the *Foolish language*, and I couldn't read it. I began, however, and determined to learn the language and bring back with me an English translation, but I miserably "stuck," for I did not know the English!

Now, as to the time of their origin, geologists agree that it was *about* the time of the Adamic creation; though

they are uncertain whether it was immediately previous or subsequent. The Fool's accounts say it was simultaneous. And these are not to be ignored, if we consider a moment that men, from their very beginning, have known and spoken of Fools; still their ideas of them have been vague and indefinite, and much more so in the early ages than now. Even as late as the Egyptian civilization, according to some traditions, men supposed that Fools possessed no distinct form or individuality, and regarded them as imaginary beings, like nymphs and sirens. And the Persians thought they were little fiends or evil spirits, forever going about and bent on mischief. If a donkey got in the habit of kicking they said, "A Fool hath changed the *fulcrum* and moved it *backwards*, hence his head goes *down* and his heels fly *upwards*." Or if a sow lost her pigs, they thought a Fool had coaxed them off into Pigdom by telling them there was a plenty of corn and acorns and good swill over there. The Peloponnesians regarded Fools as our superstitious ancestors did haunts, ghosts and witches, and supposed they lurked about swamps and grave-yards, and dark, boggy places. They told their children long and horrible stories about old Mr. So-and-so, w-h-e-n h-e w-a-s l-i-v-i-ng, w-h-i-l-e p-a-s-s-i-n-g o-n-e n-i-g-h-t a d-a-r-k, d-a-n-g-e-r-o-u-s c-a-v-e-r-n—saw a Fool cross his path! or heard one h-o-w-l-i-n-g or g-r-o-w-l-i-n-g! And these they related with such dole and so woefully that those little hearts would fill with fear and great trepidation.

An ancient philosopher said that Jack-with-his-lantern was the Fool, and often attempted to entrap him, but failed, and hence came the universal opinion that "Fools are all gas and extremely delusive."

Some observations I made while over in Fooldom: First, I was taken around to the capitol and into the Senate Hall. There is nothing uncommon about their laws, constitution or form of government; for they always copy from the nearest and most friendly nations. But the way they legislate tickled me all in "my sleeves." One big old Senator, I remember, introduced a bill asking the government to "a-p-p-r-o-p-r-i-a-t-e a-n-n-u-a-l-l-y t-w-e-n-t-y m-i-l-l-i-o-n-s o-f d-o-l-l-a-r-s t-o s-u-p-p-l-y t-h-e n-i-g-h-t w-i-t-h d-a-y-l-i-g-h-t, t-o k-e-e-p t-h-e n-i-g-h-t-h-a-w-k-s a-n-d o-w-ls f-r-o m c-a-t-c-h-i-n-g h-i-s c-h-i-c-k-e-n-s." Another low, fat fellow complained that the night before he was kept from sleeping by the tail of a comet shining into his face through his lattice window, and asked that c-o-m-m-i-s-s-i-o-n-e-r-s b-e a-p-p-o-i-n-t-e-d, o-n a v-e-r-y l-a-r-g-e s-a-l-a-r-y, a-n-d t-h-a-t t-h-e-y n-e-g-o-t-i-a-t-e w-i-t-h t-h-a-t c-o-m-e-t, a-n-d a-s-k i-t t-o t-u-r-n i-t-s t-a-i-l t-h-e o-t-h-e-r w-a-y. I noticed, too, that they elected one Fool to make all the *motions* and *amend* them, and *call*

for *divisions!* And he had got to be too lazy to stand up, so he just wriggled and stretched his neck a little; but how he could make motions, and amendments, and call for divisions, in a way perfectly astonishing to me!

I'll tell you now, Fools are funny creatures. They build magnificent palaces, and castles stupendously grand, though they never inhabit them. They have splendid feasts and pompous ceremonies and worship at their shrines, but the only sacrifice they offer is *time.* They kindle large fires out of a few old *dry facts*, and then sit back and roast *conditions* like we roast *potatoes.* They set *fancies* and *suppositions*, and hatch out *conclusions* like we raise *chickens.* They put *position* on skids, and launch it into infinity, like we build *ships* and launch them into the ocean. They milk *abstractions* like we milk *cows*, and churn *impossibilities* out of great *uncertainties.* They hide *mirth* in the grave-yard, and for every smile they sound a funeral knell, but remorse and sorrow they exhibit in the marriage, where the lights are bright and the music soft. They have a little ode that runs this way:

"We cry when we laugh, and laugh when we cry;
We die while we live, and live when we die.
We play while we work, and work when we play;
We curse when we sing, and revile when we pray."

I have not time to show my maps, but I must tell you where Fools live and where Fooldom is situated.

If you delve deep into the bowels of the earth, behold, the Fool and Fooldom are there. Or if you climb high the mountain cliffs, even to the regions of perpetual snow, behold, the Fool and Fooldom are there. Whether in the tropics under the burning sun, or in the artic regions where the vernal breezes never blow, behold, the Fool and Fooldom are there. Or if on the wings of the morning you fly away and dwell in the remotest recesses of the globe, behold, the Fool and Fooldom are there. Where man lives, the Fool lives; and when man dies, the Fool dies, and there, also, he is buried. So the Fool is the indiscriminate and inseparable companion of man; and the only question with me is; Whether the "*Fool is man*," or "*Is man the Fool.*"

T. M. LEARY.

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WOMANHOOD IN OLD GREECE.

Though the parent of our own—though its spirit still informs us and its life-blood runs in our veins—the civilization of the Greeks is, in many ways, different from our own. Its virtues and its vices are alike alien to us; its beauty is not ours; its poetry appeals to but few; its deeds of heroism have no echo in our history; its heroes light no living fire of enthusiasm in our youth; its religion has come to be a by-word of contempt, and "its gods are stricken with leprosy and smitten with shame." Much which they allowed as of the nature of men we forbid as infamous; what they considered as essential to morals and good manners we have condemned altogether; and failures which to them carried disgrace and left an indelible stigma, we in our turn consider as weaknesses of the flesh, to be dealt with leniently by all.

Other things, too, have changed since Darius demanded earth and water from Amyntus, and his son vindicated the honor of women by such bloody battles; since Leonidas died at Thermopylæ, and Pericles rebuilt the Parthenon; since Socrates drained the cup of hemlock, and Etna cast back the golden sandal of Empedocles. Self-love, for one, has taken the place of that passionate devotion to the State which caused mothers like Praxithea to sacrifice their daughters to the gods, as modern mothers see theirs undertake the living death of the Veil, with that same solemn sorrow for the lost love, yet with the same grave submission to what they think the divine will.

But where our modern sacrifice is for the saving of our own souls, theirs was for the salvation of the State; and the modern daughters know as little of the patriotism which made Cthonia submissive and gentle Iphigenia resigned, as they do of the herb moly or the helmet of Hades. The one strong friendship through life and to death which made Orestes and Pylades proverbial, which sent Nisus to his death in defence of Euryalus, which made Achilles forget his wrath that he might avenge Patrocles, and Panteus, forgetting wife and home, slay himself on the dead body of Cleomenes—this one strong love between men has declined to a crowd of pleasant acquaintances. The modesty and strict discipline of youth, the influence given to teachers, the power of eloquence, the adoration of beauty—all have gone with that passionate devotion to the one mother, the State. The sentiment expressed in the ephebic oath, when the newly enrolled youth swore never to disgrace his hallowed arms, nor to abandon the comrade by whose side he would be placed, nor to leave his country less, but rather greater and better by land and sea than when he received it—that sentiment is as archaic as the Socratic method, as obsolete as the Bacchic hymn, as dead as the gods of Mount Olympus. It bore its greatest fruits when the Three Hundred perished, each man by the side of his comrade. Since then, however great and grand the deed, the heart of the heroism animating it has been different, and the ephebic oath is among the things done with. But chief of all the things which have changed since then and now is the social condition of women. And here we progressive Americans congratulate ourselves, and hold that we have made a decided step forward, casting behind us many dishonoring fetters and oppressive superstitions by the way. And yet something may be said for the habits and customs of the despised past; and surely the Greek ideal of womanhood stands among the most beautiful in the world, for we should not confound customs with character, nor habits of life with moral influence or repute.

The religion of those old times is itself evidence of the power held by women and the respect paid to them. Zeus, the "Cloud-Gatherer," was, of course, the supreme deity of all, the father of gods and men, whose nod shook the foundations of the earth, before whose wrath all creatures, divine and human, trembled. Even Hera herself hearkened to the sage counsel which advised her to bear her jealous wrath as best she could, because of the power of the Thunderer to hurt and destroy. But with this exception the goddesses were as powerful as the gods, and wrought their will on men and things at pleasure. Between the two, when Poseidon contended with Athene for the care of

Athens, it was the goddess who conquered. Was not that old gnarled sacred olive in the Acropolis the sign thereof?—that olive which was then as immortal as the goddess herself; which died only when the gods themselves passed into the gray gloom of Hades, and the cry went round among mortals, who then had fonnd another shrine, "The great god Pan is dead!"

The better-known four great goddesses are in themselves types of living women. So they are to us to whom they are no longer powerful and divine. They have lost the vagueness of Rhea, the grandeur of Demeter, the awful omnipotence of Necessity by whose commands the gods themselves were bound, the mysterious functions of the Erinnes and Phorcydes. They are women—living, breathing, acting women—loving and hating, protecting and persecuting, according to their desire; taking one man for their love and banning another with their wrath, and seldom more reasonable than their mortal representatives. The earth is full of their daughters, who cluster beneath the folds of their garments and reproduce the characteristics of the archetype.

To white-armed Hera belong the proud, exclusive, virtuous ladies who class themselves as a chosen band apart from the commonalty, keep society at a high level of refinement and hold the rougher world of men in check. Without them the world would breed corruption. They are the great forbidders of men's wishes and self-indulgences. They stop up the bung-holes of the wine casks, and put seas between them and their husband's cigars. They persecute the unfortunate Alcmenas whose children have no name. Like Cassandra, they are strong to resist Apollo himself. Everywhere "young Cupid's fiery shaft" has no more chance with them—if outside the magic circle of the wedding ring—than it had when it was "quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon." They are the leaders of the "four hundred" in New York, and the ladies of honorable birth and honorable marriage in the country.

To gray-eyed Athene, the "very wise," belong the whole class of those thoughtful, learned, ambitious women who despise the lusts of the flesh and live for intellect, power, country, or a cause. Pythonesses at Delphi, vestals at Rome, and leaders of religious orders in Christendom, they have very little to do with the laughing, careless, happy maidenhood in its budding time. They are the Joans of Arc of history and patriotism. As wives or mothers they are chaste, severe, highminded. In their modern presentation they are committee women, platform women, W. C. T. U. women. They are whole-souled in judgment, strong in counsel, determined partisans in principle. But we respect them more than we love, and

go to them more for views than for sympathy.

To "gold-gleaming" Artemis are given all out-of-doors and active women, whether as swift-running Spartan girls, or those of the modern type who leap ditches in the hunting-field, climb mountains, go out with the gun and bring down their birds on the field. Also to her belongs the maidenhood of the world before love looks out from their eyes. Artemis owns all that innocent and gay girlhood which neither cares for fame nor pines for love, but just lives as the flowers and the birds live—standing in the sunlight of to-day with now and then a backward glance to the memories of yesterday, but never an attempt to peer into the dim shadows of to-morrow. These are the creatures to whom life is enough for happiness. These are the girls we would match against the world for health, beauty and innocence.

To sea-born Aphrodite are given all women who love, all women who care to make the joy of men; all the sweet names of passionate renown; all the fair shapes of those who loved and smiled and wrought in a kiss the ruin of a life or the salvation of a world. All the immortal loveliness of time and the ages, of history and poetry, belongs to her. Helen and Aspasia; Ruth standing in the fields of Boaz and Magdalene at the feet of her Lord; the Scottish Mary, whose witchery made death for her far sweeter to the loving than life without her—these and countless more are the buds which cluster around that parent rose; and wherever woman loves and is loved, there the Sea-born rises from the iridescent foam, and men peril their immortal souls for the "flavor of her lips and the perfume of her hair." To others there are the lessons of prudence and the denials of virtue; to them the full cup drained with passionate haste while the wine is sweet and before the acid of the lees burns the lips and dims the bright eyes. When the inevitable day of decay comes, they hang up their mirrors in the temple where they have worshiped, and sigh gladly as they say: "We have lived."

This clear-cut personality of the four great goddesses, taken in the concrete form in which we chiefly know them, is repeated in the Homeric women, and also in the later poets. Helen, Penelope, Andromache, Eurydice, Nausicaa, Arete, are all perfectly distinct and individualized. Chryseis and Briseis, on the contrary, are "like shadows crossing the page," not detached nor solidified nor differentiated one from the other. Helen herself—for all that her beauty is like the radiance of the dawn or the splendor of the stars, and though she has a certain mythic and mystic quality, as if she were rather akin to the divine than a woman of ordinary mortal mould—yet even she lives and breathes before us as clearly as Scott's Queen Mary or Shakespeare's Juliet. Though an

ordinary woman's adultery was an infinitely deeper crime with them than it is with us, for the sake of her loveliness the Greeks forgave Helen of Troy all her sins.

Very different from this half-divine yet sinful daughter of the gods beloved by Aphrodite and the adored of men, are the other Homeric women. Foremost among them stands Andromache, that faithful, loving wife, with her young son "like a beautiful star" on her breast. She dwarfs by comparison even the lovely majesty of Helen; and when Hector passes from the great palace of Alexandros to his own "well-established" house, we all see the difference between the divine harlot and the womanly wife. Her prayer that her husband should stay in safety with her upon the tower, "woman's love forgetting man's honor," and Hector's answer and mournful prophetic picture, are among the divine things in Grecian literature, deathless as the sun is deathless.

Penelope, wise in counsel, firm of purpose, astute in deed as she is, yet lacks Andromache's great charm. Where the wife of Hector has all the frank fire of virtuous love, the wife of Odysseus is calm, cool and almost unconcerned.

Nausicaa, the sweetest ingenue that ever stood where "brook and river meet" and dreamed the dreams which repeat the waking visions of the day; Arete, honored by Alcinous as no other woman in the world is honored; "Calypso of the braided tresses, singing with a sweet voice as she fared to and fro before the loom and wove with a shuttle of gold"; Circe, that awful goddess of mortal speech, who, so cruel to others, yet entreated noble Odysseus so well; all the poor shadows down in Hades, those now strengthless heads who have been loved by gods and made mothers by men; truly the galaxy of Homeric womanhood shines bright and burnished in the poetic firmament, and we cannot say that in those old times the honor paid to women was scant, or the estimate of their value small.

J. W. B.

MOANING CASTLE.

In the summer of 1887 a friend and I had occasion to visit an old schoolmate who lived in one of the southern counties of North Carolina. His home was in the country, at some distance from the nearest railroad station—a veritable rural community, whose inhabitants were, in keeping with their nativity and surroundings, simple, honest, ignorant and in no small degree superstitious.

As in most country neighborhoods,

there were in this a few well-to-do and highly respectable families. Their superiority was evident, and readily recognized by the country people, and they formed, as it were, a little aristocracy. They had, however, none of that proud, overbearing disposition so common to rustic nobility, for they were too much dependent on their poorer neighbors for sustenance, and especially in "election times."

Such a family was that of the father of our host, Col. Harry Melton. He had been a State Senator from his county, was a 'Squire, and owned a large farm, mill and a country store. In him could be recognized the moral, high-toned old Southern gentleman, who loved his poorer neighbors, gave them good advice, credit, and alms, when needed, and received in return their confidence and esteem, amounting almost to veneration. And whoever said aught against Colonel Harry "had a fight on his hands."

Fully as well-to-do, but not so prominent, was Mr. George Dilworth, the brother-in-law of Colonel Melton, and living about five miles from him.

Such was the community in which it was my pleasant lot to spend the month of June. Frank Melton, my friend, and I greatly enjoyed ourselves for the first two weeks in riding over the country, the scenery of which was very attractive, and in fishing in a swift rocky stream. Our success was generally good, for the water abounded in trout, and they bit well.

One day, while fishing, I noticed on a bluff up the river what seemed to be an old brownstone house. It was in a very wild and unsettled part of the country, and my curiosity led me to ask Frank what the house was and who lived there. He told me, hurriedly and rather indifferently, that it was called "Moaning Castle," was deserted and said to be haunted, and that at night a peculiar moaning sound was heard in it; hence its name. I endeavored to get him to tell me more of its history—who had lived there and who had seen the ghosts—but he was annoyed by a fish which had several times taken his bait; and, seeing him indisposed to talk, I dropped the subject and thought no more of "Moaning Castle" for the time.

Several days after this our company (and of course our pleasure) was increased by the arrival of two young ladies—Frank's sister, Miss Louise, and a schoolmate of hers. As always happens in such circumstances, I soon saw that Frank was in love with his sister's visitor, and my friend was strongly inclined to cultivate the company of Miss Louise. So, generous-hearted as I was, and not wishing to antagonize or "crowd" either of my friends, I rambled and fished alone, or with one of the neighborhood "chaps." I can state here, by way of parenthesis, that my failure to act in the capacity of a ladiesman on that occasion is of no importance to

the reader, since this is not a love story.

One day I was sitting with Colonel Melton and a few of the countrymen in the store, when a tall, lean, bony man came up, spoke to the crowd and said to Colonel Melton, in a drawling, hair-lipped tone:

"Kurnel, I jes' seen Bill Roberson; you know he moved into Moanin' Castle ter day, and sumfun tuck an' skeered him out at 12 o'clock de fus' night. He run into Mr. Dilworth's near 'bout skeered to death, and I don't b'l'eve de fellow's got his right senses yit. Dat place sho' is ha'nted."

Colonel Melton smiled—for the tales of ghosts at Moaning Castle were an every-day thing to him—and said pleasantly to our new friend that "he hoped Bill would soon be straight. If the ghosts could kill him it was more than the Yankees could do." (Bill had been wounded several times in the war.) At this joke the crowd laughed heartily, and said applaudingly, "The Colonel is hard to beat."

By this time I had become very much interested, and by first intimating that I did not believe in ghosts—at which my country friends looked at me as if they thought I was either a liar or a fool—I asked them to tell me the whole history of Moaning Castle. One old man acted as narrator, while prompted by the others, and from their eager but at times conflicting accounts I gathered the following story:

Some years before the war two brothers, Charles and Louis Fontaine (some said they were Frenchmen, others that they were Yankees, while a few held that they were emissaries direct from his Satanic Majesty), had come into the neighborhood, bought a tract of land from Mr. Dilworth's father, and, at great expense, had built Fontaine Castle, which had since been changed to "Moaning Castle." After finishing the house and furnishing it in the most superb style, they went away and stayed a few months, and brought back with them two beautiful young women. For a while all went well and happy. Ere long, those who passed on the road near the house heard curses, screams and blows. Finally the women disappeared. The brothers again went off and brought back two more young women. These met the same fate as the others, and this was kept up for several years. At last two girls in the neighborhood were kidnapped by the brothers, and when the outraged people were taking steps to drive them out of the country a traveller chanced to pass the house and found them both dead. From the blood and wreck lying around, they had had a terrible fight and had killed each other. I was gravely informed that when they were being hurriedly buried, without any ceremony—for it was a fact that the district preacher refused to perform the burial service—that wicked mocking laughter was

heard under ground, and a crow flew into the grave and pecked on the coffin, and the church steeple rocked as if in anger.

If all the tales I heard of the blasphemy and wickedness of these two brothers were true—tales of shrieking women and piteously wailing babes, of tiny skeletons found when the well was cleaned out, and of mysterious words written in blood on the walls—it is no wonder that Moaning Castle was reputed to be haunted. It was a fact that Mr. Dilworth, to whom the property belonged after the death of the brothers, had several times tried to get tenants to live in the house and rent the farm; but no one ever passed more than one night under its unholy roof, and Bill Roberson's attempt was the last.

This story, which was told to me with all the seriousness of those simple people who believed every word of it, would certainly have had its effect on one at all superstitious. But I had always believed that ghosts were mere phantoms of the brain, attributable to various causes, such as indigestion, loose windows, and generally to fun-disposed persons walking around in white sheets. So, to the utmost horror of my earnest friends, I laughed at and ridiculed their story, and furthermore told them that as Moaning Castle was near my fishing-grounds, if Mr. Dilworth was willing I would go over and stay in the house several days and clear the place of ghosts and "sperits." I was immediately informed that I could get the permission; indeed, I saw Mr. Dilworth the next day, and, in answer to my request, he said he would be glad to have me go, and would appreciate it if I could disprove the stories and allay the fears of the people about ghosts, for it was valuable property, but, under its present bad name, perfectly worthless. He added that he would have a room fitted up for my accommodation.

Many were the warnings I received from the kind-hearted country people, but I only laughed at their serious advice, and one evening set out for Moaning Castle. At the suggestion of Mr. Dilworth, I asked Frank Melton and my friend to go with me, but they, being more interested in girls than in ghosts, refused. I took with me Jack, Colonel Melton's large bull-dog, who had become very fond of me and followed me in all my rambles. Jack was a dog absolutely devoid of fear and an inveterate fighter, and I felt that with him I could oppose all the ghosts in Christendom.

It was late in the evening when we reached our destination. I found two of Mr. Dilworth's servants there, who had prepared everything for my comfort—a sitting-room on the first floor, with several candles and a bottle of brandy on the table, and a bright fire blazing on the hearth. Upstairs was my bed-room, also lighted up and

homelike as anywhere. Nothing had the slightest appearance of ghosts, and I dismissed the servants and locked the outside door with a feeling of perfect ease and security.

As I was passing down the hall on my way back to the sitting-room, I noticed Jack running about in a wild state of excitement, eagerly sniffing and whining. I called him, but he took no notice of me. I caught him up in my arms and carried him to the sitting-room. Upon entering he trembled and struggled so violently that I had to put him down. Standing perfectly straight and stiff upon the floor, he seemed to follow slowly with his eyes some object around the room and out of the barred window; then, giving a visible sigh, as if relieved, he lay down on the hearth.

It was now quite dark, and I must confess that Jack's conduct caused a little "creepy" feeling to come over me. But it would never do in the world to get scared; so I piled more wood upon the fire, took a little dram and began to read a book which I had brought with me. I soon became so absorbed in a love story that it was late before I thought of going to bed. There had been no other spiritual phenomena, and as Jack was dozing quietly on the hearth, I felt very well at ease, and took my candle to go up to my bed-room. As I opened the door into the hall my candle flickered as if something passed by, and I distinctly heard the sound of hurrying footsteps, yet could see nothing. I drew my pistol and fired in the direction of the sound, and as the report died away I heard a deep moan and a heinish chuckle; then all was quiet. So, calling Jack, I went upstairs to my bed-room. The dog strenuously objected to entering the room, and it was only by force that I could get him inside. I locked and bolted the door and seated myself near the fire which crackled cheerfully on the hearth. I was at once attracted by a low growl from Jack, and, looking, saw him behaving as he had done on entering the room downstairs. There was the same intensified gaze, and slowly following some object invisible to me; the same quick jump towards the window and shudder of relief, as if some hideous thing had left the room. At the sound of my voice he seemed to come to himself and settled down on the hearth.

These actions considerably puzzled me; but as I could see nothing in the room I supposed it was merely a "freak" of Jack's, and so prepared to go to bed. I placed my pistol under my pillow and left the candles burning, in case of need. After fixing Jack on a rug near by, I went to bed, and before long fell asleep. I don't know how long I had slept. I only know that I had a stifling sensation, and suddenly awoke. I could distinctly hear my name whispered in my ear. It was the most harsh,

cruel whisper I ever heard, and I lay there for a few minutes, as it were, frozen. Suddenly, from the side of my bed came a low, shuddering moan of the most acute agony. At the sound Jack jumped into my bed and lay trembling like an aspen leaf. He licked my face, and this seemed to break the spell which bound me. I sprang out of bed, took my pistol in one hand, a candle in the other, and searched all over the room—under the bed, behind the bureau, everywhere—but could find no living being. I opened the door into the hall and peered into the darkness, but could see nothing. I was just about to close the door, when something brushed by me into the passage, and I again heard the sound of quick footsteps. I shouted loudly, Jack barked, and I again fired my pistol. Then came the hellish chuckle and mocking laughter, and right at my side I heard the most heart-rending shriek. I hastily closed and locked the door, completely amazed, and, drawing up a chair near the fire, I began to think seriously of what to do, for by this time I was really scared. As I thought, the room suddenly began to darken, the candles and even the fire lost their light. Again came the faint, shuddering moan, followed this time by the wail of an infant. Then, in the darkest corner of the room, I saw something. My eyes were riveted upon it; I could not move them. I cannot describe it; it was dark, quivering and shadowy—something in shape like a man, but stunted and misformed. Its deep-sunken, searching eyes seemed to burn into my very soul. I felt a sense of unutterable fear and horror which I cannot describe. I held my pistol in my hand, but I would not have fired with those eyes fixed upon me for all the world. I was spell-bound and helpless, and as I gazed the awful thing grew larger and taller till it reached the ceiling. Then it seemed to gather itself together; its eyes gleamed and it came slowly towards me. It was an awful moment. I could look no longer. I covered my face with my hands and instinctively cried for mercy. Then I heard the chuckle and mocking laughter and retreating footsteps. I looked up. It was gone. The light had returned to the candles and the fire, and the room looked as if nothing had happened. Was I mad, or dreaming? I passed my hand over my brow. I thought of Jack and called him, but he did not come. I looked toward the hearth, and there—great God!—the dog lay upon his back, his eyes glazed, his tongue protruding—he was dead! He, too, had seen the terrible thing, and the horror of the sight had killed him, for I could find no wound or injury to account for his death. The bloodshot eyeballs, the distended lips, the bristling back, all told of fear in its most terrible form.

As I bent over the stiffened body of

the poor dog, again came the hurrying footsteps, the failing lights, the muffled moan, and then—the dark, formless, awful thing. Its gaze was more horrible than before, and it looked at me madder. Again it grew and expanded, until I could see nothing definite but the glare of its hideous eyes. Then the room seemed to reel and rock. I smelled a sickening odor. On all sides came mocking laughter, with now and then a shuddering, lifeless wail. I thought I felt a cold, clammy hand pressed on my forehead. Then, in front of the glaring eyes, I saw an arm raised. It pointed to me an instant; then moved slowly to the door. The door opened and I sprang out and rushed downstairs, with the hideous sounds all around me. I ran to the front door, but could not open it. The key would not move. I was in despair, and knew not what to do. I glanced into the sitting-room, and—oh! the sight which met my eyes! Across a bed lay a young woman, apparently dead, and over her stood a man—the cruelest-looking human I ever saw—watching the blood drip from a knife. Near the fireplace stood another man—evidently his brother—holding a tiny infant in his uplifted hand. Before him knelt a woman in a pleading attitude. The man dashed the infant to the floor; then I heard a shriek, and a piteous voice cried, "Oh! Charles, you've murdered my child!" Then the door before me opened; I looked up and saw those terrible eyes and the hand pointing to the open door. I rushed out, with the woman's cry still ringing in my ears.

I remember running to Mr. Dilworth's and falling against the front door; then I knew no more for several days. When I awoke, Mr. Melton's family and all my friends were standing around my bed. They told me I had been sick—had had a fever. I also learned from Frank Melton that in my delirium I had repeatedly told of my terrible night's experience, in all the hideousness that it occurred to me. Mr. Dilworth told me that he was having Moaning Castle torn down, and was going to build a mill out of the *debris*. He added that the workmen had seen no spiritual phenomena, and had found nothing except poor Jack's body and a chest in the cellar containing the skeletons of a woman and child.

I was well and up in a few days, and after taking good-naturedly the jokes about my adventure, and being assured by all that I had made a brave and final test of the mysteries of Moaning Castle, I bade good-bye to my kind host and friends, and left the scene of an experience that will be vivid in my memory till my hairs are gray.

DOC PHILO.

EDITORIAL.

ATHLETIC MATCH-GAMES.

In the recent issue of the Raleigh *Christian Advocate* the editor has a few words to say on the above subject, because it is his duty to fight whatever he finds to be evil.

There is a broad difference frequently in what *is* evil and what some people *think* to be evil. The man who sits in his office and continually pores over books and papers often sees things quite differently from those who engage in them actively. His reasons for fighting match-games of athletics are that they bring needless expense, provoke gambling and other immoralities, waste time, and arouse states of excitement absolutely subversive of habits of study.

As one who has engaged actively in intercollegiate contests for several years of his student life, we must say that we differ from the views of the learned Doctor.

Is the expense a *needless* one? It is distributed among the great body of the students and Faculty. It bears lightly on each. The gate receipts frequently overpay the expenses of the team. Must young men cultivate the habit of parsimony? Will they not, when they enter life's battles in reality, find enough to provoke their parsimonious nature? It is not good that young men in college should be encouraged to be so close as not to contribute their small amount to athletics; in fact, it ought to be considered as a necessary part of their annual expenses. For this reason he thinks that the colleges in North Carolina ought to forbid them. No student will ever be a less important factor in the financial world in North Carolina by having willingly and readily contributed his small portion to the support of his college team. It does a man good to feel that he has had some share in fitting out his team, which is invariably the pride of the college.

In the games that we have played in North Carolina the expenses have been so small that no one has ever yet suffered by them.

Furthermore, does it provoke gambling and other immoralities? We admit that frequently there is "betting" on the games. It is an occasion where those who wish to do so may gamble; but does it necessarily follow that the occasion is wrong? Anything can be made the occasion for wrongdoing. Men bet on elections. Truly can the editor say that

"they provoke gambling and other immoralities." Would he have them abolished? We have not yet reached that happy state where we can afford to deprive mankind of everything that may be the occasion of wrong-doing. Desires precede actions.

Is it true, as he says, that the time is wasted? The man who plays on a college team learns lessons—noble lessons—that will remain with him in all the years of his life, and give him succor in the hour when the fight in life grows hardest and hottest. There are lessons taught on the ball-ground that are far more effective than any in the class-room. The young men are taught to forget themselves in order to accomplish some end in view. The world to-day needs this lesson more than any other. Give us men who will live for humanity, and not for their puny selves.

Another lesson found taught in athletic sports, especially in match-games, is that there must be harmony in the work—what is known in college as "team-work." This is a lesson that the coming generation ought to grasp, and grasp it thoroughly. There is no better training, outside the study of the Bible, for a minister than that of athletics while he is young. It teaches the lesson of mutual helpfulness.

Intercollegiate games beget a healthy rivalry among the colleges of the State, and do not engender any unhealthy animosity. The students meet, become acquainted and learn to respect their opponents. The custom, which is becoming very popular in this State, of playing on college grounds is very commendable, as it enables more students to meet. Wake Forest's foot-ball team's visits to the University of North Carolina and Richmond College were almost "love-feasts." The utmost courtesy is always manifested by the students towards each other.

We are sorry that one who holds so high a position in North Carolina should so early begin to attack the spirit which is just rising in the South. We are behind in athletics. A number of us are trying hard to foster the spirit. One of our most efficient means is through intercollegiate contests. We hope that in a few years the colleges in North Carolina will not only play foot-ball and base-ball, but engage in all manner of athletic sports, such as running, jumping, vaulting, etc.

The Southern temperament is naturally fond of athletic sports, for we are descended from the cavalier element of the English. There is among young men a surplus of feeling that must have an exit somewhere, and is it not better that it should have an outlet through that which will build them up physically, and thus better prepare them for onerous duties? They are necessary to beget that *esprit de corps* which is essential to the prosperity of any institution. The students love each other better. There

are a less number of petty disturbances in the inner college-life.

We hope that we will not be deprived of this opportunity that we have of seasoning the stern realities of student-life with this spice of sport and good fellowship, for by it the world will always show us spots more mellow in its hardest place. Some people let the kindly glow of youth die before they reach even the frost-line of life. "Rejoice, oh! young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes."

E. W. SIKES.

BASE-BALL.

In all ages man has had some outdoor sports for his amusement. Games of some kind seem essential to the race, and, indeed, they are, most especially those which require open-air exercise. Athletics were more practiced in ancient chivalric days than in this generation. The ancients loved and honored their physical heroes. Greece had her Olympic contests; Rome her chariot races and forum feats; the United States has her base-ball.

Probably there has never been a game so popular as base-ball since the gallant Greek dashed down the track on the Olympian heights to win the gentle heart and hand of the waiting, smiling Grecian maid. Probably nothing in the line of athletics is more intensely interesting than base-ball, since the days when Ben Hur outstripped and overturned his bitter antagonist, Messala, and won the laurels for his brow and evoked the applause of that vast excited concourse of lookers on.

Surely there is nothing more invigorating, more conducive to both physical and mental health, more calculated to develop the symmetrical man in our American schools and colleges, than our modest game, called base-ball.

The modern game is not too vigorous for the delicate, not too delicate for the vigorous. The exercise it gives is neither too violent, nor is it too slight. It strikes the mean of outdoor sports and seems to suit our people, who are not lusty giants, nor are they pigmies. Its suitableness to our present civilization is strikingly shown in the fact that no game has ever rushed so suddenly and generally into popular favor, for it was first introduced about twenty years ago. The first league was formed in New York City, and from that nucleus has widened and spread the practice of the exhilarating game, until now it is played in almost every town, city and college in our country. And, indeed, it is a blessing to our civilization that it is so generally practiced, for the college student must have some sort of moderate physical open-air exercise to keep his body

commensurate with his mind. It prevents the precocious brain from being couched in heads supported by shrivelled necks and weak, withered bodies; so on the day of graduation the young man does not reach out a trembling, effeminate hand to receive his diploma, but his physique stands alongside his cultured mind. *Mens sana in corpore sano.*

The game has been played for a long time in our State, yet the intercollegiate games are of very recent origin, last year being the first season for such a contest, which was played between Chapel Hill and Trinity.

The year 1891 marked a general arousal of State and college base-ball interest. The 'Varsity, Davidson, Trinity and Wake Forest organized creditable teams, and several games were played between these institutions. Winston had her professional nine and championed the South and challenged the North. This year the spirit is not at all waning. All the above colleges have well-trained teams, and we expect, from the arrangement of their games, to have some fine work done on the diamond this season, and to arouse an honest rivalry among the sister institutions.

As for the boys who compose the college teams, we can say in general that they are usually held in high esteem at their respective colleges. I think the time is coming, and, indeed, it is already discernible, when a student's athletic spirit will be the index of his general standing among the boys. All students who do not play, and are not so fortunate as to get on the nine, should lend their warmest and most enthusiastic support, both by their financial and field encouragement. This must be done to have a good team.

A well-trained and equipped base-ball team is the pride of a college, and should be encouraged and supported by every sign of appreciation on the part of those boys who have the desire for their college always to win.

The intercollegiate games do not engender ill feeling between the colleges, but rather assure an honest spirit of rivalry which is beneficial and brings the boys of the State in closer contact, and does not keep them constantly estranged for no other reason than their non-intercourse.

Let us have more base-ball, more athletic rivalry, more intercollegiate games.

As a player of some experience, I should say that the most essential requisite for a good base-ball player is bodily and ocular quickness and base running. Batting and catching are important, but not so much as quickness and attention to the game.

TEXTUM.

DOES IT PAY?

In our last issue we called attention to the inadequacy of the provision made for the study of English in our present system of education, and offered our plea for a more liberal provision to be made. That many of our students enter college with an imperfect training in their mother tongue will be readily granted by those who are familiar with the facts in the case. And that the present college curriculum is powerless to remedy the failure to do the work which should have been done in the preparatory schools, we believe no one will deny. But there is another important factor in our educational system which we failed to mention, but which cannot be too strongly emphasized. We refer to the work of our literary societies and their potent influence in developing a ready and accurate use of that language which is our commen vehicle of thought. Now, we do not wish to be understood as advocating that the work of literary societies should be made to take the place of a thorough linguistic drill, but when this drill is imperfect, as it too often is, we desire to call attention to the work of these societies as an agent for remedying, in part, a defect which must otherwise go unsupplied. Hence our question, Does society work and literary endeavor pay? Is this work, of any great practical value, in developing an accurate use of language for common intercourse and for purposes of business life, to say nothing of the utility which it possesses in developing the impressive powers of the orator and the graceful style of the essayist? A few enter into this work with commendable zeal and glowing enthusiasm, others perform their duties in a half-hearted perfunctory manner, and many persist in not performing them at all. Not a few of this latter class would excuse themselves on the ground that they are not naturally endowed with the powers of the orator or the ability of the ready-writer, and so have no incentive to the performance of their duties. With many this excuse is without foundation, and nothing but a lack of energy can explain their actions. But granted that the student is not endowed with the possibilities of the orator, and that he could never become a Demosthenes or a Cicero, should he strive ever so hard. Even to such a one, we claim that determined and systematic literary endeavor would prove to be of almost incalculable benefit in the way of acquiring that accuracy of thought and readiness of expression which is in the reach of everyone of only ordinary abilities. Many of the old students, who have battled with the realities of life, tell us that they find the training of their literary societies to be, in many respects, the most valuable acquirement of their whole college course. And how many deplore lost

opportunities and neglected privileges!

In the light of the experience of older men than we, many of our students are slow to avail themselves of that training which, in point of practical value, is nearly or quite the equal of all the other college course. In saying this, we do not advocate that a student should neglect his recitations in order to give time and study to society work, nor do we think it wise to neglect society work, even if by so doing we may take valedictorian honors. Here, as everywhere else, the golden mean is to be sought. Our societies can claim as their sons some of the most talented orators of the country. Let us not lower the standard of our attainments, but rather let us raise it higher with each succeeding year. E. S. REAVES.

TWO COLLEGE EVILS.

There are two things found to a greater or less extent in all colleges and universities to which we object: First, we object slightly to pilfering hen-coops and fruit orchards; and secondly, we object greatly to cheating on examination, now become enough common to have given currency to the term "ponying."

Since, according to Thackeray, universities, and colleges as well, are the last places where reform enters, we have said we object slightly to petty poaching, when, perhaps, we had better said greatly. For it must be remembered that this is a custom white with the rime of ages. There is a class of students—continually growing less, however, who love old customs, and for whom this one still has attractions. For these a coatless and "hair-breadth 'scape" through the barbed wire fence of an orchard, while the roar of the shot-gun is in the air and the bull-dog is pressing hard upon the rear, has all the fascination of a romance. It has been said, moreover, that this is one of the rights of a college boy, but the common sense of the present age says it is not; so this practice will have to go.

With regard to cheating on examination, however, it seems to be the consensus of the great majority of students everywhere that it is in no case to be allowed; in many institutions the students organize for the purpose of suppressing it. With us, we are pleased to note, it has never gained any permanent footing, nor will it, if the present feeling among the students in regard to it continues. We hear, however, there has been a disposition among a few to resort to this means of passing their examinations, and as

"A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench,"

we take this occasion to point out some of the evils of this practice.

The evils of "ponying" are threefold—to the one who does it, to his fellow-students, and to his college.

The one who follows this practice is the one most injured. He who cringes when the hour of trial comes, who cheats his hard-working fellow, who deliberately subscribes his name to a pledge that he knows to be false, must lose every manly principle; must, in his own consciousness, become a wretch without self-respect; must store up unpleasant memories which will remain with him forever. Four years of such practice, at the formative period of life, and the habits engendered by it, must have a desultory influence on his whole life. Besides, if a student would employ as much zeal and ingenuity in preparing for examination as for "ponying," he would have no trouble in obtaining a good mark.

The "ponyer" does no less an injustice to his college and his fellow-students. He spends his time in pleasure, and in sneering at those who do honest work; but he is granted the same degree and graduates with as high honors as his fellows who thus are forced to give him the advantage of their labor, and share with him the opprobrium of his ignorance. He is a drone in the hive, that lives off of the common stock without contributing his share; it is such men as he that have given the world reason to complain of college-bred men, and robbed a college diploma of its worth.

Surely everyone should see to it that this pernicious practice is kept down. It is degrading to self and injurious to others; it is not surrounded by allurements which appeal to a sport-loving disposition; it is recommended by nothing save a sordid love of self. College degrees were not intended for such unprincipled devotees of pleasure. The rage of Achilles was just: "None but the brave deserve the fair." A just regard for the rights of our fellows, and a true love for our *Alma Mater*, would dictate that the wrong of "ponying" should not be allowed.

G. W. PASCHAL.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

J. W. BAILEY, Editor *pro tem.*

THE PAST MONTH, of all the months of the year, has been the most uneventful. All the world seems to have pursued, with more tranquility than ever, "the even tenor of its way." The "grip" has left us, consequently we are permitted to chronicle the death of no great men. The war-cloud has all but passed from over the European States. France has

ceased to hope for revenge on Germany at present, and is doing her utmost to defend her people against the anarchist. The Russian bear has at last found it necessary to turn his attention from grim war to grimer famine. Poor Germany is trying to decide whether her king is sane or not. Little Italy has, as usual, been trying to create a sensation, but, we are sorry to state, has failed. England has been the same old steady England of the last twenty-five years. The time is approaching for the beginning of the end of all things, as predicted by Professor Totten, and yet we have received no sign. And the poor editor would hardly have whereof he might write, were it not for ever-stirring, progressive America. The United States, with her quarrel with the mother country about the seal-skins, her approaching elections, her Congress, her World's Fair and the Sunday question, her financial straits, her Third Party and a thousand and one other freaks, has been doing her part to keep a sleepy world awake and amove. The minor States of South America are still boiling with wars and rumors of wars. The scene of action has been removed from Brazil and Chili to Venezuela, and her President, Palacio, seems to be following fast in the footsteps of Balmaceda.

HILL, as a presidential possibility, is on the boom. His flying trip to the South, during the past few days, has considerably strengthened his hold on the presidency. How long this will last, time only can tell, but with the *Atlanta Constitution* among his supporters he will be more than apt to carry the Southern Democratic delegation. Cleveland seems to be losing ground in practicing his great principle, "Let the office seek the man." The man is grand, and his principle is grand, but Cleveland will learn, to his sorrow, that he who practices it in this, the heyday of the scheming and unprincipled wire-puller, may never expect to find himself in public office. We hear very little now of Campbell, Gorman, Pattison and Russell as presidential candidates. To use the language of *Puck*, they have departed to the "Dismal Swamp of Political Oblivion," as far as the presidency is concerned. "Some Western man" is the cry of the more prominent Northern and Western dailes, but who this "Western man" shall be, and from what State he must come, is a matter as yet undecided. Since Blaine has written his letter of withdrawal, it has become a certainty that "the man who had a father" will get the Republican nomination unanimously. Those who will read the partisan newspapers from now till November, will find one side charged with rebellion, fraud, treason and general immorality, public and private, and the other side charged with oppression of the people, disregard of their rights, centralization and unlawful aiding and abetting of monop-

olies, while both sides are charged with stuffing ballot-boxes and general cheating at elections. Why cannot American politics be discussed without imputing all sorts of bad motives and un-American designs to the opposition? These charges and counter-charges cannot be true. November will come, all will be disorder for a day, perhaps a week, a Republican or a Democrat will be elected, and only a few politicians will be the worse fort it.

A FEW DAYS before the Silver Bill came up for consideration before the House, we had occasion to look for some information on the subject. Of course we thought, as every newspaper thoughout the country had had its leaning editorial on "The Silver Bill" for the past month, that we would have no difficulty in finding all the information we wished. But never a sentence for or against could we find. *Public Opinion* gave us two full pages of quotations from leading journals, and yet we could hardly find out what the Silver Bill was. Every editorial we read discussed the effect its passage would have on the elections next fall. This is not as it should be. The newspapers, as moulders of public opinion and instruments of the people, should discuss principles and not parties.

THE PROGRESS of the North Carolina gubernatorial candidates, like the Pilgrim's, is very slow. Many will be their Pits of Despair and Sloughs of Despond between now and next November. The present incumbent seems to be the choice of the State press, and, at present, it is more than probable that he will have the honor of occupying the office of Chief Executive for four more years. Surely, if proven ability qualifies a man for office, Holt should be the Democratic nominee. However, "our own" Sanderlin, in the face of many difficulties, is making a good fight, and will come before the convention with a strong following. It has been rumored that Alexander has been offered the support of the Alliance and is hesitating to accept it. This is hardly to be wondered at, as Alexander, as a member of Congress, is paid, honored and respected more than would be possible were he North Carolina's Chief Executive.

THAT IS a sad state of affairs in Germany. William II, who began his reign so auspiciously, and at first gave such promise as a man of power, has turned his back upon the people, and is attempting to revive that obsolete fanaticism, the Divine Right of Kings. In a public speech, a few days since, he told the people that his way was always the right way, and that it would be better for those who did not like his mode of government to shake the dust of Germany off their feet. He speaks in the absolute tone of that old tyrant, the father of Frederick the Great. But he speaks in another

time and to another Germany, and that tone augurs ill for the welfare of Germany and the House of Brandenburg. We agree with the *Herald* in the belief that an asylum is the place for William at present.

THE AUTHORITIES at Yale University have, after a long meditation, decided to open their entire collegiate courses to women. They, also, will award the degree of Doctor of Philosophy to women who successfully pursue the prescribed studies leading to that honor. Simultaneously the Scottish University of St. Andrew has done the same thing; and thus, in this country and abroad, disappear two of the most stubborn barriers to the higher education of women. Cornell and the University of Michigan were the first great seats of learning to boldly accept women students, and during the first ten years of this experiment their alumni and students endured reproach and sarcastic chidings for the sake of their sisters in the class-room. But after Harvard succumbed to the inevitable, and after Columbia had thrown open its doors to women, these reproaches ceased entirely. Now comes Yale, as great or greater than any institution in the land, and acknowledges the right of women to crowd her class-rooms if they desire. We hope that the authorities of Wake Forest College will wait till our college days are passed before they adopt the system of co-education.

ALL ABOUT a few thousand seal-skins, more or less, Canadian poachers seem bent on getting England into trouble with this country. We believe with President Harrison that it would be a disgrace to civilization for either country to take up arms about so small a matter. After many quarrels, it now appears that the vexed question will be settled in the near future by an imperial tribunal. Meantime, the seals are waxing plentiful and will afford a rich harvest to the beneficiaries of the decision.

SINCE THE petition to close the World's Fair at Chicago on Sundays was inserted in the celebrated Ocala platform, it has become a question of no little moment to all people. Now that several of the States have made their appropriations on the condition that the Exposition be closed on the Sabbath, it is very probable that the Board of Managers will comply, and America will set the world an example in the observance of the Lord's day. If it could be so arranged that the Fair could be made a place of rest and recreation for the workingman on Sundays we would say let the Fair remain open, but this is impossible in Chicago, and we think it would be commendable to close the gates on Sunday and let the people seek other means of recreation.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

C. C. SAPP, Editor *pro tem.*

LORD TENNYSON'S new drama, *The Foresters*, was played for the first time on the night of March 17th in Mr. Daly's theatre, New York. It was a splendid success. The play is what might be called an idylic drama, a sort of drama played in the land of "Midsummer Night's Dream." The former dramatic efforts of Lord Tennyson had proven failures, and it had come to be the generally accepted opinion of critics that the Patti of English verse as he has been for a half-century, he yet lacked the larger and deeper volume of voice necessary for the drama; but he has, at length, stolen a march on Old Father Time, and in his eighty-second year produced a play, one, too, that has the true Tennysonian ring, that has entitled him to a creditable place among dramatic writers.

* * *

THE COPYRIGHT of *Scarlet Letter* has just expired, and, like expectant heirs impatient for the end, two publishing houses have already pounced upon it, and admirers of Mr. Hawthorne's genius can soon obtain this choicest of his works neatly bound in cloth for fifty cents. But, after all, thirty years copyright is long enough, for all books worthy of perusal must spring from the people, and should be obtainable by the people as cheaply as possible.

* * *

HAMLIN GARLAND, the "Ibsen of America," has a new novel, *A Member of the Third House*, in press. Mr. Garland, by his series of novels written along the line of reforms proposed by the people, is rapidly rising to a first place among the young writers of the day. This last volume deals with the means resorted to by corporations to stifle the press and control legislation. Competent critics predict for it a sale equal to any book of the season.

* * *

Dreams of the Dead is the title of a book just from the presses of Lee & Shepard. This book, though imbued with the speculative philosophy and mysticism of the East, is worthy of a careful reading. In some respects it seems an exposition of the doctrine of Theosophists, but lacks the gross materialism that characterizes the latter at present. The plot is simply that of a dream, in which the mind of the dreamer wanders about under the guidance of the spirit of a dead friend which lingers near the earth unable to escape from

the now loathed bonds of former habits and attractions. By the aid of this socially inclined ghost the author sees and converses with the sages of former times, and brings to bear upon the problems, moral and economic, of the present, the wisdom of ghostland. In spite of the rather depressing sense of our inability to requite the kindness of this friendly ghost which has taken upon itself the task of translating this disembodied wisdom into mortal language for our benefit; in spite of the similarity of many of its highly imaginative and fanciful passages to Dante's "Inferno," it is a very readable book.

* * *

AMONG THE books recently published none promises to create a more profound impression than *Who Lies? An Interrogation*, by Emil Blum and Sigmund B. Alexander. The answer that the authors endeavor to deduce to this rather plain query is, Everybody. They would change the oft-quoted aphorism so as to read, "An honest man is the noblest work of God, and also the *scarcest.*" The book is neither a novel nor an essay, but rather a compromise between the two. Nine men graduate at the same time from a prominent college, eight of whom enter the various walks of life and become men of note and influence. The other, being wealthy, spends his time in travel and in observing the various civilizations of the world; and at the banquet, given in honor of his return, he boldly proclaims our own a huge Lie, and offers to wager eight thousand dollars that his eight friends cannot tell the whole truth for a week without ruining their prospects and reputations. The wager is accepted, and the end of the first day sees them crowding around their friend, eager to pay the forfeit and be released from their obligation to tell the truth. The book does not deal with that class of lies which politeness renders necessary, nor with that other class, so criminal in its nature that every honest man's face is set against it, but with that great intermediate class which, as the authors claim, is destroying man's confidence in his fellow, and forcing all alike to grope in an atmosphere murky with mistrust. The authors are, of course, "pessimistic," as everybody is who tells us an unpleasant truth. It is, however, a much easier matter to dislike the book than to disprove its statements.

* * *

FUNK & WAGNALLS will soon issue the *Columbian Historical Novels*, by John R. Musick, composing a series of twelve books covering the entire period of American history. The author assumes that the spirit of the age changes once in the ordinary lifetime of a man, and dividing, upon this basis, our history into twelve periods, he gives a name and devotes a volume to each, tracing the descendants of one man through the

whole time and observing the changes which they undergo in common with the country and the civilization around them. This is only another of an endless series of attempts to render easy the acquisition of knowledge.

* * *

THE DEATH of Walt Whitman will doubtless be the signal for the appearance in our magazines, whose columns were closed against him, while alive, of reviews and criticisms of his genius, work and aims. He has been not inappropriately styled the "Ugly Duckling" of American poets. It was his misfortune to be misunderstood, perhaps purposely, in some cases while living; it remains to be seen what position will be taken with regard to him now that he is dead. He was a reformer, an extremist some say. He refused to be bound by the rules and traditions of dead authors; he employed neither rhyme, rhythm nor metre in his poetry; he protested against authors of the present drawing their materials from an ever-narrowing and unsympathetic past and working them into poems by a set of inflexible formulas, while the great multitude of to-day await the appearance of the poet who shall weave into song the warm, vital "Homeric elements of its own life and personality." He was equally averse to a dependence upon and imitation of a literature essentially monarchical in spirit, and to the constantly increasing volume of verse that contains nothing but word-music and obscure nonsense wrapped up in an easy flow, regular recurring rhyme and polished verbalism. His poetry has been characterized as "poetry in the rough"; this may be to a certain extent true, but it is a kind of roughness that smooths for the reader at each successive reading. After all, poetry in the rough may be true poetry. Certain it is that it requires a nicer perception to appreciate Whitman than it does Tennyson, two men who stand, not at opposite ends of the ladder, but of the line, whether that line be horizontal each must determine for himself. On this score, I hardly think, however, Whitman has anything to fear from the future. It seems strange to us, when we consider the fact that he was a disciple of "Democratic Art," democratic in material, democratic in style, that he should be more highly valued in England than America. He failed of his ideal to be sure; who does not? His avowed purpose was, as he said himself, to "chant my country's crucial stage," to sing "the ripening of the nineteenth century, the thought and fact and radiance of individuality of America," but he recognized the magnitude of the work when he said, "Democratic Art will have to wait long before it is formulated and defined—if it ever is."

ALUMNI NOTES.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

—Dr. Pritchard made a move in the right direction when he wrote the history of his class for the STUDENT. We would be pleased to give the space of this department to classes. Who will be the first to write up a concise history of his class and send it in for this department?

—'55. B. F. Marable, D. D., of Clinton, N. C., is pastor of Clinton and Mt. Olive Presbyterian churches. Dr. Marable is a preacher of no ordinary power and influence, and is recognized as being one of the leading men of his denomination in the State.

—'56. Dr. H. H. Harris, who lives near Wake Forest, having spent nearly sixty years of his life as a bachelor, was united in marriage not long since to a Miss Person. Dr. Harris is a successful physician, which fact is proved by his large practice. He is also a farmer, and has shown that farming may be made to pay when properly managed. The STUDENT extends congratulations and best wishes for many happy years of joy for the newly married couple.

—'83. Rev. C. G. Jones is the pastor of College Hill Baptist Church, Lynchburg, Va. It seems that the Old Dominion has captured not a few of our good Wake Forest men.

—'84. Rev. W. B. Morton has accepted a call to the church at Louisburg, N. C. He has spent several weeks on the Hill recently, and we are glad to have had the pleasure of hearing him preach several times during his stay.

—'84. W. W. Kitchin, Esq., of Roxboro, N. C., will deliver the literary address at the close of the present session of the Chowan Baptist Female Seminary. Mr. Kitchin is a lawyer of recognized ability, and has built up a flattering practice. The *News and Observer* says, in speaking of him, "Mr. Kitchin is a polished, entertaining speaker, and one of the most prominent young men in Central North Carolina.

—'85. Rev. J. B. Pruitt is the popular and successful pastor at Onancock, Va. Under the prudent leadership of their pastor his people have built an elegant house of worship, also an excellent parsonage, and now the pastor is in need of one who shall preside in it, for he is a bachelor.

—'86. Dr. E. H. McCullers, of Clayton, N. C., is a skilled physician, whose large and growing practice demands his almost constant attention. He is also proprietor of a well-

stocked drug store, and enjoys a liberal share of the patronage.

—'87. Cards are out announcing the marriage of Dr. L. L. Vann, of Danville, Va., to Miss Ida Chaney, of Halifax, Va. The newly married couple will, we hear, pay a short visit to the friends and relatives of the bridegroom in this State, after which they will return to Danville. Dr. Vann is quite a successful young physician, and enjoys a flattering practice. THE STUDENT extends congratulations.

—'89. J. L. Fleming was for two years after graduation principal of Hamilton High School in this State. He entered the University Law School in September last, and graduated in January. He was admitted to the Bar at the recent examination, and has located at Greenville, N. C. He has our best wishes for success.

—'89. J. R. Hunter, after graduating, spent two years at Johns Hopkins University, after which he accepted his present position as Professor of Mathematics and Physics in the State Normal College of Wisconsin, situated at Oshkosh. THE STUDENT wishes him success.

—'89. John E. Tucker, after graduating, taught for one year at Hamilton, N. C. He then went to Hope Hull, Ala., where he was engaged in teaching until the time of his death, March 21, '92. He was a bright and diligent student, and had laid his plains for the study of civil engineering, which was his chosen line of work. He has left the impress of a gentle disposition and a stainless character indelibly stamped upon the memory of those who knew him.

—'89. H. M. Shaw will locate at Oxford for the practice of law, instead of entering into a copartnership with his father at Henderson as was stated in recent issue of THE STUDENT. He read law at the University of Virginia and received his license to practice from the Supreme Court. THE STUDENT wishes him success.

—'90. J. Frank Mitchel was, until quite recently, in the employ of the Seaboard Air-Line, and was located at Durham. He has been promoted, and now holds a clerkship at Raleigh in the office of Colonel Andrews, the Vice-President of the Richmond and Danville System. He paid us a short visit not long since, and we were pleased to see his genial countenance again. Come again, Frank.

—Hon. T. C. Dockery ('50), who, during the war, was promoted to the rank of Major of the 22d Mississippi Regiment in the Army of the Tennessee, is now a member of the State Senate of Mississippi. In the battles of the Senate, no less than on the field of carnage, does he wield an unsheathed sword.

—D. T. Smithwick, who was a student here for two years, is now a successful dental surgeon at Smithfield, N. C. He has built up a large practice, and is kept busy.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. B. DANIEL, Editor.

=Welcome!

=Spring-time.

=Pleasant greetings.

=Beautiful, fragrant flowers.

=And beautiful girls with beautiful dresses.

=The campus will soon be a "thing of beauty and joy forever."

=Miss Atkinson, of Greensboro, is the guest of the Misses Gwaltney.

=Mrs. Royster (*nee* Miss Hobgood), of Oxford, is visiting Mrs. T. E. Holding.

=Mrs. and Miss Ida Poteat, of Yanceyville, are visiting the home of Professor Poteat.

=Miss Lena Allen recently spent a day on the Hill with the family of Professor Poteat.

=Miss Lucy Mills has returned home from a long and pleasant visit to friends in Scotland Neck.

=Miss Dodson, of Baltimore, has assumed the management of Simons & Co.'s millinery department.

=Field Day comes off Friday, April 22. The time is near, and the boys are doing some good work.

=Rev. Ed. Poteat and wife, of New Haven, Connecticut, are the guests of Professor W. L. Poteat.

=Mrs. R. E. Royall recently returned home from a visit to friends and relatives in Savannah, Ga.

=Miss Sallie Wingate has recently returned home from an extended visit to her sister, Mrs. N. Y. Gulley, of Franklinton.

=Jumping is one of the favorite amusements of the college. At any time of the day a crowd may be seen in the campus.

=Miss Annie Carroll, of Baltimore, has again returned to the Hill to take charge of the millinery department of Reid & Purefoy.

=As the spring advances the senior struts with more pomp, but when that senior thesis comes in his mind his feathers always fall.

=The campus these lonely moonshiny nights is alive with the joyous voices of the happy boys who are overflowing with animal spirits.

=To the regret of her many friends here, Miss Lollie Lewis has returned to her home in Goldsboro from a prolonged visit to Miss Lucy Mills.

=Our serenading club cannot be excelled in the State, as some of the Hill girls can testify. Their nocturnal visits are often, and always appreciated.

=Some things that tire us:
To see Freshmen wearing glasses.
The honeyfuggling policy of society office-seekers.
"Call round sometimes."

=The base-ball team has been doing very faithful work this season, and the boys say they will support them. They please their friends and supporters by their faithful efforts.

=What's the matter with the Juniors? They can't play ball. The recent interclass game with the Seniors resulted in a big victory for the latter. Hurrah for the Seniors!

=Boys, do not fail to read the "ad" of Berwanger Bros. in THE STUDENT. Besides keeping one of the largest and finest stock of men's furnishing goods, they are affable gentlemen and take pleasure in waiting on you.

=Daniel R., Mason and Yates have been training more zealously than other members of the Association. Let more of the new boys go to training. If they do not capture a prize this year they will have a better opportunity next year.

=The youngest newspaper editor in the State is the little nine-year-old daughter, Ethel, of President C. E. Taylor. She gets out weekly, without aid from any source, a bright and newsy little sheet which she herself prints with pencil. THE STUDENT was very much entertained recently with a copy of it.

=We were pleased to have with us for a short time lately Mr. J. L. Kesler, class of '91, who has been teaching for the past year. We are always glad to see you, John, and hope you will come again when you can.

=Captain Mills has selected the team for this season, who are as follows: Powell, c.; Holding, p.; Mills (captain), s. s.; Sledge, 1 b.; Gose, 2 b.; Howell, 3 b.; Webb, r. f.; Daniel, R., c. f.; Jones, H., l. f. Substitutes—Taylor, Young, Gore and Newton.

=Rev. W. B. Morton, who has been on the Hill for the past two months, has accepted the unanimous call extended to him by the church of Louisburg. He has won many friends among students and people of the Hill who will regret his departure.

=Let every student and member of the Faculty unite to make Field Day a success. Let it be a regular occurrence each year. There has been more athletics at Wake Forest this year than ever before. The great body of students is in full sympathy with each movement in that direction.

=At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Vass was elected Captain of the second nine base-ball team. The following are the Field Day officers: President, E. W. Sikes; Executive Committee, Prince, Jones, H., Daniel, R.; Track Judges, Vass and Eagles; Field Judges, Webb and

Wilson; Timers, Professor Mills and T. E. Holding; Scorer, Millard; Starter, Sikes; Marshals, Blanton, Millard, Durham, C., Dockery, O., McIntyre and Paschal.

=The proposition made to the college last year for the increase of its endowment by Mr. J. A. Bostick, of New York City, has been re-opened. It was for a limited time only. The trustees have accepted it and asked President Taylor again to canvass the State, but, as yet, he has not decided to do so.

=The revival meeting which has been in progress here for two weeks closed Saturday, April 2. It was conducted by Dr. W. E. Hatcher, of Richmond, aided by the pastor W. R. Gwaltney. The good accomplished cannot be estimated. Years have elapsed since the good people of Wake Forest and community have been the recipients of so many heavenly blessings.

=Rev. C. H. Jones, of Knoxville, Tenn., has accepted the invitation to preach the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class at the approaching Commencement, and the Hon. J. W. Bailey, of Gainesville, Texas, will deliver the literary address. Both men are quite young and have won a wide reputation as orators. Mr. Jones is pastor of the First Baptist church, of Knoxville, Tenn.; preached the introductory sermon of the Southern Baptist Convention at Birmingham last May, and is considered one of the most eloquent of the younger pulpit orators in the South. Mr. Bailey is the youngest member of the Fifty-second Congress, and has already achieved distinction in the House for his ability as an orator.

=A public meeting of Wake Forest Scientific Society was recently held, at which the causes of the present financial depression and the low price of cotton were discussed by Professors Mills and Taylor. The whole ground was admirably covered by the speech of Professor Mills, who assigned the failure of Baring Bros., England, in 1890, the McKinley Tariff Bill, the failure of the grain crop of Europe last year, and overproduction of cotten as the immediate causes. Each point was then taken up and elaborated. Dr. Taylor supplemented the speech by a few remarks, saying he believed the days of cotton were numbered, and the indebtedness of the South was the same old debts contracted just after the late war, whose payment had been deferred till now. After these remarks volunteers were called on, and Mr. S. M. Stone made a brief and pointed speech.

COLLEGE NEWS AND EXCHANGE.

W. W. VASS, JR., Editor.

The College Rambler, *Phillips Exeter Literary Monthly*, and *Roanoke Collegian* form an interesting portion of our exchange table. Among other readable matter in the last-named, the "Historical Sketches of Roanoke College" add much to its general attractiveness.

HARVARD AND YALE have this year added a new feature to their literary life. Arrangements have been made for a joint debate, three speakers being chosen from each institution. The new move is a good one, and a great deal of interest has been manifested.—*Exchange.*

WE ARE glad to renew an old acquaintanceship with Greensboro Female College through the pages of the *College Message.* For the past session the *Message* has been suspended. But with the present year it begins life anew under the most favorable auspices. We wish and predict for it the greatest success.

IN THE March number of the *Furman University Journal* we notice an excellent article in defence of the classics. We agree with the writer in his estimate of their value in mental culture and for practical utility. The subject is an old one. But the well grounded arguments are highly in order in a time when nothing which cannot be shown to possess practical value receives consideration.

IT IS WITH pleasure that we add the *Texas University Magazine* to our list of exchanges. Our impressions, on a brief review of the February issue, are very favorable. The feature of the Magazine is the editorial. The short, spicy, pointed articles which adorn its columns would lend interest to the pages of any journal of our acquaintance. May we often see the attractive face of our brother from the "wild and woolly West."

OUR EXCHANGES for the month are, in general, above the average. We are inclined to the belief that college journalism in the South is on the rise. As long as difference of opinion exists concerning the aim and end of college magazines, so long will there be diversity of taste as to the standard of excellence. And until that journalistic millenium arrive, a consequent diversity in type and kind among such magazines will continue. But in the generality of cases the style and quality are on the

improve. The topics are as varied as the magazines. Apart from athletics and an occasional cry for reform in some particular phase of college administration, our exchanges appear devoid of any theme of general interest. The collegiate world seems to be quietly awaiting the approaching day which shall end the sunshine and shadow of another college year.

ONCE AGAIN the athletic interest centers around the diamond. The base-ball season has opened with every appearance of a successful run among the colleges. And, perhaps, a word on an oft-repeated subject would not be out of place: A contest between colleges, in order to gain the ends for which it is undertaken, must be strictly intercollegiate. Professionalism of every sort must be avoided. Nothing will sooner give the death-blow to amateur athletics than the introduction of professional talent. Base-ball, from its nature, is peculiarly susceptible to this danger. And nothing but a recognition of the above fact, and a common consent on the part of the colleges, can obviate the difficulty. In the athletics of our own State we are particularly interested. And we sincerely hope that their interest, rather than existence, will not be threatened by such proceedings.

THE *Davidson Monthly* is to be congratulated on the attractiveness of its new "make-up." A discussion of "Daniel Webster as Stylish" adds an interesting feature to the January issue. The writer proceeds to review the effect of character on literary style in general. The mode of expression is always an index of the personality. "Every book is but the reflection of its author." And the importance of the acquisition of a good style, especially to young writers, can hardly be over-estimated. Accordingly, we should expect to find the integrity and nobility of such a character as Webster's set forth in his writings. And such is the case. "Webster was not what might be called a Rhetorician." His aim was clearness rather than embellishment. In the purity of his style lay the secret of his power." "The dignity of his words testifies to the dignity of the man." And nowhere do the sterling qualities which marked his character find a fitter garb for their expression than in the clear-cut weighty periods. The article is itself a model of simple perspicuous style, and eminently fitted for a college journal. "The Present Financial Depression" is the title of another interesting contribution. The *Monthly* has greatly improved in quality and appearance.

THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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BEGINNING CHINESE.

Standing on the shore of the great ocean of the Chinese language, I have picked up a few pebbles, which I wish to put into the museum of THE STUDENT for anyone to look at who may be interested.

It is well known that the Chinese language is reputed a very difficult language, and I have found no one acquainted with it who denies the assertion. Some of these difficulties are apparent to the beginner, others become more evident further along.

There are many dialects of the Chinese language, and often those who know one cannot understand another. Perhaps that which is spoken over the widest territory is the Mandarin, used in the north of China and the upper valley of the Yangtze river. That used in Canton and neighboring cities and villages is called the Cantonese. It is spoken by several millions of people. It is said that, as a rule, only Cantonese go abroad, and so the Chinese in America all use this dialect.

On the voyage out from San Francisco there were several hundred Chinese aboard, but Dr. DuBose, a Presbyterian missionary of Central China, could not speak to them without an interpreter. Since I have been here we have had visits from Rev. Mr. Upcraft, a missionary of the Missionary Union to the Szchuan Province, in the upper Yangtze Valley, and from Rev. Mr. Eaton, sent by the same society to the Chinese in Bangkok, Siam, but neither of these brethren could understand this dialect.

There are two special difficulties which meet the beginner in the study of Chinese, that of pronunciation and the tones.

In speaking of pronunciation, it should be remembered that the Chi-

nese written language has no letters, each character represent a word of *one syllable.* There are no polysyllables in the language. At first we pay but little attention to the characters, leaving that difficulty till we have made some progress in overcoming others. I have picked up a dozen or two of the most common characters. But while there are no characters to represent sounds, students of the language have made a careful study of these sounds, and have made textbooks and dictionaries in which the sounds are represented by Roman letters. This is called *Romanized* Chinese. The Gospel of Mark has been put into this form, and is expected from the press in a short time. A minor difficulty in this connection is the fact that different dictionaries have different letters for certain sounds. Some use the vowels with much the same sounds which they have in the Roman method of pronouncing Latin, others more nearly imitate the French or the German. One sound has its nearest equivalent in French *u*, while another is more nearly like the German *o*, *umlauted.* Some books represent English *a* long by the vowel *i*, for what reason I have not been able to conjecture. The missionaries and others who study Chinese from a foreign standpoint, have agreed upon a system for representing these sounds, and all books published in the future will be uniform in this respect. There are between twenty and twenty-five simple sounds, and about fifteen that would be called in English diphthongs. The number of vowel sounds is relatively greater than in English. The Cantonese dialect has no sound represented in other languages by *b*, *d*, *g*, *j*, *r*, *v*, *th*, and possibly others. But of new and different combinations, it has words beginning with the sound of *ng* and *ts*, and other words whose sounds are represented by *sz* and *tsz*, without any vowel sound whatever.

But that which has given me most difficulty in connection with the pronunciation is the aspirated consonants. The sounds represented by *k*, *p*, *t*, *ch*, and *ts* are sometimes aspirated, and sometimes not aspirated. When, in my preliminary study, I read of these aspirated consonants, I expected to find difficulty in making the aspiration, but when I began I found that I usually aspirate them, especially *k*, *p* and *t*, and the difficulty was in leaving off the aspiration. Mrs. G., on the other hand, pronounces them without aspiration, and to her it has been especially difficult to give them this sound when it is called for. It was some time before I understood what was meant by this aspiration. My Chinese teacher, understanding no English, could not explain it to me, but could only continue to repeat it his way, while I repeated it mine, without being able to see any difference. The aspiration consists of an expulsion of the breath in the pronunciation of the sound, sometimes

called, in the study of phonetics, *exploding* the sound. The unaspirated *k* is made with the vocal tube closed, as in the pronunciation of *g*, so that some who do not observe closely think the sound is *g*. In the same way the throat is closed to prevent the expulsion of breath in pronouncing *p* and *t*, so that they resemble *b* and *th*. Where *ch* is aspirated it somewhat resembles the sound of *j*. The hardest of all the aspirated sounds is that of *ts* beginning a word. My teacher's way of detecting the aspiration is to hold his hand before the mouth, and when the aspiration sound is given the expelled breath can be felt on the hand.

But the great difficulty which meets the student of Chinese at the very outset is the tones. In part, these are differences in what we call inflections, some have the falling inflection, while others are sustained on the same pitch, but gradually diminishing in force.

A more correct description would be that these tones are differences of pitch, like the notes in music, while some of the tones are slurs with two notes to the same syllable. In other words, the Chinese language is set to music. To a certain extent, this is true of the English language. Most public speakers use four different tones, comprising an octave. I remember noticing recently the tones used by one of the ablest of our North Carolina preachers, and I was surprised to find him using only the first of the scale, the third and the fifth, and I found myself listening to hear him go up to the octave, as he used to do twenty years ago when he had more physical vigor than now. Probably common conversation rarely goes beyond the fifth of the scale. But Chinese conversation seems occasionally to cover the whole octave, and not only, as in English, the four principal notes of the octave, but often the intermediate ones also. But the different tones in English are determined by the emphasis, while in Chinese they are used to differentiate the words of the language, so that one of the most emphatic words of a sentence may be in one of the lower tones. Each word has its own tone, and must always be spoken in that tone, or it becomes another word. The word *ho* in the lowest tone of the scale means a *dime* or an *oyster*, while *ho* in a higher tone, slurred up to the highest, means *good*.

Another remarkable difference is that English tones are, so far as I know, always in the major scale, while Chinese tones seem to be prevailingly in the minor. The first Sunday I heard a sermon in Chinese, not being able to understand a single word, I set to work to watch and study the tones, and presently I discovered that the preacher generally used the minor scale, beginning with *la*, or six of the major scale, and running an octave above that.

Rev. C. C. Pool, of Alexander County, once heard one of the sing-song preachers lead in prayer, and he

said the preacher set his prayer to the tune "Windham," and he could have sung the bass if he had known the words. We often meet a sentence in our phrase book which is set to the tune "Windham," or some other old minor tune, and it seems as if one might easily sing the bass. Other sentences seem to be the bass of some tune to which a musician might write an air. I sometimes amuse myself, after I have learned the tune of a sentence, by studying the sound of it to see what notes of the scale are contained in it.

The chapel of the girls' school is only a few feet from the window of my room, and although I am not allowed, by Chinese customs, to visit the school, I hear them twice a day sing and recite their Bible lesson in concert This concert recitation would do credit to a High Church Ritualist intoning the service. But the recitation is always unmistakably in the minor key.

The Chinese Christians are very fond of singing, but unless they have been trained to it from their childhood, they do not show a special aptness for music. And there is always a marked disposition to *flat* their notes and so make discords, and probably lose the pitch altogether. This I attribute to the fact that they are not much accustomed to the major key, in which most modern music is written.

Of course these things which I have written are only the impressions of a novice, and must be taken *cum grano salis.* In future years I may be able to correct some of these impressions, if they should prove to be not well founded. Perhaps I may add two or three suggestions which will, I think, be worth considering. All study of language will be helpful to the study of Chinese. Not that there are analogies between it and any other language. It stands alone, without any apparent kinship with any other language. But linguistic study will fit the mind for grasping the facts of this strange language, and prepare one to follow proper methods of study. Careful study and analysis of the sounds of the letters in the English language, and practice in making these sounds alone or in conjunction with others, as well as a knowledge of the position of the organs of speech in making the various sounds, will make it easier to recognize and imitate the sounds used in Chinese. Such practice I found in teaching *phonics* or *phonetics* in school, a study which some carry to extremes, while others ridicule it as a useless waste of time. A dozen years ago the Appletons published a series of school readers, in the various numbers of which there is a very excellent discussion of the subject of emphasis and inflections. This led me to observe these matters in the English, and these principles have been very helpful to me in the initial study of the Chinese tones. Ever since I was a boy I have been fond of studying the *science* of vocal music,

and I have had frequent opportunities of *practicing* it under good teachers. I have never attained great excellence in singing, but what I have learned has enabled me more readily to catch the tones of this language, and if I had attained greater excellence in singing I might more easily make these tones. With no ear for music, it would be doubly difficult, for one to get over this first difficulty, and all study along this line will certainly be helpful. G. W. GREENE.

Canton, China.

THE CITIZEN FROM 'COON HOLLOW.

Do you see that venerable buggy just rolling into the village, drawn by that large awkward bay horse? It had marks of honorable old age upon it fifteen years ago, and then as now did good service for Ezekiel Smith, Citizen from 'Coon Hollow. The good farm-horse Dobbin, forced each Saturday to this no congenial labor, stops of his own accord near the hitch-rack to be taken from the shafts and tethered by the Citizen. The day is cold, and this worthy individual draws more closely around him a garment of uncertain name, woven and fashioned by his industrious better-half, who rarely accompanies her lord to the village; it may be a shawl, or a blanket, or, possibly, an imitation of a caped overcoat; his hat, like that of the Smiths of colonial times, is low-crowned and broad-brimmed; made of wool by a promoter of home industry, and designed for long wear and substantial use; we can only conjecture that his coat is made of home-woven jeans, and his shirt of white sheeting, for his outer garments hide both from our curious eye; his trousers violate the laws of fashion by their unseemly shortness, but the deficiency in length has been amply supplied by the magnitude of their other dimensions; his stout brogan shoes are well greased.

He carries his head somewhat in advance of his body, and has become slightly hump-backed; his forehead is high and broad; his dark-brown, melancholy eye is occasionally lighted up by a knowing twinkle; his nose is large and full-grown; his lips without much regularity of outline; his chin square and firm; his complexion apoplectic, betraying his habitual indulgence in choice edibles; his chin-beard and such parts of his hair as his hat allow to be seen are blonde, now streaked with gray.

Having fastened his horse he returns to his buggy, takes therefrom a basket of eggs and a bucket of butter, and turns himself in the direction of

one of the two stores, which, with the depot, blacksmith shop and the post-office, make up the business part of the village; but he does not reach the store at once, for, despite the severity of the weather, his friend from Goose Swamp stops him with polite inquiries after the health of himself and family; they then discuss the news, the Alliance, and, at last deciding that the weather is slightly disagreeable, retire to the store to talk about hard times and crops. The butter and eggs are exchanged for some sugar and coffee, when other topics of interest receive due attention.

At last the whistle of the locomotive announces the approach of the train, but the Citizen does not rush to the depot to see the mail taken off; he quietly keeps his seat; he has never been to Wake Forest.

The Citizen, unlike the love-sick college swain, is never disappointed when the mail is opened; he always gets his denominational paper, and, if by some happy chance he is favored with a letter or circular, he is deeply grateful to Mr. Wannamaker.

After some further talk with friends from Gulley Creek and 'Possum Run, he returns to Dobbin, hitches that whinneying beast to his antiquated vehicle and turns his head towards home. Dobbin takes it leisurely, for the lazy rascal knows that he has one good hour to make the three miles which lie between the village and 'Coon Hollow. The Citizen, unversed in modern road etiquette, speaks to everyone he meets, and never fails to direct the inquiring traveller aright.

When the Citizen reaches home, Dobbin has a good meal of oats and hay in a warm, comfortable stall. While the Citizen is warming before the huge fire of oak, his wife and daughter are placing his dinner on the table; this consists of krout, turnips, potatoes, backbones, spareribs, sausage, pumpkin custards, potato pies, fruits, pickled cucumbers, and other delicacies sufficient in quantity and quality to provoke a smile of happiness, complacency and satisfaction on the countenance of a Wake Forest student. Nor does the Citizen fail to do full justice to the rich dishes. You would rightly guess that the Citizen's corncrib and smokehouse are at home, as is his wife's garden.

No mud has ever defiled the floor of the humble farm-house; all around gives evidence of scrupulous care; the good wife, never having aspired to political preferment, has given her attention to the affairs of her own household. The Citizen's farm is as well kept as the house; no briars and sprouts; no land washed into gullies; the outhouses kept in good repair; fat, sleek stock.

The Citizen still raises his own supplies; he uses plows and hoes long since out of fashion; he cuts his grass with a scythe; his wheat-field was never entered by a reaper; he still sends his grist to mill on horseback.

The Citizen does not mingle very much with the world; he sometimes visits his nearest neighbor; he goes to the post-office once each week, and to church once each month; he attends Association, and has been to town a few times.

The Citizen's views and principles are much the same as held by his father before him; he is slow to change his opinions; on new questions, he is in no haste to reach conclusions; he always waits to see what his denominational paper says about it, and generally agrees with that—not always, however. You would call the Citizen's views "peculiar," "old fogy." To know a man you must know his opinions, and here are Ezekiel Smith's:

Were we judging and not describing the Citizen, we should pause here to express our severe condemnation of his views on politics and politicians; politics are for him "vanity." He lost all faith in politicians when Mr. Cleveland did not repeal the Internal Revenue Law.

The Citizen has peculiar views about cities; he hates them. Too much money is thrown away for vain show; the people he meets on the streets are too proud to speak to him, but he holds up his head, too; he is not going to be humble to the proud—not he! "Vanity of vanity," thinks he. "I prefer the simplicity and innocence of 'Coon Hollow. There is freedom! There are pleasant meadows and shady groves; there are boys and girls happy in being ignorant of the very names of many crimes in which the city boy is steeped!" The townsmen call him "Old Hayseed" or "Pumpkin Head," but he loves 'Coon Hollow.

The wife of the Citizen did not have some thousands of dollars either in her own right nor in expectation; she had no dear, rich maiden aunts, old enough to become saints, so his views on marriage will soon be old-fashioned.

To the Citizen lawyers and liars are identical terms.

The Citizen thinks Wake Forest or Trinity is Eden restored; there is the place to change any bad boy into a deeply religious man! He has deduced this belief, so flattering to those seats of learning, from sundry little speeches which he has been so fortunate as to hear at the Association or Conference.

Religion may be a mere accident in the life of the busy man of the world; to the Citizen it is life itself. But you would call his religious beliefs and opinions "old fogy," too. He has a favorite golden rule, such as "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"; or "Love thy neighbor as thyself." This he quotes as often as occasion allows, and firmly believes that it is the guiding principle of his life.

The Citizen attends regularly at

his church; he is eloquent in prayer and influential as an exhorter; in protracted meetings he is a "shining light." He writes *Rev.* before his name, and has been ordained, but he rarely preaches, contenting himself with the performance of other duties. He is invariably a delegate to the Association, or to the "union meeting," and once was sent as a delegate to a Convention in the city, but he did not buy a half-fare railroad ticket, nor did he claim any deduction from the regular fare at the hotel, although he registered as *Rev.* Ezekiel Smith.

We may be living in an age of intellectual and social progress, when men were less fettered than our fathers were by the restraints of custom and old lines of belief. Not so the Citizen; he believes that every word of the Bible is absolutely true, and thinks that the world is only six thousand years old, everything, in his opinion, having been created just as we see it. He calls all such things as the Darwinian theory of evolution "new-fangled" notions, and when the near kinship of man to monkey was explained to him, he made a very witty and original remark at the expense of those who hold to this rank heresy.

And the Citizen's wit! Who will venture to analyze it? Nothing is more indicative of a man's character and intelligence than what he finds laughable. Any little disaster to his fellow-man, harmless in its results; any fright into which another may be thrown; any practical joke by which some one else is the sufferer—these are all capable of exciting the Citizen's risibilities. Of the forms of verbal wit, he thinks the pun perfection—one throws him into a paroxysm of laughter; as soon as he can afford it, he is going to read the local columns of some modern college magazine.

Such are some of the Citizen's views. I do not defend him, I simply state his opinions. If, as a preacher, he prefers to pay full fare on the railroads, and has other unorthodox notions, it is not my fault; some of his more enlightened brethren, if he be wrong, should in a spirit of Christian meekness attempt to convert him from the error of his ways. I never censured lawyers in his presence. If he thinks the apostles of the higher criticism rank infidels to be punished by that very fire in which they have such strong disbelief, do not call me an ignoramus incapacitated for the reception of the beneficent enlightenment of demonstrable philosophical doctrines by an incurable credulity in antiquated superstitions triumphantly disproved by scientific investigation.

The Citizen has but one enemy: this is his neighbor N. Bonaparte Jackson, a high and mighty individual, who professes to stand for advancement, and so heartily hates the Citizen in turn. N. Bonaparte is a politician, temporarily retired; he is

a literary man, too, having read "Harry Pinkerton" and "Old Lightning, the Lynx-eyed Detective," and other such meritorious literary productions. He has learned to howl "Annie Rooney" and "Comrades." N. Bonaparte is one of the Citizen's sorest trials, but he tries to bear so great an affliction with meekness, being well assured that St. Peter is not susceptible to the sweet influences of "Comrades"!

In nearly every neighborhood of the State may be found men like the Citizen. He has been a powerful conservative force in an age too quick to follow visionary theories. That he is a factor not to be despised in the political, social and religious worlds is incontestable; that he is not ignorant of his power is no less certain. Powerful will he be until the world becomes more cautious in the acceptance of new doctrines. When this millennium in public judgment shall have arrived, the need of the Citizen will no longer be felt, and then if there be any truth in the theory of evolution the Citizen, with that need, will likewise disappear.

ARELPE.

RARITY IS BEAUTY.

There is implanted in the mind and soul of every rational being a longing for that which is beautiful; an unconquerable desire for something that is fascinating to the eye and pleasing and elevating to the mind. All men are not similar in their admirations; all mankind would not choose the same object as the one possessing the highest touch of elegance, for beauty does not rest in the object, but in the eyes of the beholder. Beauty is a divine telescope through which we look at things. This sublime quality is not often noticed in every-day life, for its prime base is rarity.

In the mountains of California a piece of filthy rock is found, apparently without any value; nor does it really possess any superior worth over other minerals. Its attractiveness lies in the yellow veins which form a network through its center; and throughout all the world these rocks are found only in the deep recesses of the mountain, and then can be brought forth only by the most strenuous labors of man and beast. This substance is the motive power of the world, and merely because of its rarity.

The naturalist walks abroad and sees, without a change of countenance, the soaring flock of herons, but when a shapeless, wingless moth creeps out from a leaf under foot he is at once the picture of rapt attention; he stoops

and with great care seeks to preserve this uncouth specimen of the beauty of the under world, while the noble herons, colored with the tints of blue and gold, vanish unappreciated. So it is with the characters with which we come in contact; so with the forms and faces which it is our privilege to meet. None are dearer, none are fairer than she whom first I met to-day.

Why did the young man lie with wide-open eyes till far past the first cock's crow, and with his thoughts hovering round the *debutante* of yesterday? Just because of that rare, mellow complexion and the sparkling, hazel eyes which responded so sympathetically to the awkward glances of his own. Many had a brighter conversation, others were more graceful on the floor, but the magic eye and the golden cheek were lacking in all but her. The queen of to-day is the maid of to-morrow; the face and the form remain unchanged, but the emotion in the heart of the beholder has ceased with the novelty. This is a world and age of changes; the flower that nestles so closely to the heart of our nation to-day, to-morrow lies deep in the gutter, uncared for—forgotten. The politician who last year was the leader of one of the grand old parties, and who shook the foundations of our Constitution, is now leading a farmer's life. This generation sees a father on the apex of the tower of fame, the next finds his son contented with a footing on its base.

May these things ever be that all the world may have a taste of glory. Man lives an age, but in it all is to be found just one moment of bliss. Novelty delights the eye and feeds the soul. The monstrous humps on the backs of women were considered the height of elegance till everybody got them, and then the funeral knell of the bustle was sounded, and pillows and beds were returned to their proper sphere. Female fashion is now on her haunches resting for a mighty leap into the old garden of blooming curiosities; or, as the world of fashion would have it, "the heaven of style." No man knows what this dive will bring forth. Whether the eighteenth century hoopskirt, the bustle of the nineteenth or the tights of the twentieth, no one can tell—we can only think and hope and pray deliverance from them all. But our women must be clothed, and in the height of fashion, too, and fashion has for its backbone, novelty; and all manner of robes have been tried, so the prophet can but turn his eyes aside and face the bold reality—woman must be as her compeer, man.

The snow that glistens so brightly to-day, to-morrow is replaced by the laughing flowers of Spring. Our Creator made all things thus.

Rarity is beauty, and beauty is the essence of life. W. C. NEWTON.

THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

All students of literature are acquainted with the leading features of the historic seats of learning at Oxford and Cambridge, and would look for analogies in the London University, but none exist. It presents a marked peculiarity in all British education, hence it is that many of us have a rather vague notion of it. It is of comparatively recent birth, dating its existence from an act of Parliament in the first year of Victoria's reign, and is the most comprehensive speculation ever made in education, but involves some of the most aspiring intellects of the nineteenth century.

One of its distinctions that we would emphasize is the power with which it was clothed in 1878 by revising the charter. This paved the way for higher female education in England. It made all the provisions relating to the conferring of degrees to apply to women as well as to men. It was the first English institution to offer the women equal educational prospects, and since it is controlled by some of the most progressive minds of the day, we feel assured in commending this feature. Its importance cannot be overrated. The extent to which the women are educated marks the attainment of any nation's civilization, for no people can reach the limits of their possibilities so long as the mother's education is inferior to the father's.

But its original charter gave it two distinctive features which were, perhaps, more eagerly welcomed by the thirsting minds of the humbler sects. Up to this time only three English institutions had the power of conferring degrees, and these demanded an avowal of membership in the Established Church. The other sects had been denied the benefits of the higher education. There was no incentive to their struggles for knowledge, and let them dive to the very bottom of her mines they could not have their attainments officially stamped. But their hopes for an unrestricted education culminated in the establishment of a non-sectarian institution which makes no restrictions as to the place of residence. By the system on which it is conducted degrees are conferred upon the students from Baptist, Methodist and Congregational schools, and they enter the vocations of life on an equal footing with the graduates from Oxford and Cambridge.

Its province, however, is not directly educational; teaching is not its concern. It has no professors or instructors of any kind, but has, perhaps, the most efficient board of examiners that ever assembled in such capacity. Its officers are a Chancel-

lor, Vice-Chancellor and thirty-six Fellows. This official body framed regulations to which all the affiliating colleges must conform as nearly as possible. These are duties which demand men of wisdom, and with broad and mature experience as educators, for they practically make the laws which regulate the course of study and standard of scholarship in more than fifty colleges differing widely in principle and situated in all parts of the Empire.

In examinations for degrees it ratifies the certificates of specified institutions, or, in the case a student is privately educated or from a non-recognized institution, the same tests are applied. But before accepting the certificates from the affiliating colleges, the scholarship of the candidate is investigated. Everyone entering for the A. B. degree is required to pass a matriculation examination and two others following at intervals of not less than one year each. Besides the regular examinations, there is one for honors, one on the public health, and also one on the Bible; but the non-sectarian charter will allow no question to be asked on any disputed doctrinal point.

The whole examining board is not located at London. Sub-examiners are appointed at different places, and the identical questions are given by every examiner, and all of the papers are received at the same place, so that a student, however distant from the metropolis, labors under no disadvantage. The requirements for a pass degree are much lower than in our leading American universities, but the functions of the affiliating colleges are expanding, thereby raising the standard of scholarship in the university.

The London University confers the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor in Laws, Science, Music, Medicine and Bachelor and Master in Surgery.

But the plan of the London University is not yet perfect, it has faults pecular to its very nature. The progress of its standard is impeded by the necessity of regulating its examinations to the average ability of so great a number of affiliating institutions. This difficulty has been relieved in part by giving low examinations for the pass degree and steadily increasing them for honors. But under this arrangement, those colleges which receive almost all of the University distinctions protest against being classed with a number of inferior and almost unknown schools, and are clamoring for University functions, and some of them justly merit such promotion.

But however many may be the objections to the plan of the London University, it is a boon to British education. It has satiated the thirst for knowledge in scores of yearning minds; its present prospects vindicate the plea for a National University, and its future is a mighty workshop in which to round up and polish the youthful genius of England.

C. W. W.

"I HAVE TAKEN MY OWN."

In a certain town of several thousand inhabitants there once lived a man under middle life by the name of Richard Duval. Now, Dick was one of those enviable sort of fellows who don't care how the world goes, just so they are comfortable. A lawyer by profession, he was making a comfortable living without much work, and being unambitious he was perfectly content with his surroundings and friends. He was recognized as a man of considerable ability, though indifferent to the benefits that might accrue from it beyond a sufficiency to satisfy his wants as an unpretentious man who cared only for the comforts of life. He was one of those men who work very well in their own line, but when thrown out by any outside influence are totally worthless. He did not concern himself much about the future, but thought that sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. He was not absolutely a wicked man, but only an indifferent one. In short, Dick liked ease, and would purchase it at the risk of future trouble.

Such he was when he married, as is often the case, at one time his wife and his ruin. He had taken for better or for worse a woman who, he fondly hoped, would be the guardian angel of his life, the Egeria of his destiny. She was fair, blooming, teeming with life, but swayed by a false ambition. Hers was not the ambition which strove to make the world better, to do deeds which would engrave her memory on some suffering heart or kindle the vestal fires of truth to light up the wilderness of a lost soul; nor was it even that more common, though perhaps scarcely less laudable one, which causes its possessor to strive with all the intensity of being to fulfill the marriage vows and be the friend, the counsellor of her husband, understanding him, carrying out his wishes, sympathizing with his hopes and ambitions, his joys and sorrows.

For sometime they lived comparatively happy, her character not coming wholly to the surface, but merely indicating, by occasional outcroppings, what might be expected in the hidden recesses. However, it was not long before it became evident that Dick and his wife were entirely unsuited for each other. He was of a quiet disposition, unambitious, retiring, and, above all, fond of home. She loved gayety, society; caring nothing for home, she spurned its attractions, and sought pleasure only in the whirl of fast society, in which to shine, and to grasp the bauble which goes under the pseudonym of popularity was her sole ambition. For sometime matters went thus, the two

drifting further and further apart; finally, a breach occurred, the breach widened into a gulf, the gulf became impassable, and a home, where happiness should have reigned complete, became wretched. The wife sought comfort among her gay companions, the husband in the wine cup. Dick drank first to drown his sorrow, but ere long for the love of the grog.

Soon his business was lost, and with it whatever standing they had in society. Lower, lower; down, down, they went, pariahs of the deepest dye. This change affected Dick not in the least, his feelings had been lost long ago, and now he was affected only beastially, according to whether or not he could find means to satiate his thirst for drink. He had no occupation whatever, but passed his time about the grog-shops, seeking in different ways to supply himself with drink. To such an extremity had they come that they occupied a small hut a short distance from the town, and lived in a most wretched condition, the hut being absolutely without furniture or comforts whatever. Here Dick spent part of his nights; the wife lived alone and supported herself by such menial labor as she could obtain. Dick now regarded himself as lost, body and soul, and, having despaired, he wished only for the means of gratifying to the fullest his appetites—anything, he cared not what—but merely that it would satisfy his passionate cravings.

One dark night he was going towards his hut in his usual torpor. It was past midnight, and he sat down to rest on a log which spanned a small stream lying between the city and his home. In this lonely, dreary place he sat for awhile, too stupid to notice that the dark night had changed into a dimly starlight one. In a dull way he was passing over in his mind his account with the world. Suddenly he became aware that the atmosphere was tainted with a sulphureous odor; glancing up, he beheld what made him grasp the tree by which he sat for support, and each particular hair began to stand on end. Not five feet from him stood what seemed to be a man in form, but possessing a countenance more horrid than human face ever wore, its hideousness projected itself into the darkness and fastened itself upon him. Its eyes were coals and its breath flame. Moving a step forward, it spoke: "Ho, Dick Duval! how are you and the world getting on? You seem to be in low spirits! Be not afraid, man, I am your friend. In my own kingdom, reaching from everlasting to everlasting, unbounded by infinity, founded in eternity and more lasting, I am called the Noble, but by the worms of this earth I am called the Devil. In the innumerable worlds which I visit I reign supreme. But why do I thus address myself to a mortal?"

So callous had his nature become, that by this time Dick's fright had sub-

sided and he felt perfectly at ease with his Satanic Majesty. Was this, then, that fiery serpent whom men dreaded? Was he really on the earth before him, that arch enemy of souls? In a few moments the Devil broke the silence: "Dick Duval! you do not answer me, you blanch! I have been watching over you since your birth; I see that you have an account to settle with the world. By rights you have long been mine, but I want to make it doubly sure. I will buy your soul. I will give you whatever price you may ask and allow you to live many years yet." Dick was astonished. What did the Devil mean to say, that he would buy what already seemed to be his own? Yes, it was surely his, he would have it any way, why not sell it and enjoy this world while he was able? "Take it," he exclaimed, "only give me money, money." "It is a bargain," said the Devil, "you shall have money as much as you wish, but the bargain is made; strive not to break it. Beware!"

He ceased, and a tremendous chasm opened in the earth to receive him. From it issued fiery flames, the hissing tongues of fiery serpents, hideous groans and the noise of many monsters. The Devil stood upon the brink, the noise ceased, and he disappeared.

Dick was bewildered. His first thought was that he had been dreaming, but the sulphuric fumes still lingering in the atmosphere were sufficient to convince him that his experience was real. He was at last moved; nothing less than what he had passed through would have been sufficient to affect him. He walked slowly home, pondering deeply. He was now irretrievably lost; he had said this to himself before, but never had it been so impressed upon his mind. Often we believe a thing to be true, but so long as there is a spark of hope remaining, the truth does not burn itself upon our minds so indelibly as when that hope is taken from us. He hardly regretted his bargain. Though he felt oppressed by it, there was still the excitement about how he was to obtain the money. The Devil had said nothing on this subject. Dick had not the least curiosity, he knew, in a vague way, that it would be forthcoming.

Going into town the next day, Dick's attention was attracted by a crowd gathered in front of an old stone building that had been long ago used as a bank, but belonging to an estate which was in contention it had been locked up for more than a half century; the oldest inhabitants did not remember when it had been used.

The estate at last, after all the heirs were dead, was being settled and the old building being sold at auction. The bidding was lagging, no one seemed to care for the old house. Dick gave a bid; the crowd was startled. The auctioneer looked curiously at Dick and remarked that the payment

must be made in two days after the sale. Finally the bidding ceased. Dick, with not a cent in his pocket, had bargained for the property.

When the crowd had dispersed he obtained the keys and went in to look at his purchase. Nothing on the first floor but an old desk and a railing which had made an enclosure for an office. He went into the cellar, nothing whatever there. He was about to ascend, when his attention was attracted by what seemed to be several planks hanging loosely from the ceiling. He found that it was a secret door, the fastenings having been eaten away by rust. Having removed these he found himself standing in the mouth of a secret vault. On the walls were shelves, and in one corner sat what had once been a strongly riveted chest, but its bands, too, had succumbed to the dampness of the atmosphere and were easily broken. Clearing away the dust he found what all along he had expected some way or other to find, an immense amount of gold coin. Whether the Devil had placed it there himself, or had, years ago, influenced some man to do so in expectation of this event, he did not care. Enough, the Devil had kept his promise for the present. Taking out enough to pay for the purchase he carefully concealed the balance.

Dick at once set about having his building renovated, and the town was startled by the news that Dick Duval was about to open a bank. Never had there been a greater nine days' wonder. He soon purchased and moved into a handsome residence. He greatly prospered in his business, and gradually the people ceased wondering how he had gotten his start, and began wondering at the rapidity with which he increased his wealth. In the midst of his prosperity his wife died. Dick was not *sorely* grieved, but bore his loss for three years and married again, a woman wholly different from the first. Sufficient to say that the latter was deeply religious, and tried to impress her husband in the same way. As the years passed by he wished more and more to become a Christian, but the knowledge that his soul was not his own hung over him like a dark cloud, shutting out all light. Now he repented of his bargain, but the awful words, "Too late! too late!" constantly rang in his ears. Under his wife's teachings and example, he saw more and more the beauties of the Christian life, and the desire to become like her grew upon him each day. As he grew older he became dissatisfied with his bargain, and would gladly have given up all for his freedom once more.

Years passed, and Dick became an old man and knew that only a very short time was left to him on this earth. For years he had been studying the Bible and trying to find some consolation from its pages, but in vain; the fateful pall still hung over

him, and he was bound hand and foot. Strive how he would he could not release himself from its shackles. He now became impressed; he KNEW that soon the Devil would come to claim his own. On the verge of despair, he would try awhile longer to rescue himself and free his soul from its awful eternity. He gathered all his strength and nerved himself for the last conflict. It was on a sultry summer afternoon. Dick was in a private room at his bank. The time had come for the last struggle. He got his Bible and began reading, but obtained no relief. Somehow or other he felt unusually oppressed, some invisible power held upon him a weight which he could not bear; he knew that it was his same old enemy. It had suddenly grown dark outside; a tremendous storm seemed brewing. He walked to the outer door, but immediately rushed back and threw himself almost in a swoon upon a sofa. Too well he recognized the fumes with which the atmosphere was saturated; never had he been conscious of them before since that awful night, but he knew them, knew that his fate was approaching. The earth trembled under the awful tempest, the air was charged with electricity, a whirlwind swept down the street bearing a cloud of intense blackness, and so dense as to be impenetrable to the eye. As it rushes along the sulphurous fumes thrown off from it were almost unbearable. It was seen to turn into Dick's building for a moment, and when it reappeared in its folds could be seen something in the shape of a human body, struggling, writhing.

When the storm abated the building which Dick had occupied was searched, but no trace of him was found, save these words, burned in large, deep, irregular letters on the floor: "I have taken my own!"

R. F. BEASLEY.

FLORA McDONALD.

Though the name of our heroine lack the requisite number of syllables to give it that trumpet-like flourish that sometimes goes so far towards claiming attention, yet the name *Flora McDonald* brings with it a suggestion of the thistle, the bagpipe and the Scottish fir by no means unpleasing, nor is it wholly deficient of those properties which, in accordance with Mr. Shandy's theory, made the Emperor of the French seem a head taller by the name *Napoleon* than he would by any impoverished monosyllable; but there

may be other considerations, among them that it is a name which has a right to an honorable place in the history of almost every nation, which if they cannot supply the place of the missing syllable, and so prolong the trumpet flourish suitably, may, at least, give it a broader significance and more sympathetic tone. The home of Flora McDonald was in that irregular group of islands lying out to the west of Scotland, scattered here and there over a blue expanse of sea like the group of clouds one may sometimes see floating in the silvered mist of the western sky when the sun hangs low upon the horizon. Through the narrow friths separating these islands from each other and from the mainland, the sea, as if angry at their presumption in thus checking his progress, rushes with frightful velocity. Standing on the lofty peaks of these islands, some of which are little more than isolated mountains posted about like sentinels in the rear of a retreating army, while others are larger and more level, one may see fields in the valleys, cabins clinging to the mountain sides, and occasionally a "horrid crag by toppling convent crowned," while away in the distance, if the day be fine, the mouths of the rivers pouring into the sea from the mainland flash upon the vision with a kind of peaceful shimmer, causing one to murmur with Burns,

"Flow gently, sweet Aftan, among thy green braes,"

and altogether presenting a scene of wild, almost savage grandeur, with just a softening touch of mankind added. Next the coast lies the Isle of Skye, the largest of the group, while farther out, ranging themselves in a line with the coast, are the islands of North Uist, Benbecula and South Uist. From these islands came the warmest adherents of the Pretender, an epithet one would have hardly cared to apply to him in the presence of a brawny Highlander; they were the first to enlist under his standard, and to them he retreated when pressed to the wall with thirty thousand pounds upon his head. It was on the island of South Uist that Flora McDonald was born and spent her early youth. Her home was one of those old structures which we may see now only in the works of Walter Scott—half-castle, half-mansion, where

"O'er each mouldering tower
Dim with the mist of years gray, flits the shade of power."

A structure with its battlements, its moats and little shrunken windows; with its family portraits, family traditions and family ghosts, and its spacious halls, where after the battle or the chase the Highland chiefs were wont to assemble their vassals and "vex with mirth the drowsy ear of night." It was one of those pieces of early Scottish architecture which had withstood everything, even religious fanaticism, for five hundred years, until they came in contact with our

modern utility mania, which, now that it has robbed other countries of everything of interest they contain, is rousing the languid son of Italy to acts of diabolical desecration. She was the daughter of one of the leaders of the Clan McDonald, one of the oldest and most powerful clans in the Highlands. A queer life was that of the Scots in those days, and a peculiar type of men and women it has given us. In the midst of this strange clan-life, this life full of queer beliefs and odd superstitions, full of the old ballads and border songs of love and hate, the jousts and raids and chivalry of Scotland's palmy days, our heroine spent her youth, and every year she went a-Maying, and at dawn gathered her pitcher of dew-drops from the bushes of the eastward sloping hill-sides first kissed by the sun; at Halloween tried her fortune in the hundred-and-one ways known only to Scottish lassies, and always listened with deepest respect, if not inteaest, to tales of ancestral valor and prowess. But her father died meantime and her mother married Hugh McDonald, of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye, and when she had grown older she was sent to school at Edinburgh, as became the daughter of a Highland Laird. She had just completed her education, which was hardly very extensive in those days, and returned to her home at Armadale when the Pretender landed in Scotland and raised the Stuart flag. All know the sequel. How the faithful Highlanders flocked around the young hero-prince who had come to win back his ancestral throne; the victory at the beginning, the march toward England, the "scattering in flight" and breaking of Highland clans before the English bayonets at Culloden—all these have become materials of history and matters of sympathy to everyone, and the cruel atrocities that followed have become an eternal disgrace to the House of Brunswick. Perhaps all are not equally, certainly none can be too well, acquainted with the story of one life which added to humanity's common stock of noble deeds; a life that stands out all the more plainly in its rich sympathy and self-forgetful fidelity for the lurid background against which it is outlined.

After the battle of Culloden, Charles Edward, seeing the hopelessness of his cause, allowed his remaining followers to disperse, and with only a companion or two wandered for some time in the Highlands, and then made his escape to the adjacent islands. Flora McDonald chanced at this time to be on a visit to her brother at the old home in South Uist. The prince and his companion O'Neil, having succeeded in communicating with her, they met, by appointment, in one of the tenement-houses of the estate, and she there proposed the plan for the prince's escape, which she afterwards carried out. It was determined that he should don woman's clothes and

accompany Flora McDonald as her maid, a rather uncongenial role, we may well imagine, for one who had shone in the palaces and salons of Paris; had worn the characteristic high-heel shoes and gold-lace, and led the characteristic butterfly existence at the court of Louis XIV. Flora McDonald set out forthwith for Benbecula to arrange the details of the prince's flight with Lady Clare Ronald, but on her way was detained by a body of militia which chanced to be commanded by her stepfather, from whom she obtained a passport to the Isle of Skye for herself and Irish maid, Betty Burke. Meantime the prince and Neil McKechan escaped from South Uist by bribing a fishing yawl to land them on the coast of Benbecula. Here they rejoined our heroine and Lady Clare Ronald, another warm friend of the Stuart cause. After remaining here for some time, the party at length obtained a boat and crew, and on the evening of the 28th of June embarked for the Isle of Skye. A violent storm arose, and for half the night they were tossed on a rugged sea. The boatmen wished to return, but were shamed by the fearlessness of Flora McDonald and the prince, the latter singing gay songs and telling lively stories to keep up the spirits of the company. On approaching the coast of Skye next morning they saw, to their dismay, a band of soldiers drawn up on shore, who ordered them to land, but they pulled away to the merry tune of whistling bullets. They landed further on, at Kildbride, the seat of Sir Alexander McDonald, an enemy of the prince. Here by chance, they met the Laird of Kingsburgh, an old man as true as steel, who gladly took the hunted prince to his own home. On the way thither, Charles Edward contantly exposed himself to suspision by the illgrace with which he played the part of an Irish maid. It was said that there was a certain noble air about him which no disguise could conceal. Fortunately, they met no one who had known the prince, and so arrived at Kingsburgh about midnight drenched with rain and worn out with fatigue. Here, for the first time in many nights, the prince slept in a bed. After the departure of Charles Edward next day the Lady of Kingsburgh removed the sheets from the bed where he slept and kept them for her shroud. After leaving Kingsburgh the prince threw off his disguise, assumed the Highland dress and continued his way to Partree on foot, while Flora McDonald went thither on horse-back. Having brought the prince thus far, she had done him all the service in her power, he saying at the parting, "For all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St. James yet." But instead of meeting him as the preserver of his life, she was destined to meet George I, as the one who had

placed a thorn in his not too pleasant pillow. The parting was a sad one, as the old ballad has it:

"Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the corrrie that sings by the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane.
The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e,
She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung
Away on the wave like a bird on the main;
And, aye, as it lessen'd, she sigh'd as she sung
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Farewell to my hero, the gallant and young!
Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again!"

After she had thus, with "the tear in her e'e," watched the prince out of sight, she returned to her mother's house at Armadale. Whether or not she had the "ten women's wit" Shakespeare said any woman needed who would control her tongue, she broke the record by actually keeping secret, even from her mother, the part she had just played. This, however, was a needless precaution, for she was soon after arrested and placed on board the *Furnace*, lying in Leith Roads. She was afterward transferred to the *Eltham*, commanded by Commodore Smith. During her detention on board of his vessel she was treated with the greatest consideration; much more like an honored guest than a prisoner. She was taken to London in 1746, but instead of being placed in the Tower was allowed to stay in a private house under surveillance. She was soon released through the influence the Prince of Wales, who was struck by the magnanimity of her conduct. After her release she was entertained by Lady Primrose, of Dunniplace, and here she was visited by all the nobility of the capital; was fêted and feasted, and invited out in a way that would have turned the heads of most young girls, but she returned, with the presents lavished upon her, to her Highland home the same simple, modest girl who had left it. Three years later she was married to Alexander McDonald, youngest son of Kingsburgh, who had aided her in the escape of Charles Edward. Here, she then a comely matron, with a large family, entertained Dr. Johnson, the noted champion of the English Tories, on his visit to the Highlands in 1773, and put him to sleep in the same bed where the unfortunate prince had slept the night he spent at Kingsburgh. In speaking of this visit to a friend, Dr. Johnson said: "We were entertained with unusual hospitality by Mr. McDonald and his Lady Flora McDonald, a name that will be mentioned in history, and if fidelity and courage be virtues, mentioned with honor. She is a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners and elegant presence."

Some years later, Kingsburgh and his family emigrated to North Carolina and settled at Cross Creek, now Fayetteville afterward moving farther up the country, into Anson County. The Revolution came and Kingsburgh joined the company of Royalists forming under General

McDonald, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Moore's Creek Bridge. After his release they embarked on a British sloop of war for Scotland, and on the way were attacked by a French ship. The women were ordered below, but Flora McDonald, with characteristic spirit, remained on deck and was wounded in the engagement. This was her last adventure. They settled again in their old home, and there, at the age of seventy, she died and was buried in the old cemetery at Kilmuir, and there to-day she rests "with never a stone to mark the spot" where one of the world's greatest heroines lies, and hers only forms one of the many figures upon the "dial of green graves" round which the shadow of the church tower creeps.

Such is the "plain, unvarnished tale" of a life with which, in these days of realistic fiction, no author would dare invest his heroine. But it is a life to which history has never done full justice. The English historian has his head too full of Long Parliament and Short Parliament, Red Rose and White Rose, East India and West India to deign even a nod to a simple girl from the Scottish Highlands, whose only claim to his notice is that she aided in the escape of an enemy of the reigning House; and as the day of the biographical mould has not yet come when the life of one worthy is compressed and that of another inflated so as to occupy the requisite space, and then fired at the heads of the public in a manner so innocently unconscious of the limits of human interest or endurance, that accepting Lowell's apothegm that "man alone is capable of being bored," we almost long to involute a few degrees and take a rest.

We of North Carolina have never forgiven her for siding against us in the Revolution, certainly no very strange thing, her education and previous experience considered, and further still, have neglected her with that superb carelessness which characterizes us with regard to other matters that pertain to our history. So unquestioningly have we accepted the saying that those States are happiest which have fewest materials for history, that we really seem anxious to reduce the portliness of our records, after the manner of some ladies who consider it ill-taste to be stout.

There are some, perhaps, who prefer a heroine who wears a bonnet *a la Paris* and screeches her morning greetings along the tortured spine of the telephone to her just too dear friend at the other end of town, but there are others to whom the contemplation of such a life comes like a benediction, soothes like loving hands on fevered brows. It is a by-path in which we may linger and muse somewhat apart and be happy in the reflection that no newspaper reporter, no penny-a-liner, has trod it before us. Within its borders, "sacred to meditation and to grateful thoughts," we

may wander back through seventy years of history, some of it quiet, some of it stormy, but the shout and the petulant drum-beat come to us with a dreamy remoteness that in nowise disturbs. There are some to whom it is an inexpressible comfort to know that two hundred years have placed her beyond the reach of interviews and glowing head-lines, and who sigh to think such a life no longer possible.

C. P. SAPP.

MOANING CASTLE; OR, THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

[CONTINUED.]

In the summer of 1887, just before coming to college, I was on a pleasure trip through the southern and middle counties of North Carolina. About the last of July I found myself in the neighborhood of a country store upon Rocky River, which I found to be owned by a well-known and honored citizen, Col. Harry Melton, better known as "the 'Squire." Finding that Rocky River, with its tributaries in this region, was the best of fishing and hunting ground, I decided to pitch my tent there for a few days. Luckily, I was welcomed to the magnificent country residence of Mr. George Dilworth, who discovered himself to me as an old army friend of my uncle. A better host I could nowhere have found.

My program was to hunt or fish in the morning and rest in the afternoon, usually loitering over towards 'Squire Melton's store, where there was always sure to be a crowd of young country fellows discussing the neighborhood gossip. Among those I met there was Zeb Rockwell, a tall, lean, bony fellow, an excellent companion, generous to a fault, with a keen sense of the ridiculous, but truthful as the morning. Between him and myself there sprang up quite a friendship, and he often accompanied me upon my fishing and hunting expeditions, as he always could point out the best places, and could drive dull care away by a droll humor peculiarly his own. One day, I well remember, as we were fishing in a shady nook on Long Creek near the river, as we sat upon a large rock by the water's edge, tired by our sport, that all at once Zeb, looking at me, said:

"Where 'd you say you was goin' to school in September?"

"To Wake Forest College," I answered.

He smiled, and seemed to be lost in thought for a few moments. Sud-

denly looking up, he said, with a chuckle:

"That's where that feller Philo 's goin'."

Not knowing who "that feller Philo" was, I was put to the necessity of asking, when I learned that he was the son of old Capt. Oscar Philo, of the next county, who had been on a visit to his schoolmate, Frank Melton, the son of the 'Squire. This information was vouchsafed with a deal of chuckling and inward mirth that bespoke more than was expressed in words. By this time I had forgotten fish and everything else in my eagerness to learn the wherefore of the jollity of honest Zeb.

"It's a big joke," said he, between what by this time had grown from chuckles to guffaws at the very remembrance of the fun. "It's a big joke. You see, before the war, two young furrin chaps come down here and built a house over on the river yonder. Ever since their day, all sorts o' stories has been told about 'em, which they don't nobody believe cep'n the wimmin folks and children.

"One day I went over to the store and told 'Squire Melton and the fellers there about Bill Roberson. Bill moved inter the house one day and left skeered to death the next. I allays knowed Bill was a fool, and was tellin' 'em about it, when that young chap Philo—Doc was his name—said he didn't believe in sperits, nohow. Well, nuther did I, but I didn't tell him so. I 'lowed there wus ghosts, and all the fellers settin' round hilt up to me. Young Doc kep' askin' about 'em, when old Tim Farley (you know old Tim, that old one-eyed feller what allays loafs around the store), tuck and told him all about 'Moanin' Castle,' as the wimmin folks calls it.

"Young Doc laughed at it, and said he wont 'fraid o' ghosts nor any other sperits, and tuck the fool notion o' sleepin' in the house all night, and actually went over to ask Mr. Dil'orth next day if he mought'nt. Of course he said yes, as the story o' Bill Roberson and his tomfoolery had got out and he was afeared nobody'd want to rent it. Besides, Doc was awfully smart. So he sent over a couple of his niggers to fix up a room for Doc. They fixed a place on the ground floor for a settin' room, and a place for him to sleep up stairs. Mr. Dil'orth told Cain, one o' the niggers, to take a bottle of brandy over for young Philo to steady his narves with. He took it.

"Young Doc kep' after Frank Melton and another feller there to go stay with him, but they said no. I guess Doc's bravery was a wastin' away. There was a couple o' young gals there at the 'Squire's that Frank and his friend said they couldn't leave, but I very soon heared some of the fellers at the store sayin' why they didn't go. Frank allays wus a great feller for jokes. I heared of it, and so I thought I'd sorter santer down and see the fun.

"Doc went to the house about 6 o'clock and found everything ready, brandy and all. I think he must a found the brandy fust of all, for some o' the fellers watchin' said he took a nip soon as he got in. While he was up stairs lookin' at things, Frank Melton come and just had time to slip into the closet under the stairsteps as Doc come down. Doc had brung Jack, Frank's bull-dog, with him, and Jack smelt Frank and was runnin' round a sniffin' and a whinin', tryin' to git to him, when Doc caught him in his arms and carried him into the settin' room in a hurry.

"'Ghost number one!' thought I, as I was lookin' in at the winder, while Doc took a pull at the bottle.

"After awhile Frank thought he'd come outen the closet, as it was purty cramped in there, and opened the door just a leetle before Doc come out o' his'n on his way up stairs to bed—with the brandy bottle. Frank run on down the passage and up stairs, and just as he turned the corner come in an ace o' bein' hit by a pistol-ball young Doc let loose after him.

"'Ghost number two!' thought I, as I heared the pistol fire. Ef he'd a hit him, the mestery o' the ha'nts at 'Moanin' Castle' would a been settled purty quick.

"Frank hurried on into the bedroom and settled into an unused closet. Doc followed on with the dog, who kep' a smellin' Frank and tryin' to git to him. Each time young Doc thought it was a sperit, and opened up on the sperit bottle—brandy it was. After awhile he got in bed, but soon got up and took another drink. Jack, smellin' Frank in the closet, wus a whinin' and a scratchin' at the door, tryin' to git in. Doc thought shore 'twus a ha'nt, and reched for his pistol. The brandy must a hurt his aim, for instead o' hittin' the door he kilt the dog. Frank, hearin' the pistol shot and the howls of the dog, thought the joke had gone fur enough and opened the closet door, thinkin' he'd explain matters. He didn't like Jack being kilt, anyhow. But no sooner did he come outen the closet than young Doc seemed skeered to death—what had been left of him by the brandy. He looked at Frank like he didn't know him, and his eyes looked that wild that it even skeered Frank, and when Frank started towards him Doc dropped back and looked wilder, and hollered out somethin' about 'Mercy!' and 'Dreadful eyes!' and 'Keep him off!' and sech like.

"'Ghost number everything!' thought I, and started to go up stairs to see about it, thinkin' that thing had gone on long enough, when here come Doc—his coat a flyin' and his eyes a flarin'—clippity, clippity down the stairs, as hard as he could go, and Frank after him, a tryin' to explain matters! As he come on down I reched out my hand to try to stop him, but I mought as well a tried to

stop a steam injine. When he seed me he give a still bigger jump, and yelled out somethin' about them 'Horrible eyes!' and 'Murder!' and out the door he went.

"He run slap to Mr. Dil'orth's, and fell plum agin the front door. They carried him in and fetched him to. He had a dreadful headache the next day.

"Before I left the Castle I took a look at the brandy bottle. There was a leetle left in the bottom. Them niggers can git hold o' the rottonest whiskey in the world—especially when a white feller like Frank tells 'em what sort to git.

"A day or two after that, Mr. Allen, the man I rent from, said he'd want my house for his son Tom, who'd jest got married, so I thought I'd have to move. I went to Mr. Dil'orth's and engaged 'Moanin' Castle.' I wus a goin' to move into it in another week, when I seed Mr. Allen one day when he said Tom wus a goin' to Wilmi'ton to live, and I could keep my house. Old Grainger wanted to move in, but Mr. Dil'orth decided to tear it down and put a cotton mill there, as 'twas the best place on the river.

"About a week ago, as they wus tearin' it down, they come acrost an old box in the stair-closet labeled on the led to 'Dr. L.'—somethin'—'McArdor, New York,' and then Mr. Dil'orth remembered that them there furrin chaps had a young doctor feller a spendin' a summer with 'em before the war. He brung his skelekon with 'im, and, shore nuff, when they opened the led, there was the skelekon, grinnin' same as ever. They had meant to ship it back to that young doctorin' chap, when the owners of the house died and the box was forgotten.

"I dunno whether they ever did tell young Doc Philo about the 'ha'nts' in 'Moanin' Castle.' I reckon the young fool believes in 'em till now."

This was the story of honest Zeb. When he finished we took up our fishing tackle and went to dinner. At the table I mentioned young Philo, when Mr. Dilworth had a hearty laugh over his experience, saying he owed to him the rescue of his place from ill rumors. The next September I met Philo, when he came to college. I could hardly restrain a smile when introduced to him. I have never told the joke on him.

MIL. JUNO.

EDITORIAL.

THE POWER OF A PURPOSE.

In order to achieve the highest degree of success which is possible in the short period of human existence, it is of the utmost importance to have decided as early in life as possible the sphere in which we are to move, and to have before us an ideal so lofty that our best energies will be called into exercise if we attain unto it. That old objection, that college-bred men are not practical and are often lacking in energy, which has so long been advocated against colleges and their sons, surely does not apply to the youth who, in his teens, decides upon his life's work and begins early to devote his best energies to fit himself for it. But to that class who cast the horoscope no further forward than the day of graduation, we doubt not that this criticism may apply with no small degree of force, for we have seen those who were brilliant as students, who stood in the front rank of their classes, but when their college days were over seeming to have no purpose in life and no object to live for, have made shipwreck of their manhood and their energies. Surely such a criticism has no application to the one who early forms a fixed purpose, and then after working carefully for several years to prepare himself for his special work, enters at once upon the calling of his choice when his course of preparation is ended. Fortune lavishes her smiles upon such a one, and the idea of failure is never conceived.

Nor is it possible to estimate the value of a fixed and worthy purpose in bringing out the best energies of our being and developing the highest grade of excellence of which we are capable. Biography is replete with the teachings of this truth; nor does the history of all ages refuse to give its testimony. A writer of rare ability and broad experience says: "An earnest working purpose is a power which, if you straightway seize upon, the moment will make its progress surer every hour." But for the earnest purpose to be something and do something, many of our greatest men would never have been known. The instance of Charles Goodyear, the inventor of vulcanized rubber, struggling for five years in debt, a part of the time in the debtor's prison, exposed to the reproaches and derision of his friends, selling his effects, pawning his trinkets, borrowing from his acquaintances till he could borrow no more, and then failing in his purpose; trying again, reducing himself and his family to the severest straits of pov-

erty, his children picking up sticks to melt his rubber, making his moulds with his own hands, finally succeeding and making his name famous, tells of the power of a purpose and the success to be achieved thereby. Nor is the case of Benjamin Disraeli less suggestive of the efficacy of a determined purpose. This gentleman, making an utter failure in his maiden speech in the House of Commons, and causing himself to be the object of ridicule and laughter, said: "I have begun several times many things, and have often succeeded at last. *I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.*" His prophecy was true, for he became famous for the fire and force of his eloquence.

The explanation for the shipwreck of life, hope and bright prospects is often to be found in the lack of purpose to focus the energies and guide the efforts. Some one has truly said,

"Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might now be sailing safely,
But they drifted with the tide."

Thus our reflections have led us as we thought of the latent powers and the unmeasured possibilities which are wrapped up in a single life. After scanning the range of human vision we conclude that 'tis better far to have aimed high and miss the full measure of attainment than never to have striven at all.

E. S. REAVES.

PUBLIC ROADS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Although North Carolina has been much derided because of her bad public roads, the people of our good old State have always desired good roads and have done what was in their power to obtain them. In the "Laws of North Carolina" containing the enactments of the Legislature of 1789, we find ample provisions made for laying out public roads and keeping them in good repair. Whoever will read this venerable document will find that our ancestors believed, what experience and history teach to be true: that the material prosperity of a section depends upon its facilities for transportation. To prove that a double share of their spirit was inherited by their sons, we might bring forward the favorable grants of our Legislatures to railway companies; the great sums of money expended by our State to make the Cape Fear and its tributaries navigable; the plank roads, the turnpikes, the bridges and ferries built before the war at public expense. This spirit of progress has come down to this generation; there is hardly a county or a town that has not voted money to secure railroads, deeming them of more importance—and rightly, too—than the best of public roads without them. In this line, in her sacrifices to obtain good railroad facilities, no Southern State has done more than North Carolina. And

in regard to her public roads, the statute books of our State will show that North Carolina is fully awake as to their importance.

Before this time we have not been able to build better roads, because our people have hardly recovered from the effects of the war. In many sections they are not badly needed. From statements gathered from students from all parts of the State, I have reckoned that there are not less than 20,000 miles of public roads. These are nothing more than a road-bed sixteen feet wide, with ditches on either side where needed, and kept in repair by the people who live near them. Many of them run through sparsely settled districts, where the best of roads are not needed; there is not much traveling over them, and it would be a needless expense to build better roads, for these answer all purposes. The heavily loaded market wagons two or three times a year pass over them without inconvenience. In the Piedmont section, which is more thickly settled, the roads are good enough in summer, but in winter, if much traveled, become very muddy and very badly cut up. This is owing to the nature of the soil, which is red clay packing to a hard road-bed in dry weather, and becoming very sobby in rainy. It has come to be recognized that these roads are too expensive; that the old method of keeping them in repair is not sufficient, and that for Piedmont Carolina nothing short of good macadamized roads will suffice. At the request of the counties of this section the Legislature has granted them the privilege of levying a special tax to build new roads, and several counties have taken advantage of it. Within the past five years Mecklenburg has built not less than twenty miles of good macadamized road, and is building from year to year; other counties have built more or less. Yet we are far from having such roads as we need; we must and will have better. We are becoming free from the burdens which we took to secure railroads, and we can now turn our attention to building public roads.

The following suggestions may not be amiss: The State should encourage the counties in their efforts to build good roads. This she could do by sending her convicts to do the work of grading, for which the history of railroad building in North Carolina shows they are well fitted. It would be well, too, for the State to undertake building some roads between the more important points which are separated by thinly peopled districts. She could well use her convicts for this purpose, and with the advantage that their labor would then conflict with the interest of no class; and I apprehend that this would be a much more humane method of employing them than keeping them pent up in prison walls, notwithstanding the opinions of emotional philanthropists as to the contrary.

The macadamized road is the road for Piedmont Carolina; the plank-road is a thing of the past; it is not lasting and is injurious to the feet of horses. But the macadamized roads have not these disadvantages, and besides they can be built at a minimum expense. We have inexhaustible supplies of granite waiting for the crusher; all we have to do is to go to work and build. Let not North Carolina be behind her sisters.

G. W. P.

REVERIES OF AN EXCHANGE EDITOR.

The melancholy patter of the rain! The faint glow of the dying embers on the hearth! The clock's monotonous tones! Such are the surroundings.

The editor has the blues to-night. Gloom sits upon his countenance. Melancholy stamps his brow—the hour, the associations inviting dismal thoughts. Wonder not, reader, at his pessimistic reveries.

Ever and anon amid the solitude of of our sanctum dark, rebellious thoughts force themselves upon our meditations. As we lean back in our easy chair, and with half-closed eyes watch the smoke-rings' upward flight, vague, half-formed, restless visions float before our eyes. Our gaze falls upon the "table" at our side and the "messages from other halls." Our thoughts turn to college journalism. Our ruminations take this form: What, after all, is the good of the interminable controversy? What is the use of the endless discussion which goes to make up magazine literature? Is it of any real advantage? Does it give any practical benefit, or does it simply afford the necessary amount of matter? Does it simply serve to fill up space? Which?

The exchange editors of the journals of our acquaintance have devoted considerable time during the past year to a settlement of the much mooted question as to the proper conduct of an Exchange Department. Much space has been given, much attention has been directed to the matter; and what is the result? Both the opinions expressed and magezines in which they find illustration show as much diversity of taste as ever. One thinks one thing, another another, and will probably continue to think so until the end of time.

After all, is not the whole question of minor importance? Does it not depend, in the end, as in the beginning, on the answer to another. Whatever the difference of opinion, all must admit that the primary idea of an Exchange Department is criticism. All other departments are for the public; the Exchange for the editors alone. But criticism must imply a standard by which to citicise. And until such a standard is adopted, is it not vain to criticize the various modes of criticism? In brief, then, until it is finally settled what is the true ideal

of a college journal, is it not worse than useless to discuss the proper functions of an Exchange Department?

The Editor sighs a sigh over the folly of his brother editors, and again takes up the thread.

If, then, we go to the root of the matter and ask the true standard of college magazines, what is the answer? Frankly, we do not know. If we touch the questions of the day, someone cries "politics." If we cling to the conventional essay, we are criticised for lack of interest and old-fogyism. If, in our innocence, we venture into the realms of fiction, some brother is at once disgruntled at our high-strung aspirations. If we give vent to a spirit of athletics, a voice from the tombs decries our want of literary tone. What, then, shall we do? Is there no path by which we may avoid Scylla and yet escape Charybdis? Indeed and in truth, we think not. And from this reflection we pass to another.

We have no sympathy with pessimism. We prefer to view the bright side. But as we review our own brief connection with college journalism—as we turn the pages of other magazines and find therein an answer to our own experience—something like a pessimistic notion finds its way into our cogitations. It is this: After all, when the accounts are balanced, is there any real value in magazine work? Is it worth the time and trouble? Is it not all vanity and vexation of spirit?

The days come and go. The months flit by. The years depart. And still the same monotonous routine! Old editors give way to new. These, in their turn, to others. The wheel of time rolls on! And still the ceaseless round! The same unbroken course of pedantic essay, embryo politics, bungling philosophy, the monotonous cycle of school-boy eloquence, and time-honored jokes—and the year's work is done. What, after all, is the value? What, after all, is the use? No progress! No improvement! Simply a weary journey over beaten tracks! What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter?

The Editor finds none. Wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, his reveries have changed to dreams.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

THE CELEBRATION of the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence at Charlotte on May 20th, for us, at least, promises to be one of the most notable events of the year. More than five thousand dollars have been subscribed by the public-spirited citizens of Charlotte in order to make their celebration creditable to their town and worthy of the memory of the patriots of 1775. David Bennett Hill will deliver an address suitable to the occasion; for several days there will be tournaments and games of foot-ball and base-ball. Professional teams will delight the lovers of the diamond, while the Wake Forest, Trinity and Asheville foot-ball teams will give the citizens of Western Carolina a glance at the wilder glories of foot-ball. Without doubt these attractions will draw thousands of people from every part of the State. This celebration is a stride in the right direction. Let North Carolina commemorate the deeds of her patriotic dead; she has been slow to do this heretofore, but it is pleasant to note that the Revolutionary spirit still hovers over old Mecklenburg.

THE OUTLOOK for the presidential campaign is somewhat clouded. The disturbance in the Democratic ranks has caused the Republicans likewise to become negligent and disposed to quarrel among themselves. Hill and Cleveland are both thought to be out of the race; Cleveland went home from the Rhode Island campaign with a sad heart, conscious that he had lost a battle; Hill's trip through the South betrayed his weakness; it was a dash into the rear of the enemy and lost him his opportunity for the nomination. The great and bitter rivalry between these two candidates, the one with a consuming greed for a second term of the presidency, the other with a questionable political character, will doubtless be considered by the convention much against the practicality of nominating either; for neither of them, it is believed, without the hearty support of the other, could carry New York, the State wherein Democratic hope is centered. With the Republicans affairs are not more concordant. Alger and Reid are being put forward by their friends, but it seems that Harrison still receives the support of the great majority of his party, but a half-handed sup-

port it is. The Republican party has an elephant on their hands in him. He was nominated to be beaten; but lo! "hard cider" and "log cabin" were remembered, and the election returns startled even those delegates who nominated him. And now for nearly four years Harrison has been playing the part of Moliere's M. Jourdain. It took him a long time to get the presidential socks on his big awkward feet, but after he became invested in his new robes he became anxious to show himself abroad. The Behring Sea trouble, the execution of the members of the Mafia, and the Chilian matter all seemed to him proper occasions to show what a fine man he was. But his own servants laughed in his face, and showed no disposition to appreciate the great *mamamouchi* as he thought was his due. It must be admitted, however, that Harrison is a man of ability; if he were not he would have been smothered under his "grandfather's hat" long ago, for the Republicans have been as ready to hold it down as the Democrats have been to put it over him. He has kicked out every time; and more, his firm stand for the honor of our country in the Italian and Chilian affairs has won for him the respect of all sections.

THE THIRD PARTY has become a serious thing in North Carolina. The wisdom of all the statesmen and journalists of the old parties has been confounded in their efforts to keep the farmers within the old lines. All that has been said has brought about only aggravation; the farmers are aroused, and it seems will go on in their own way despite the appeals and threats of their former leaders. We cannot help sympathizing with the farmers; we know that they have seen their hopes for "better times" deferred until despair has come; yet, even now, it is to be feared that they are struggling for the impossible, that they have been influenced to believe that legislation can make them prosperous and happy.

IT IS to be regretted that there are some in our own State who think that because something beyond the ordinary is reported to occur in North Carolina, this is a presumption against the truth of it. In a newspaper report of the Field Day exercises at Wake Forest, the following paragraph occurs:

"E. R. Tull's hundred yards dash (in 10 seconds) was the best record of the contest. The best intercollegiate record up to 1890 was C. H. Spruill (Yale), 10 1-5 seconds, and last year J. H. Cary (Princeton), 10 seconds. Have we doubts?"

This invidious question, "Have we doubts?" must have been suggested either by the writer's personal hatred for Wake Forest, or by his servile adoration of the Northern universities, where, he must suppose, that a knowledge of Sanscrit increases the speed of a runner. In either case,

the writer is lacking in those qualities which should command the respect of North Carolina readers. Personal likes and dislikes have no place in a popular journal; the one who would sacrifice his State pride in order to gratify them is indeed a miscreant.

ALUMNI NOTES.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

—'50. D. R. Wallace, M. D., LL. D., of 1107 Austin Avenue, Waco, Texas, is a distinguished neurologist. Dr. Wallace was for sometime Superintendent of the Insane Asylum at Terrell. He has made a specialty of the treatment of insanity and other nervous disorders, and has acquired rare skill in his chosen profession.

—'55. B. F. Marable, D. D., one of the most popular ministers in the Wilmington Presbytery, died April 14, at Wallace, Duplin County, at the age of fifty-three. At the time of his death he was pastor of Clinton and Mt. Olive churches.

—'59. William G. Graves, Sr., of Danville, Va., an experienced tobacconist, is with the Banner Warehouse for the sale of leaf tobacco.

—'60. F. H. Ivey, D. D., has accepted a call to the Curtis Baptist Church, Augusta, Ga. *The Baptist and Reflector* says: "He is one of the ablest preachers in the South."

—'74. James C. Jenkins, who, after leaving college, attended Princeton and Columbian Colleges, is now a prominent lawyer of Atlanta, Ga.

—'75. Hon. H. R. Scott, formerly a member of the State Senate, is President of the Citizens' National Bank of Reidsville, and has an extensive law practice. One who knows, says: "He has the most tasteful and well appointed law office in North Carolina."

—'83. C. G. Briggs is Principal of the North Missouri Co-Educational Institute located at Salisbury. Judging from his school, we would be forced to conclude that the co-education system may be made a success.

—'84. Prof. J. C. C. Dunford, of Roanoke Female College, Danville, Va., has, we understand, received overtures to enter into connection with Judson College. Professor Dunford and his most excellent wife are peculiarly fitted for the responsible

work of female education, and it will be well for Judson if he accepts.

—'85. J. W. Hendron is in charge of a flourishing school at Handley, Texas. It seems that the "Lone Star" is popular with our boys.

—'85. W. C. Allen is Principal of the Scotland Neck Military School, which is one of the most prosperous and efficient academies in the State.

—'86. John W. Tayloe is a successful practicing physician in Hertford County, and enjoys a large and lucrative practice.

—'88. S. S. Woody is with the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio. We wish him success in the distant State of his adoption.

—'90. A recent issue of an Asheville paper contains a sermon in full by Rev. John E. White. He has accepted the pastorate of the Wilson Baptist church till the first of October, when he hopes to go to the Seminary. He has rare powers as a speaker, and we expect great things of him.

—'90. Joe H. Nowell has accepted a paying position as teacher in Roanoke, Virginia. We wish him success.

—Isaac Newton Lamb ('39–'42), of Madison County, Florida, after going to his adopted State taught school for several years. He was admitted to the Bar in 1845 and practiced at Hamilton Court House for two or three years, after which he abandoned his office for the quiet pursuits of farm life. He is now seventy years of age, and is one of our oldest living students.

—Rev. Joshua J. James, another of our oldest students, passed to rest at the ripe age of seventy-eight, April 6, 1892. He was a student here for three sessions, and after teaching for some time entered Columbian College, where he graduated in 1841. In 1852 he entered upon the agency of the Oxford Female College, which he was successful in establishing. For eight years he edited the *Biblical Recorder*. One who knew him says: "He was a good preacher, a fine conversationalist and well versed in theology. As a writer he excelled." At the time of his death he resided at Yanceyville, Caswell County, N. C.

—James R. Rodwell, of Warrenton, North Carolina, is the efficient Sheriff of Warren County.

—G. W. Blount is a member of the law firm of Blount & Murray, Wilson, North Carolina. He is an experienced lawyer, and a member of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College.

—J. L. Memory, a student here eight years ago, is now of the firm of T. S. Memory & Son, of Whiteville, North Carolina. They are doing an extensive general merchandise business.

—Rev. William B. Oliver ('82) is pastor of the Fayetteville Baptist church, also one of the editors of the

North Carolina Baptizt. He is a preacher of rare ability. A prominent pastor in this State says in speaking of him: "His sermons are clear, pungent and powerful. He is wonderfully gifted in tender and effective illustrations."

—We are glad to welcome J. W. Norwood ('84) back to the Old North State as President of the new bank at Wilmington. He has had experience as bank president in Charleston and Greenville, South Carolina.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. B. DANIEL, Editor.

=May!

=Beautiful nights.

=Commencement is only one month off.

=The Campus is a very inviting place now.

=Tan seems to be the prevailing color of the new spring dresses.

=Rev. Ed. Poteat filled pastor Gwaltney's pulpit on Sunday morning, April 17th.

=Lounging on the grass in the Campus is much pleasanter to the boys than preparing for examinations.

=Mrs. and Miss Ida Poteat have returned home from a visit to Professor Poteat's family in Yanceyville.

=Rev. Mr. Herring preached for Brother Gwaltney on the morning of the 24th, and talked to the church on mission work in China at the evening service.

=We were glad to have with us for a day Mr. E. S. Moore, of Raleigh, who was a member of last year's junior class.

=Several have been baptized and given the hand of fellowship into the Baptist church here as a result of Dr. Hatcher's revival.

=Professor Poteat was absent from the Hill for a day or two in attendance upon the State Sunday-school Convention at Winston.

=There has been some sickness on the Hill lately among the students and citizens, but we are glad to say all are out again.

=At the recent convention of the College Association of North Carolina, Dr. C. E. Taylor was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year, and the Executive Committee decided to hold the next Annual Convention in Raleigh.

=Rev. E. M. Poteat and wife have returned home in New Haven, Conn., after a visit of several days to Prof. W. L. Poteat's family.

=Rev. D. W. Herring, one of Wake Forest's representatives as a missionary in Shanghai, China, recently paid the Hill a pleasant visit.

=Dr. Taylor has been absent from the College for several days recently, filling engagements to lecture and to deliver addresses, and to transact important business for the College.

=The game of base-ball between Oak Ridge and the University, which occurred at the latter place on April 23d, resulted in a victory for the 'Varsity boys by a score of 7 to 4.

=The students of Wake Forest return thanks to the "Girls of Richmond Female Institute" for an invitation to attend a lecture there by Hon. Henry R. Pollard, LL. D., on May 2.

=The two games of base-ball played here by the Oak Ridge and our team resulted in a tie. The tie will be played off before the end of the season, but the date has not yet been fixed.

=Messrs. J. P. Spence (Philomathesian Society) and John A. Wray (Euzelian Society) have been elected to represent Wake Forest in the Intercollegiate Oratorical contest to be held at Morehead this summer during the Teachers' Assembly.

=It was pleasant to shake once more the hand of Mr. H. A. Royster (class of '91), who lately stayed a few days among the boys. He has just returned from the University of Pennsylvania, where he spent the past year in the Department of Medicine and won the highest honors in the Freshman Class.

=Bro. W. B. Morton left Wake Forest the 30th of April for his permanent home in Louisburg, where he has recently accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Baptist church. While here, Bro. Morton made scores of friends among the students, and it is with universal regret that we part with him.

=Some of the boys spent the Easter holidays at home. Among others, Messrs. Graves and Howell, E. V. Messrs. Major and Blanton were the invited guests of Mr. Howell to attend an Easter picnic at Selma. Since their return, Reese has seemed forlorn and melancholy. Knowing his susceptibility, we fear the worst.

=The April meeting of the Wake Forest Scientific Society was held in the chemical lecture room April 19th. Professor Brewer read a paper on the Periodical Law of the Elements, calling attention to the relation of the properties of elements to their atomic weights. Professor Lanneau read a paper on the Aurora Borealis, giving the more important features of such a phenomenon, and explaining the

accepted theory as to the cause. He illustrated some of the principles involved with suitable experiments.

=We are glad to note the return of Miss Willie Simmons, who has made a prolonged stay among friends and relatives in Camden, S. C., and Monroe. While away she was made the recipient of many honors, and in Monroe a complimentary musical was given her at Broadacre, the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs D. A. Covington.

=A few days after the game of base-ball between our team and Oak Ridge, our Business Manager was the recipient of the following letter, dated April 13:

"At a meeting of the Live Oak Base-Ball Club to-day, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved 1st.* That the thanks of this Club be tendered to the Wake Forest Base-Ball Club for many kindnesses shown us while we were their guests, and because they set us a good example of fortitude in defeat, and of magnanimity in victory.

"*Resolved, 2d.* That our thanks be tendered to the Faculty and citizens for their courtesy and hospitality during our stay in their beautiful village and at their noble institution.

"*Resolved, 3d.* That we heartily appreciate the well-nigh universal courtesy of the student body, who showed such a thoughtful consideration for our enjoyment during our stay among them, and seemed to vie with each other in their efforts to make us happy, and who gave abundant evidence of the successful efforts of Wake Forest College to make gentlemen as well as scholars.

"*Resolved, 4th.* That we will ever cherish the memory of our visit, and each and everyone who contributed in any way to its enjoyment.

"R. M. STAFFORD, JR., *Capt.*
"G. G. STEVENS, *Sec.*"

The foregoing words of commendation and praise are highly appreciated by the Faculty as well as the students and citizens. The sentiments of good-will towards us, and of cherished memories of their stay among us, we echo with cordial enthusiasm. During the visit of the team it was a real pleasure for us to contribute to their enjoyment. It has never been our pleasure to be thrown with a body of more perfect gentlemen. On the ball-grounds, as well as in our homes, they were gentle and courteous, winning alike our esteem and admiration. We shall always remember pleasantly our contest with the boys from Oak Ridge.

=The Field Day exercises of the 22d of April, were a genuine success. Although inclement weather interfered and the latter half of the programme had to be postponed till the next day, the interest and enthusiasm were unabated, and the general efficiency was not hurt. Field Day is

something new in the history of Wake Forest College. The athletic spirit has never been very prevalent at the institution, but now it has fallen in line with the other colleges that have led the way in this particular, and the flattering result of the first exercises is only a beginning of what may be expected in the future. The efficiency of the work done by the young men who participated in the exercises was especially gratifying. In almost every feat the college record of the State was broken, and in some there was a near approach to the record of professionals. To Prof. E. W. Sikes, the Director of Physical Culture, is due the successful prosecution of the work. He had some opposition and inertia to overcome when he came here and made an effort to inaugurate this departure. But by untiring zeal he has succeeded in arousing in the boys an enthusiasm for athletics that is compatible with the dignity and high standard of the College in all other respects. At the close of the exercises Professor Carlyle was asked to present the medals to the victorious contestants. He made an eloquent appeal for more athletics at Wake Forest, and paid a high and deserved compliment to Professor Sikes for his faithful work. The order of exercises, with the successful competitors and their records, is as follows: 100 yards dash, E. R. Tull, time, 10 seconds; standing high jump, J. J. Young, Jr., height, 4 feet 3¼ inches; pole vault, B. A. Justice, height, 8 feet 9 inches (with 10-foot pole); one-mile walk, J. A. Mason, 8 minutes 52 seconds; running hop, step and jump, W. H. Jones, distance, 40 feet 2 inches; running high jump, R. E. Major, height, 5 feet 3¼ inches; throwing hammer, weight, 18½ pounds (no medal), R. O. Fry, distance, 64 feet; one-mile run, J. E. Yates, 5 minutes 38½ seconds; standing broad jump, D. M. Prince, distance, 10 feet ½inch; three-legged race, Eagles and Gore, distance, 100 yards, time, 12½ seconds; throwing base-ball (no medal), E. V. Howell, distance, 108 yards 8 inches; 440 yards dash, John Gore, time, 63 seconds; running broad jump, E. V. Howell, distance, 19 feet; potato race, Charles E. Taylor, Jr., distance, 15 yards, time, 31 seconds; 120 yards hurdle race, E. R. Tull, time, 12¾ seconds; 100 yards dash (second best), A. M. Yates, 10¾ seconds; Soph.–Fresh. race, ½ mile (no medal), Sophs. time, 1 minute 53½ seconds; stretch kick (no medal), W. J. Burden, height, 7 feet 4½ inches. There were tumbling, a shoe race and other amusements after the close of the regular exercises. A medal for the best all-round athlete was awarded to E. V. Howell. It is to be regretted that the rain interfered with the general excellency of the exercises. The ground was heavy and slippery, and but for this fact the records could have been better. The heavy rain that fell just before the 440 dash, made the track

so slippery that correct time could not be obtained. Crudup slipped down at the scratch, while the others dashed on. The College would do well to spend some money on Athletic Park.

=WAKE FOREST *vs.* OAK RIDGE.—The opening inter-collegiate game of base-ball of the season was played the 8th of April between Oak Ridge and Wake Forest, on the grounds of the latter team. It was a balmy Spring day, and all the students, including the citizens of the Hill and many visitors, turned out to witness the game. The mighty Seniors gave us all a surprise by driving to the park in a four-horse turn-out, gayly decorated in a profusion of blue, the class color. They drove about the grounds with all the pomp and pageantry of a circus parade. The class being armed with tin-horns, with seniortorial dignity, rent the air at each good play made during the game.

Wake Forest won the toss and took her position at the bat. Jones, Webb and Mills were the first trio to seize the club, but not liking the countenance of Stevens' left-handed balls, quietly laid it down for their successors. Oak Ridge then came to bat, but was shut out without reaching first base. When Wake Forest resumed the bat, Powell, our doted slugger, took up the stick, but finding a hole in it yielded to Sledge, who stole a run, and thus counted the first point for Wake Forest. The visitors now came in again, but failed, adding another goose-egg to their zero. The home boys, during the three following innings, cleft the air with heroic courage trying to bat the puzzling balls of Stevens, but to no purpose. Oak Ridge, in the third inning, made nothing, but scored three points during the fourth. They then accomplished nothing more till the eighth, when another tally was made. Wake Forest added three more to her score in the sixth and seventh, but flunked during the eighth. At this juncture the score was a tie, each team having won four runs. The ninth inning added nothing to either. Wake Forest went to the bat in the tenth with Jones holding the stick. He scored, Webb and Powell doing likewise. Oak Ridge was then shut out, leaving the tally, in the tenth inning, seven to four in the Forest boys' favor. The game was earnestly fought by both sides. The visiting team played an excellent game of ball. Each position was well backed up, showing the Oak Ridge boys to be splendidly trained amateurs. Points of excellence worthy of special mention, were the quick and rapid delivery of Stevens, and the accurate throwing of the entire team.

SATURDAY MORNING'S GAME.—The game on Saturday morning was not so well played. The wind blew up during the night, and at 11 o'clock A. M., when the game was called, a strong wind was sweeping across the

grounds. Both teams were stiff and clumsy from the strenuous efforts made in the previous game. Powell, our catch, was almost incapacitated, having collided with the first baseman and severely injured his knee towards the latter part of the first game. Our pitch, Holding, as he had strained a ligament in his shoulder, was compelled to give up the box to Mills in the third inning. Hence, our battery was really unfit to enter the second game. Vanquished teams too readily find divers excuses for their defeats, but these are facts which the Oak Ridge boys will not hesitate, we are sure, to admit.

By the preference of Oak Ridge, the home club was first at the bat. The boys had caught on to Stevens' left-handed balls, and batted him much better than on the previous afternoon. In the first inning Wake Forest crossed the home plate four times. But the boys from the Ridge, not to be baffled in this manner, slugged us for an equal number of runs. The score is too large and the game was too loosely played to give a detailed account of each inning. But here are the results: In the fourth, the game stood 9 to 8 in favor of Wake Forest. The fifth, however, gave Oak Ridge 3 points, and this advantage was held to the end of the game, when the tally showed the visiting team to be victorious by a score of 15 to 10.

The first game was umpired by Bailey and Christian; the second by Busbee, of Raleigh.

=FOR SALE.—1 Worcester's Dictionary for $9; 1 Webster's Dictionary for $9; 1 Heroes of the Dark Continent for $1.50; 1 From Manger to Throne, by Talmage, for $2; 1 Ilif's Imperial Atlas of the World, morocco binding, for $7.50.

Address MANAGER STUDENT,
Wake Forest, N. C.

IN MEMORIAM.

There come trials and sorrows in every life, when one is made to exclaim, "How mysterious and past finding out, are Thy ways, oh, God!" One of these times is when death, that monster, comes. The hearts of fond parents are crushed and bleeding; the musical voice of the oldest boy is forever hushed on earth, and the old home can never be the same again. Such is applicable to the parents and home of Mr. L. L Lowery, who so recently came among us, and who, but a few weeks ago, was in the bloom of health, now lies cold and motionless under the sod. All who knew him could but admire him for his strong individuality and earnestness of purpose. As a student, classmates and teachers alike admired and expected him to accomplish something in life. As a member of the Euzelian Society, he was always loyal to duty, devoted to what he conceived to be to its interest; candid in the expression of his views, yet always sincere and united in spirit with its members for *her* honor and success. And so we, as a Society, wish to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one of our brothers, who now, we trust, is glad that the toils of life are over. Therefore, be it

Resolved, *1*. That the Euzelian Society realizes a great loss in the death of our Bro. L. L. Lowery, yet bows in humble submission to the Divine will. We herein express our appreciation of his membership as an honor.

Resolved, *2*. That we tender our heart-felt sympathy to the bereaved family, and comfort them with the blessed thought that they have, as do the Euzelian Society, so bright a representative in the world above.

Resolved, *3*. A copy of these resolutions be sent to *The Messenger and Intelligencer*, *Recorder* and STUDENT.

W. H. SLEDGE.
D. D. DOUGHERTY.
R. L. MOORE.

THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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PHI. SOCIETY.

G. W. PASCHAL ---------- EDITOR.
E. S. REAVES ---------- ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

EU. SOCIETY.

W. W. VASS, JR ---------- EDITOR.
W. B. DANIEL ---------- ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

D. M. PRINCE ---------- BUSINESS MANAGER.

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THE PROPHECY OF THE ALPS.

Weary, hopeless and almost maddened, I turned from the crowded haunts of man. Society had injured me, hope, energy and ambition were dead; my fondest aspirations, which like the mirage, had lured me onward, lifted as I was drawing near; my visions and castles were swept away by the chilling winds of adversity; the future that I had peopled with successes and rewards was now dark and foreboding. The message I had borne to the world no man received. When I departed no kindly hand was stretched out to restrain me, no word of comfort was whispered in my ear. So, despairing and alone, my journey began. It would end, I knew not, I cared not, where.

The thick foliage of the trees, the green canopy of the meadows, the rich golden harvests of the fertile fields, the far-stretching plains of the lowlands no longer interested nor inspired me. The days rolled slowly as I plodded wearily onward. The hills grew higher and more rugged; the valleys more deep and narrow, and at last when I lifted my downcast head I beheld in the distance the snow-capped summits of the Alps, vast and glimmering, piercing with their rugged crests the bending rim of the horizon. The scenery changed. The landscape became roughened by the undulations of hill and valley. The mountain torrent leaped from precipice to ledge in its maddened rush toward the sea. The laurel succeeded the orange, the fir and pine, the cypress and willow.

One morning, as the first ray of light kissed the mountain peaks, I pressed my foot upon the base of the giant Sparrenhorn, whose rough sides rise almost perpendicular, and whose

crest is white with eternal snow. As each hour passed, it found me struggling and panting up the steep ascent. The day was drawing to a close when at last I reached the summit. Far in front of me lay the Valais Alps, stretching from Combin to Furka; behind, a great polar world of snow-fields and glaciers, forming the southern side of the great Bernese range. The sun was slowly descending, casting a gloom over foot-hill and valley, until only the snow-summits, reflecting the evening light, glowed like red lamps along the mountain walls for hundreds of miles. From the village in the valley below rose the chimes of the Angelus calling Christians to prayer. The mountain forest grew cold and black, while on the evening breeze was borne the requiem of the pines over the departed day. Save the restless murmuring torrent, all was still and silent.

Awed, yet uplifted, I stood and worshiped. The flood of sensations which swept over me filled my soul with a strange emotion. From my lips involuntarily there breathed the prayer to the Creator of mountain and hill for a message, old and oft-repeated, it might be, that from that Alpine summit I might bear to the restless, burdened millions of humanity. I turned. There, behind me on that narrow ledge, was standing a motionless figure of heroic build, fearless demeanor, and awe-inspiring presence. Reluctantly he lifted his eyes from the valley and the comfortable chalets of the Swiss and looked upon me. Slowly he spoke:

"Thy prayer will be answered. I am the spirit of William Tell, awaiting to lead the oppressed of humanity in a greater cause than when the Swiss, crushed by tyranny, hearkened to my call to arms and followed my command and sword in the thickest of battle affray. Unlike Barbarossa, awaiting Germany endangered to arise from the dead and lead her legions, I await the call from the trodden ones of earth to lead them in the noble struggle for Universal Truth and Freedom. Toward the close of each century I stand on this summit, listening for this cry. But the serf still tips his hat to his master and Greed still enslaves both Liberty and Truth. But the day will come! The world will yet be free."

Astonished, I asked: "Do you know the future? Tell me when will Truth and Freedom reign supreme; when will Error, wounded, die and slavery and chains be no more?"

The heroic figure smiled at my eagerness, and replied:

"God alone knows the future, but to me is granted a knowledge of the past, and the history of these snow-wrapped heights is a prophecy of hope, is a prophecy of cheer. And you, mortal! I grant to see this past, and it will be the message that you may bear to mankind."

He ceased speaking. A mist which had hung low on the mountain side lifted and enwrapped us, and in the vapor I felt myself transported as in a dream onward and upward until with open eyes I beheld that

"Above, around, all was infinitude
Of light and harmony. The worlds moved
In mazy multitude without a jar,
Star circling planet, planet sun and suns
In systems, farther yet and farther still
Till multiplying millions mingled, formed
A sheet of milky hue."

With delight my eyes beheld our own blazing sun, close-encircling Mercury, bright-shining Venus and dear old mother Earth changed, however, almost beyond recognition. For it was the second day or period of the creation. During the first age, when the Earth was without form and void, the Spirit of God moved over the face of the deep, dense with smoke and nebulæ, and gave, through divine power and law, form and symmetry to chaos. Atoms, separated by heat, tenuous as air, swept onward, ever circling and ever pressed by gravitation's laws, formed at last a nucleus, a centre. With each succeeding age, denser and hotter grew this body. Then came the change. The great settling mass began to cool. Its light paled. The Earth ceased to be a burning, flashing sun. Great heavy clouds, dark and misty in texture, saturated with moisture poured their corrosive rains upon the Earth's heated surface. This was the beginning of the battle of battles, water arrayed against fire—the atmosphere against the Earth. The broad expanse of heaven was wrapped in clouds, which, surcharged with electricity, attacked the raging fires that swept the Earth's blistered surface. Drawing close, they poured their artillery of rain in the very face of their flaming enemy. And the rains, falling on burning plains, returned, hissing and seething in smoke, to heaven. This age passed away. The battle ended. The reign of water commenced, and over the broad bosom of the Earth, lay a boiling, tumultuous ocean. The restless, boundless sea was swept by mighty tidal waves whose spray seemed to kiss the stars. But the fire, overpowered, retreated sullenly within the bowels of the Earth, leaving in its wake, burnt-out subterranean caverns. Amidst the roar of the waves, the shriek of the blast, was heard the proud arrogant cry of the ocean for more room. The demand was imperative, and through the depths of the Earth a tremor ran. The crucial moment had come. The vast oceans of molten rock had continued to contract until the crust of the Earth was without a support, and with great earthquake throes it sank downward, wrinkling into huge folds between which were the sunken areas into which the waters subsided, while from the intervening ridges, the Earth's pent-up fires belched forth ashes and molten rock.

Thus the mountains rose out of the

sea, thus the rocky precipices of the Alps towered among the clouds, thus the foundation of a continent was planted, a home for Life and Truth created.

But nothing great is ever won without a struggle. Scarcely had these barriers been erected ere the sea began its attack afresh, as it hurled with relentless fury its far-sweeping waves against the rock-ribbed mountain sides. Age succeeded age and gradually the great ocean ate its way into the rugged slopes of the Alps, and summit after summit sank into the depths. The sea was conqueror. But the end was not yet. My guide touched me, and where had stood the surf-beaten cliffs, and where quiet and calm had followed their fall, now the wildest storm was raging. The Earth was in the throes of travail, and again from a slimy bed rose the Alps, higher, grander, more majestic—the Alps of to-day, the feeders and protectors of Europe, the pride and admiration of the world.

My guide, hitherto silent, now softly spoke: "You have seen the life-history of the Alps. It is their prophecy. Bear it to struggling humanity."

The cloud which had enwrapped us lifted, and with it the vision, and I stood alone on the mountain ledge, bathed in the mellow moonlight.

I pondered long upon the vision and the strange words of the speaker. Then I remembered the ancient legend that William Tell awaits in the Alps to lead humanity whenever they shall call in the struggle for Universal Liberty. And stranger still, the vision I had seen accorded precisely with the more recent views in regard to the history of the Alps. What did it mean?

I turned to history and sought there a revelation. But far beyond the historic past looms the deep, heavy shadow of the unknown. Clamors, wars and bloody deeds are the dark foot-prints of an ignorant, superstitious ancestry. But farther yet, and farther still, are the unmistakable traces of a fall from innocence and purity. How high this type of purity we know, but ere many ages pass, like a heaving, tumultuous sea, sin and degradation covered the broad bosom of humanity. And whatever of Truth and Freedom that there is, has come out of this Chaos and Error. Has not every mountain arisen from the sea, every republic out of oppression, and every truth germinated in the midst of error?

How like the mountains that have arisen from the sea, is the past of every nation whose name is recorded upon the pages of history? Out of a sea of barbarism and strife, they have arisen above their surroundings, rejoiced in the sunlight of truth and prosperity, and like the sunken Alps, have been obliterated and forgotten. Wrapped in imagination I stood amid the dreary sands of Egypt, gazed

upon her gigantic statues and magnificent temples—relics of a departed glory. Why did she transcend her contemporaries? Because her people had truer characters, truer principles and truer conceptions of life and of God. Why did she fall? Because she lost these. One night there crept out of that land 3,000,000 of slaves with their faces turned toward the wilderness—slaves, yet they carried with them the highest ideals of truth the world had ever known, and amid the rocky hills of Judea they reared so mighty a throne that to its king the ships of Tarshish bore the gold of Ophir, and kings and queens bowed in homage to his wisdom, and marvelled at his glory and prosperity. But sin and error crept in, and the day came in Jewish history when her people hung their harps upon the willow trees beside the rivers of Babylon and wept.

By the choppy Ægean dwelt a people whose souls were fired by a spirit of patriotism and high regard for truth. On rocky steeps they built their city and made it the metropolis of the world. Her literature and her art has never been and never will be excelled. But Athens of the ancient Greeks is in ruins, her sceptre has departed from her people and an immigrant king now rules the remnant of a proud nation which once swayed the world. Centuries have passed since she fell before the invading Roman, yet they have not obliterated the fact that the overthrow of Greece was only possible after her people were steeped in deceit and craft.

Why proceed further? This is the history—the rise and fall—of every nation. Inspired by high ideals and true principles, they developed a civilization which won the admiration of the world. But as the ages have rolled on, the great sweeping waves of error have beat upon the rocky cliffs of principle, until with weakened and distorted ideals, with warped and wrecked characters, these proud nations have succumbed, and, overpowered, they have sunk into the sea of oblivion.

Is there no exception in all the past? Does no kingdom stand as sublime, as immovable as the towering summits of the Alps?

In a village overlooking the wide plain of Eschaol was reared a little boy. Although of apparently humble birth, in his veins flowed the blood of kings. The supernatural manifestations associated with his birth presaged a future which would mould and influence the character and destiny of the world. With increasing age, the nature and disposition of this lad grew more lovable and beautiful. His soul was inspired by the highest aspirations, the noblest ideals, and the truest conceptions of God. Imagine him as he stands at the close of day in the evening glow upon the great bluff where his city is built: far to the west lies the sea, at his feet

the fertile vine-clad plains, yonder the little lake nestling among the hills on whose shores are the ensigns of the invader, for his country is subjugated! Far towards the south, where the mountains rise, stands the honored city of God. But there form has supplanted truth; Phariseeism reigns, and the Jewish religion is dead.

The boy grew to manhood, and upon the throne of his fathers began the establishment of the Kingdom of Truth. At the close of his career, surrounded by a few faithful subjects, Jesus, the carpenter-king of Nazareth, uttered the God-words: "I am the way, the truth and the life." These sons of Galilee, stirred by the teaching and philosophy of the divine Teacher, began the extension of that kingdom which cometh not with observation. In a new form the religion of the Jews awoke to renewed life, while over the blue waves of the Mediterranean was borne to the shores of Greece the strange voice, crying, "Great Pan is dead!" Soldiers of the despised King of the Jews were found amid the rich and the poor, the honored and despised, battling for truth and purity. A bloodless banner, for the first time, floated amid the gory battleflags of war, and a devoted army assembled beneath its snowy flolds. No plated warriors led the advancing hosts to the assault; it was the Prince of Peace himself. Without sword or shield or martial music or stately tread of columns, the vanguard of the army of Truth began the attack upon the entrenchments of Error.

Against this mighty, moving mass, the Kingdom of Darkness hurled "the savage enginery of war, the weapons of hate and scorn, the wild beasts of Africa, the pomp of martial power, the tortures of the rack and the stake. But what mortal weapon can reach immortal Truth? The bodies of her votaries were torn limb from limb, their voices were drowned in smoke and flame, their ashes scattered to the winds of heaven. But sacred Truth, for which they died, issued from the flames fresh in the vigor of eternal youth, radiant in the splendor of immortal beauty, without the smell of fire upon her shining raiment. Alone in the crackling of the martyr's pile, the howl of savage beasts, the roar of angry multitudes, the echoes of her still sweet voice rang on from soul to soul, gathering ever fresh adherents from the ranks of her enemies."

> "Truth, crushed to earth will rise again,
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error wounded writhes in pain,
> And dies among her worshipers."

Was not here the meaning of the prophecy? The Alps which sank into the sea did not fall because of the relentless beating of the waves, but far down in the depths of the Earth, a seething, molten sea of fire was retreating and leaving behind

empty and extinct furnaces. It was a weak foundation that caused the overthrow of these towering summits, as it has that of every empire of the past. Error is weakness and falsehood is destruction, and when Truth departs from any people, the hour of their degradation draweth nigh.

But, unlike the Alps of to-day, the Kingdom of Truth is in a state of upheaval. The end is not yet. Looking down the ages, I hear the sighs of millions held in spiritual bondage, like the moanings of the troubled sea that cannot rest, sweep in saddening murmurs over the darkness of superstition and ignorance. Through wintry centuries this surging sea of miserable humanity was bound beneath the icy fetters of a pitiless tyranny. But on the gloom of the Middle Ages broke the dawn of a new iconoclastic era. Strange hopes of a wider liberty, strange dreams of a coming wondrous future stirred the minds of men. The sacred truths, once proclaimed upon the hills of Judea were everywhere sowing the seeds of a higher and diviner life. The blood of ten thousand martyrs was not spilled in vain. The silvery tones of England's first reformer, the melting tenderness of the voice that waked Bohemia, the fiery eloquence of the patriot-priest of Florence, the bold denunciations of the monk of Wurtemberg were not lost in air, nor drowned amid the thunders of sacerdotal vengeance, nor hushed in the cold stillness of the grave. But through succeeding ages their ringing utterances, more potent than monarch's seal or sword, continued to break the chains that long fettered conscience, and awoke there the desires which only Truth can satisfy. "Their mingled notes of love and wrath, like echoes of the spirit world, still sweep the harp-strings of a thousand hearts, and awaken there a music that shall never die."

I turned to the present, to America, the herald of the future, the vanguard of the progress of civilization, hoping to find there the Kingdom of Truth triumphant. But I heard the moans of the poor in that land of plenty, the cry of the oppressed in the home of the free, and I knew that Error still prevailed. But remembering the words of William Tell, I turned to the Alps, vast, glimmering, majestic, and over my spirit stole a spirit of rest, for I knew that when America applied the principles taught by Jesus of Nazareth to the problems of her political life, that like mist before the rising sun they would be dissipated. I looked upon the world, upon humanity, struggling toward a higher, a diviner life, and knew that in the future waited the day when the Kingdom of Truth, victorious, would reign over all, eternal, immovable and as majestic

as the Alpine summits towering amid the tempest and the blast.

I awoke. It was all a dream. My lamp had burned low, and the short hand of the little alarm clock which sits on my mantel, pointed to one. A book lay open upon my lap. It was my Astronomy, and I had been reading the Nebular Hypothesis.

A JUNIOR.

LEONORA.

Where the tall and stately poplars
Sway and bow and dance their foliage,
When the springtime breezes passing,
Whisper softly through their branches—
Where the pretty fairy warblers,
Airy dwellers of the tree-tops,
Carol forth their lays of sweetness,
Build their nests and hatch their young ones,—
And the nimble playful squirrel,
Shies athwart the trunks and branches,
Bounding, leaping in his frolics;
And so light the twigs and leaflets
Scarcely bend beneath his footstep—
Dwelt the object of my story,
Of my simple plodding story,
With its oft repeated sayings.
In a deep and shady wildwood,
Near the haunts of bear and panther,
Where the red deer find their pasture,
Frisk and scamper o'er the grasses—
Graze awhile, then ears uplifted,
Dancing eyes, dilated nostrils,
Peering through the tangled branches,
Spy the hunter; then go bounding
Swifter than the flight of swallows—
Where the swaying branches, meeting,
Form an arch, once stood a dwelling,
Built of logs cut from the forest,
From the dark and sombre forest.
Built of large and rugged oak logs,
Thatched with long grass from the marshes.
In this quiet, peaceful cottage,
Near the fenlands and the marshes,
By the great and roaring river—
Mississippi broad and mighty,
Noble Father of the Waters—
Lived a maiden fair and happy,
Blithe and supple as the willow,
Leonora, queen of sunshine,
Sweet and charming as the springtime,
Lovely daughter of the forest.
Charmed were all the youthful gallants
Of that region, when they saw her
Captives to her queenly beauty.
Wooed by many, still she cared not,
For their fondness and affection.
But of these was one she fancied,
One she loved with true devotion.
Him alone she heard with rapture,
When to her he softly whispered,
Though he told the same old story,
That the others had been telling.
O'er the hills by winding pathway,
To the east a mile or upwards,
Was another humble dwelling;
Stood the home of Herbert Roland.
Dwelt this fortunate of mortals,
Leonora's only idol.
Oft at evening, in the twilight,
In the cool and pleasant twilight,
When the daylight, slowly fading,
Sunk behind the distant westland;
As the crimson turned to leaden,
And the leaden grew to darkness;
When the world seemed hushed and quiet,
Save the low and rustling murmur
Of the foliage, as the breezes,
Lightly passing, shook the leaflets—
Side by side they often wandered
'Neath the solemn, starlit awning,
Whispering softly as the zephyrs,
Speaking words of love and ardor

Tales of Cupid's mystic wooing.
Burning love then found expression
In their ardent declarations
Of that subtle, tender passion;
In their fervent vows and pledges—
Vows to ne'er forget each other,
Till a closer tie should bind them,
Make them one in heart and purpose.
Thus was spent that pleasant springtime,
Thus in bliss they passed the hours.
On a balmy summer evening,
As the thickening shades grew denser,
He was seated in the doorway
Of his father's cosy cottage,
Wrapt in thoughts of her, his idol,
Leonora queen of sunshine—
Of the evening when she promised,
By the stars that shone above them,
By the life and soul within her,
To be his without a rival,
His as long as being lasted.
Dull the roar of rushing water
In the dark and sombre midnight,
Fell upon him as he slumbered,
Dreaming of his Leonora.
Knowing not the dire disaster
That confronted all the settlers
In the lowlands and the valleys;
Knowing nothing of the peril,
Of the swiftly rising water,
As it whirled through new made channels,
Spreading over plain and forest.
Higher, higher rose the river,
As the melting snows of Northland,
Poured their torrents down the valleys,
Swelling all the rills and rivers.
Wider grew the rushing deluge;
Spread o'er regions never flooded,
In the memory of the living.
Deeper, fiercer grew the mutterings
Of the muddy threatening water,
As it rushed through trees and branches,
As it rose around the cottage—
And on every side surrounding
Cutting off all hope of safety—
Till it plashed upon the threshold,
Where within, in peaceful slumber,
Nora and the family rested.
Soon aroused, they saw their peril;
Saw the rapid, rushing water,
Heard its fearful roar and mutter,
As it seethed around their cottage.
Fast, so fast the flood had risen
While they slept, that ere their waking,
They were there enclosed, surrounded
By the angry, brawling river.
Of the dreadful scene that followed,
Scarce can pen portray a picture;
How in mortal dread they waited,
Till the river, rising higher,
Slowly drove them to the roof-top;
Inch by inch submerged the dwelling;
Then with power of gods and demons,
Shook the cot from top to bottom,
Wrenched it from its sturdy pillars,
Sent it headlong in the torrent.
On that night, so dire and dreadful,
Many were the scenes of horror,
Down the valley of the river.
Many homes with peaceful inmates,
Many firesides bright and happy,
Likewise perished in the deluge.
Herbert woke at early twilight,
Heard the roar and rush of water—
Heard the roaring of the river.
Startled by its seeming nearness,
Rose and hastened through the forest,
O'er the hills to see the river.
All at once he stopped and shuddered,
For a sudden terror struck him,
As he saw the broad, deep water,
As he looked out o'er the woodland,
Where once stood the log-built cottage.
Saw no house but only water
Rushing headlong through the forest.
Days and days the deluge lasted,
Sweeping down great trees, and dwellings,
Spreading wide the desolation,
Through that vale once fair and verdant.
Of the dwellers, some were rescued,
Clinging to debris and driftwood;
Some by Providence were wafted,
Cold and faint, upon the high land.
So it was, escaped the family,
So her parents, although aged,
With her brothers and a sister,
On the pieces of their cottage,
Floated safely to the shallows.
Long they searched their darling daughter,
Far and wide across the marshes,
O'er the plains and through the forests,
'Mong the driftwood of the valley

That the angry water rifted,
As it surged along the hillside.
But in vain were all the searches,
All the wanderings of her loved ones;
For no trace could be discovered
Of the maiden, dead or living.
  Farther than the rest went Herbert,
Down the pathway of the current—
Down the valley of the river—
Almost hopeless as he wandered
Searching for his Leonora,
Her the idol of his being.
As he wandered down the valley,
Sad and weary, barely hoping,
E'er again to see her visage,
Wandered near the Shawnee nation—
To his ears, by Indian dwellers,
Came the story of a maiden,
Who was wafted, cold and lifeless,
By the flood, to near their wigwams.
There they showed him where they laid her,
Where they placed the pale-faced stranger,
Led him to a nook sequestered,
In a valley of the forest,
Showed him there the mound above her,
Covered o'er with weeds and grasses;
Then described her form and features—
As they could in Indian fashion—
Told him how the trees and brushwood,
Had severely bruised and gashed her;
Last of all they showed her tresses—
Showed the long and raven tresses,
They had taken as a relic
Of the stranger, when they found her.
  This convinced the weary wanderer,
That 't was she for whom he sorrowed;
That beneath the weeds and grasses—
There his priceless treasure rested.
Then in anguish, deep, tampestuous
As the surges of the ocean,
He departed up the valley;
And among o'erhanging branches,
Slowly from their vision vanished.
All alone amid the verdure,
And the splendor of the forest—
'Mid the tall majestic oak trees—
With no human eye to see him,
With no mortal ear to hear him,
Sighing, sobbing as the south wind,
When it moans among the foliage
Of the sombre, dark pine forest—
Herbert there bewailed the lost one.
  Days passed on; the mound grew greener.
From the dark, soft mould, wild flowers
Sprung and grew in sweet profusion.
Faithful to her whom he cherished,
Day by day into the valley,
To the mound he slowly wandered
Dropped a tear and planted flowers,
In the mould above the sleeper.
Near the spot he built a hovel,
Reared a solitary dwelling—
That he might be ever near her—
Built it of the trunks and branches,
Made a roof of straw and grasses.
  There he lived alone, secluded
From the busy world around him;
No companion save the squirrel,
And the merry feathered songsters;
None to share his griefs and sorrows,
None to comfort and console him.
Lived by hunting deer and bison,
On the prairies, plains and woodlands,
But he passed the days in sorrow,
Deep and lasting. Found no pleasure
In his rude sequestered dwelling,
In the solitary forest—
Nor in chasing deer or bison,
For their charms to him had vanished.
Like the shower on the desert—
As the dew before the sunshine,
Flies away when noon approaches.

* * * *

  Down, far down the plains, the current,
Rushing madly through the darkness,
Sweeping through the fallen timbers,
On its angry bosom bearing
Brushwood, logs and wrecks of houses—
Bore the frightened, struggling maiden,
Clinging to a beam of timber,
Broken from the fated dwelling.
  Hours she drifted with the timbers,
Growing fainter with each moment,
Till her strength was near exhausted.
But the current broke in eddies,
Whirled them round and sweeping outward,
Outward towards the shallow water—
Bore them, till at last she drifted
Up against a jutting headland,
Bruised and cut by brush and timber,
Numb with cold and almost breathless,
Dragged herself out on the highland,

Crouched among the leaves and bushes,
Fell into a leaden stupor.
There she hovered till the morning,
Till the gray dawn of the morning,
And the crimson of the sunrise,
Lit the leafy woods with splendor,
Brought the Indians from their wigwams
To the chase, with bows of ash-wood,
Long straight arrows, keen and polished.
  Out they wandered towards the lowlands,
Heard the roaring of the water—
Came down to its muddy border,
Found the pale-faced maiden crouching,
Wan and haggard, almost frozen,
On the leaves beside a tree trunk;
And with gentle hands conveyed her
O'er the ridges to their wigwam.
  Days and weeks the squaws attended
Patiently and nursed the stranger;
Till the burning fever left her—
Till her mind was clear and tranquil,
And her languid limbs grew stronger.
Told her of the mighty deluge,
When and where the hunters found her,
Lying cold upon the headland,
Bruised and wounded by the torrent.
Now the landscape's verdant mantle,
Autumn days had painted purple,
Tipped it here and there with golden.
Wild grapes hung in tempting clusters;
Scenting far the mellow breezes,
To the Southland turned the robin;
From the marshes rose the heron,
Southward all the birds of Summer,
And the wild goose, bent their pinions,
When they heard the icy footstep,
Heard the stealthy step of Winter,
Felt his breath upon the landscape.
  Day by day the dusky Pawnees
Grew more fond of Leonora,
Treated her with greatest reverence,
Even loved the stranger maiden,
And adored her as a princess.
But she thought of home and kindred,
Longed to see those smiling faces,
Hear the dear familiar voices,
That she used to hear so often.
Dreamed of strolling 'neath the cool shade
Of the broad and spreading oak trees,
Gathering violets and asters,
Twining them among her tresses;
Skipping lightly through the meadows,
Over fallows into forest;
Listening to the lays of robins,
Bluebirds, bobolinks and thrushes,
Chanting forth their praise of Summer.
  Then the nation of the Pawnees,
All the sturdy braves and warriors,
Decked themselves with plumes and war-
    paints,
Raised the war-cry, drew the hatchet.
On the war-path went the Choctaws,
The Algonquins and Dacotahs,
Fought against the pale-faced settlers,
Who encroached upon their hunting.
But the whites found out the plotting
Of the red men; raised an army
To dispute their claims of empire.
Drove the Pawnees from their region;
From their hunting grounds pursued them;
Burnt their lodges, huts and wigwams,
All the wampum, corn and deerskins.
  Vainly did the girl imagine
That the Indians, in confusion,
Fleeing from their foes, would leave her
To be rescued by the white men.
But her fondest hopes all vanished,
When her guardians, departing,
Made her follow with their women,
Over hills and spreading prairies,
Towards the Westland and the nation
Of Comanches. But her cunning
Soon outwitted and deceived them,
And she fled with hopes elated,
Once again to see her kindred.
But another tribe of redskins,
From their ambush saw the maiden,
As she wandered through their region,
Fleeing over plain and woodland—
Sent a whizzing arrow at her,
As she passed their place of hiding.
Deep it struck her, sent her headlong,
Wounded by the ugly flinthead—
Bleeding sorely from a flesh-wound.
When they saw the maiden lying
On the ground so pale and fainting—
Saw how beautiful her face was,
Then they sorrowed that they struck her.
Lifted her with that compassion
Rarely seen in savage Indians,
Bound her wounds with leaves of plantain,
Laid her on their robes of bison,

Watched beside her days together—
Nursed her in their scanty lodges
Till the wound they made was healing.
  Not so kind and gentle to her
Was this tribe, when she grew stronger,
As her recent friends the Pawnees.
For instead of adoration,
They compelled the maid to labor,
As they did the squaws, their women,
Drudges of the savage household.
But however rough the Indians,
Still her modesty they reverenced,
As of their own dusky daughters.
  Tired of such incessant slavery,
Chafing from her cheerless exile,
She resolved to flee her masters
Though her life should pay the forfeit.
Oft the maid with might endeavored
To evade the keen-eyed red men,
To escape their cruel hardships
But for naught was every effort,
And each trial only added
To their fury and their tortures—
To her daily cares and hardships—
Added to the taunts and insults
Of the squaws. But fearing nothing,
By their fiendish threats undaunted—
Dreadful threats of angry red men—
When the tents were dark and silent,
And her captors deeply slumbered,
Like a mouse, she rose at midnight,
Shyly slipped from out the wigwam,
Sped along the trailing pathway,
Through the dark and tangled forest:
Wandered on through miry marshes,
Over hills and down deep valleys.
After long and weary trudging,
Over places dark and dangerous,
Rosy dawn peeped o'er the tree-tops,
Through the misty air of Autumn,
Drove the dusky twilight westward.
First the little stars, like children,
Went to bed; and then the larger
Closed their eyes before the daylight:
And the crimson of the sunrise,
Lit the wood with wildest splendor.
  On through all the day she journeyed,
Eastward from the land of Indians,
Towards the great broad Mississippi—
Towards the region of the white men
But as daylight grew to noon-tide,
And from noon-tide waned to evening,
She grew tired, almost exhausted:
For her form was slight and fragile,
Like a tender wand of willow.
And her dainty feet were smarting
From their long-continued journey,
Over brushwood briar and bramble,
Through dark swamps and over flintstones.
  Slowly sank the sun, and darkness
Drew o'er all its sable curtain,
And the stars peeped forth like torches
In the distance; and the moon's orb
Shone but dimly through white fleece-clouds.
But as twilight died the wearied,
Hopeless and despairing maiden
Yielded to the night her keeping,
Sank into a heavy slumber
On the crisp leaves of the forest.

* * * * * * * *

  Four long years had passed since Herbert
And his idol spoke their pledges;
Since he plighted to be faithful:
Listened, while his heart beat wildly,
To her low and modest promise.
Since the night of dread and terror,
When the furious Mississippi
Swept away the fated cottage.
Still the mound he fondly cherished,
Near his hermitage his mansion,
In the deep shade of the forest:
Where he lived a lonely exile,
Sighing deep with only memories
Of the days of joy and pleasure—
Of his early youth and childhood.
Late one evening to the hovel
Came the exile, from his hunting:
Threw the game within the doorway,
Built a fire upon the hearth-stone.
Then in reverie he sauntered
Down the pathway towards the valley,
Where a cool and bubbling springlet
Furnished water for his household.
As he walked along, half dreaming,
Down the hill by winding footpath,
Suddenly he saw an object
Near the path—a great dark something!
Something unaccustomed lying
There upon the slanting hillside!
"Can it be a beast!" he muttered
As he ventured closer to it,
Peering cautiously about him.

Coming nearer, by the moonlight,
Through the hazy air of Autumn,
Through the murky, misty vapors,
He discovers, not a monster,
But a woman's form, prostrated
On the ground—a fair young maiden,
Sleeping 'neath the cold, pale moonlight—
No companion save the night-winds,
And no cover but the heavens.
Now she shivers, crouches closer—
"Surely she is cold," he pondered.
Then he touched her quivering shoulder,
Roused her from her torpid slumber,
Gently raised her languid person
From its cold and humid bedding.
Startled by his touch, she shuddered,
From his grasp drew back in terror:
Thinking that the crafty Indians
Had recaptured her their prisoner.
But when she beheld his white face,
Heard his words of cheer and kindness,
As he begged her to go with him
To his warm, though lowly, dwelling,
She recovered from her terror;
Saw it was a friend that waked her,
Not the Indian as she fancied;
And with many thanks accepted
His assistance up the hillside.
For so sore and bruised her feet were,
And so numb her limbs and body
From the cold, she would have fainted
Had he not her form supported
As they climed the rugged foot-path.
Soon they reach the cabin doorway,
Hear the welcome, cheery crackle
Of the fire upon the hearthstone.
Now they enter and the firelight
Falls upon his manly visage;—
On his face now rough and bearded,
Bearing signs of grief and hardships;
And alike her form illumines,
Lightens up her fair white features.
Glancing at the face and figure
Of the girl, he stops in wonder!
Is he mad, or is he dreaming?
Has some sudden frenzy seized him,
That the ghosts of the departed
Rise in life before his vision?
She too stands amazed, bewildered
By the stranger's glaring eyeballs,
By the unexpected vision
Of an image so familiar!
"Herbert, can it be?" she questions,
As she scans the tall, stout figure
Of the man that stands before her.
"'Tis, indeed, my love, my Herbert
Come to me again!" she whispers;—
And with outstretched hand, exposes
To his view an opal setting.
"Leonora, sweetest darling;
Is it you, my own, my dearest?
Is it you my eyes now look on?"
To his heart he draws the maiden;
Strokes her dark and flowing tresses
From her forehead; and with ardent,
Long and passionate caresses—
Love's most earnest, truest token—
Breathes anew his fond devotion
For his precious, long-lost jewel,
For his love whom he imagined
Lay beneath the weeds and grasses.
Like two mountain streamlets, rushing
Over rocks and craggy boulders,
Down through channels deep and narrow,
Dashing down, embrace and sweetly
Blending flow along together,
Whispering softly to each other—
Blent these hearts in bliss elysian.
Wishing nothing, naught desiring;
Well contented with the present—
Thinking naught but of each other—
Of the days before their wanderings,
When they loved with youthful ardor;
Knowing not what dire disaster
Future had in keeping for them.
Memories of the past ill fortune
Only heighten now their rapture.
And their trials past, now sweeten
All their present happy moments;
Like the tender flowers in Springtime,
When dark Winter's storms are over,
And the sun smiles down upon them.
Long, in peaceful, happy union,
Lived the hermit and his jewel,
In their quiet woodland dwelling,
Near the mighty Mississippi—
By the great and roaring river.
Still he decks the mound with flowers,
Not in sorrow but in gladness;
For his Nora walks beside him,
Leans her head upon his shoulder,
Chases darkness from his bosom,

By her smiles and loving accents—
By her laughter clear and ringing
As of yore, before their trials.
And the green grave of the maiden,
Strangled by the fearful deluge—
Whom the Indians finding buried—
Still reminds them of their wanderings,
Of their own despair and anguish,
Ere the shadows turned to sunshine—
Ere the hermit found his treasure. JUL.

PROGRESS—ITS MEANING.

So often have we heard the words, "We live in a progressive age," that they have become a common-place expression. Repeated evidences force the most unobserving to admit that in every respect the world is advancing more rapidly than at any previous time. The whole sphere of human life is filled with the spirit of progress. The bustle and stir in the busy marts of trade, the rapidity of travel and transportation, the hundreds of inventions in labor-saving machinery, the combines, trusts and organizations, the arraying of one class against another, all unmistakably speak of the anixety, push and upward march in the financial world.

The general agitations and frequent warm discussions among statesmen, the increasing dissatisfaction and restlessness of the laboring classes all over the world, who are beginning to rise up, think and assert their rights and power; the many revolutions, riots and upheavals, which are continually occurring in despotic countries—these assert the fact that men are beginning to feel a pride and personal interest in themselves and in one another, and are forming right conceptions of the true end and purpose of government.

Men, too, are becoming more social, notwithstanding the fact that many speak to the countaary. The increased number of schools and colleges, many of them richly endowed, making it possible to give free and gratuitous offers to all desirous of a liberal education; the many charitable and benevolent institutions, the growing number of strong and influential christian churches, the great missionary societies and boards based upon the strong and pure foundation of mercy and love to humanity, all these declare that, while the world is taking long steps in the commercial, mechanical and political directions, men are also advancing socially and morally, that the soul, the heart, the sympathies of mankind, which are indeed the true man, are keeping pace with the material world.

Nor has this spirit of progress stopped here, but has entered far into the realm of learning and thought.

Scientists and men of letters, fired with something of the same zeal, are filling creditably and effectually their places in the active throng and upward march of humanity. Scientists, with assaying skill, are prying into the hidden mysteries of truth and offering to civilization the results of their researches and discoveries, which, being put into practice, become important and even indispensable factors in accomplishing the designs and ends of our wonderful age. Authors and journalists, through the mighty power of the printing press, are continually agitating, instructing and inspiring the masses to such a degree as has never before been known. Space fails us to speak of the many other elements of progress which may at any time fall under the observer's eye.

And, too, while this spirit of progress permeates every department of life, it also has about it a charming, lulling influence, when into the power of which a man comes, he seems to some extent, to lose self-consciousness and self-control, being thus enchanted, he is often led as a chained captive. How often do men forget themselves, choke their sorrows and cares by following close upon the heels of progress, that is, by devoting their whole time and energy to laborious toil. With interest have we read the thrilling stories of the martyrs of liberty and religion, but the martyrs to modern progress, though their cause may not be altogether so worthy, yet by far outnumber these. For example, the business man, with overworked brain and dyspeptic body, continues standing at his place of duty until, completely overcome by his arduous task, he falls beneath the burden to fill an immature grave. The ambitious student bends over his books and trims his lamp, till the gray dawn appears and whispers to him that he has robbed himself of the vigor, strength and manhood which Nature had designed he should receive from the hands of soothing sleep. Similar facts are to be seen in every vocation, showing that man, once fired by the spirit of modern progress, is made insensible to almost every other impression, so strong and enchanting is the power of its influence.

What means all this? What means it, that upon the face of everything we find stamped the words, "Progress," "Advancement?" Why are men so restless, so ambitious, so dissatisfied, so desirous to overcome, succeed, and stand without rivalry, even at any cost? These are questions of the ages, questions which cannot yet be satisfactorily answered, but which will require for solution a close comparison between the history of ages past and the unwritten records of centuries to come.

To get anything like a clear idea of progress, the human race should be looked at as one individual. Forget about *men* and think only of *man*. Dispense, for a moment, with personal individuality and regard the

human family as a whole. Viewed in this light, man began in the world with empty hands and blank mind, with the command from God to subdue the earth. To see how far he has succeeded in carrying out this command, and how far, as yet, he has failed, one need only look about himself. The life of every individual man is as an act in the life of the generic or collectial man. Through all the many years of his existence he has had many trying and varying experiences, from each of which he has learned valuable lessons. Every liberty, blessing, or convenience, arising from human knowledge and ingenuity, and which we enjoy, is the outcome of patient experience and arduous, painful toil.

Being enlightened by these past experiences and inspired by the hopes of the future, grander achievements and nobler deeds await man than he has ever yet performed. Since experience is knowledge, and since man's experience is continually increasing and broadening, then certainly his ability to do great things, and also his desire to do them, is constantly increasing. Hence we may naturally look for greater things than have ever yet been brought to light. With this consideration, human progress has not yet reached the climax of its glory, even though we often try to persuade ourselves to believe to the contrary.

Not infrequently do we sneeringly regard the primitive beliefs and practices of our predecessors, forgetting at the same time that they have served as rounds in the ladder by means of which we have been able to reach our present position, and forgetting also that the time will probably come when some of the theories which we hold as true will seem just as absurd and impracticable, but which in their turn will have served their purpose and passed away to give place to newer and more truthful ones. By no means has the goal of perfection been reached, nor will it be reached until man's soul, mind, genius and inventive power have been more thoroughly developed.

Human progress may be aptly compared to an immense avalanche of snow rushing down the broad mountain side, ever increasing in size and power, and at the same time increasing in velocity and gaining additional force, every small particle contributing to swell its dimensions and add to its force and swiftness. Every invention and discovery, every honest day's work, every hour closely applied to study, every noble deed, in whatever way done, are links in the great chain—steps in the high-reaching ladder, by means of which man is ultimately to scale the heights of knowledge, to attain the much desired goal of developement, and to become, in mind and soul, the pure, noble, wise, and well-rounded being that his Maker destined that he should be.

S. J. P.

THE "SWAMP FOX GENERAL."

In the year 1732, two boys were born who were destined to become distinguished in the Revolutionary war. We speak of George Washington, "The Father of His Country," and Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox General of the Revolution."

Marion was descended from that sturdy liberty-loving class of French Huguenots who were the pioneer settlers in the Carolinas. Benjamin Marion, the grandfather of Francis, was exiled from France during the reign of Louis XIV on account of his fidelity to religious principles. Coming to South Carolina in 1690, he settled on the banks of the Santee near Charleston, where he resided till the time of his death, leaving several children. From the marriage of the eldest of these with Miss Esther Cordes there sprang a family of six children, the youngest of whom was Francis. The early youth of Marion, he being puny and very small, gave no promise of the vigorous, brave and daring life he afterwards led. His educational advantages were quite meager, not being superior to those afforded by the ordinary grammar school of the present day; but this mattered little, since his was to be a life of stirring deeds, rather than of scholarly attainments. For this life he was peculiarly fitted by disposition. About the age of twelve, having undergone a change in health, and becoming robust, his fancy turned to a seafaring life. However, he made but one voyage, to the West Indies, on which he narrowly escaped the awful death of shipwreck and famine, which but a few of his crew survived. After this he returned to the quiet pursuits of farm life, where, one of his biographers tells us, he displayed "that diligent attention to his duties, that patient hardihood, calm, equable temper, which distinguished his deportment in every part of his career." In 1659 we find him established as a prosperous planter at Pond Bluff in St. John's Parish.

When the Southern provinces, from Pennsylvania to Georgia, were threatened by the Cherokee Indians, Marion was among the first to obey Governor Lyttleton's call to arms. By the prompt action of the colonists the Indians were soon forced to sue for peace, which, however, was of short duration. Ere long the militia was again called into service. In the previous actions our hero had so far won the confidence of his associates that he was made First Lieutenant under Capt. William Moultrie. At Etcholl the Indians were securely fortified in a narrow mountain pass. In looking for a man of coolness and

courage to lead a chosen band of thirty against this stronghold, Marion was selected. Fighting bravely against the greatest odds, he was forced to withdraw leaving no less than twenty-one of his little band on the field of action. After a hard fought battle, the Indians were finally routed, their country devastated, twenty of their towns reduced to ashes and the most hostile tribes subdued. But in this work of ruin and devastation our soldier took no delight, for cruelty, even when exercised against a savage foe, was no part of his nature.

After this we hear of him acting in a public capacity no more till the notes of war were again heard in the land, and the sons of Mars were being called to the scene of action. The spirit of liberty was abroad in the land, and the American colonists were ready to declare their independence of the mother country. Marion, during his private life, ever maintained the love and respect of his countrymen, which he had won by the firmness and purity of his character, his gentle temper, known bravery and the conduct he had manifested in war. William Gilmore Simms says of him at this time: "He had attained that place in their esteem" (the people's) "which naturally brought him conspicuously before their eyes in the moment of emergency." Need we wonder, then, that in 1775 we find him the representative in the Provincial Congress from St. John's Parish district! This body committed the people of South Carolina to the destinies of the Revolution, adopted the American Bill of Rights as declared by the Constitutional Congress, voted to raise an army of fifteen hundred militia to be organized into two regiments, and four hundred and fifty cavalrymen to constitute a third, and voted one thousand dollars for the purpose of carrying on the war. Also a Committee of Safety, vested with the executive authority of the colony, was elected. In this body Marion only acted the part of an assenting member for he was no orator. But when a man of action was to be chosen, the Congress, knowing his ability, elected him Captain of the Second Regiment, of which William Moultrie was made Colonel. Marion immediately set himself to the task of enrolling and disciplining his men, among whom were such soldiers as Jasper and McDonald, whose names have become household words throughout our Southland for their deeds of heroism and bravery.

But what of the British? Holding the prestige of venerable authority which from time and custom the people had learned to hallow, they appealed to the loyalty of their subjects and threatened the mighty power of England, which was known to be able to save or destroy. To this was added the fact that South Carolina had been from the first a

favorite colony with the mother country, and had not the same cause for revolt as her Northern sisters, since there was but little competition in shipping or in manufacturing. These arguments were used with telling effect among the timid and the exposed, and many were led to side with the royal cause. Mr. Simms says: "The Tories, we believe, in many cases, were governed by principles, by a firm and settled conviction after careful deliberation."

The first hostile action of the colonists was aimed against Fort Johnson. In this movement Marion unsheathed that sword which he put up no more in its scabbard till his country was liberated from England's sway. Plans were laid to take the work at the point of the bayonet, but it was found that such action was not needed, as the British had abandoned the fort. The people now began in earnest to prepare for action. Fort Johnson, Haddril's Point and two new forts, one on James, the other on Sullivan's Islands, were now occupied by armed forces. The military stores of Charleston were moved to Dorchester, and this place securely guarded by a force under Marion. From Dorchester he was transferred to Charleston, and afterwards to the command of Fort Johnson. By his faithful performance of duty he was next promoted to the rank of Major with an enlarged sphere for usefulness. So thoroughly were his soldiers trained in the arts of war that privates and officers were pointed out as models for all the others. For this skill in disciplining raw recruits, Marion was spoken of as "the architect of the Second Regiment."

Next we find him ordered with his command to Fort Sullivan, where he was to guard the entrance to Charleston harbor. Here he was busy in building the fort and preparing it for defence; but long before the rude work of sand and palmetto logs could be finished the British fleet appeared, and the men, unused to the fire of battle, were to be tried. Colonel Moultrie was first in command of a force of four hundred and thirty-five men, of which four hundred and thirteen were of Major Marion's command, the Second Regiment. The rude and unfinished work was defended by thirty-one cannon. Gen. Charles Lee, who was first in command of the Army of the South, would have abandoned the fort before the appearance of the British; but be it said to the immortal glory of its defenders that his solicitations were unheeded. On June 20, 1776, Sir Peter Parker, with a fleet of twenty-five hundred men, under command of General Clinton, appeared before Charleston. The siege began, the patriots having but five thousand pounds of powder with which to sustain a bombardment of eleven hours. After losing one hundred and one men with sixty wounded, the fleet with-

drew and Charleston was safe. Francis Marion shared conspicuously in the dangers and honors of the battle, having boarded the British vessel "Defence," which was anchored in Stop Back Creek, and seized her store of powder, which lasted till a new supply could be brought from the city. 'Twas under his personal supervision that the last deadly shot was fired. The inexperienced men were as cool as veterans, and there is something truly heroic in their deportment. It was in this act that Sergeant Jasper, one of Marion's men, seeing his flag cut down replaced it, exposing himself to the open fire of the enemy, for which act, if he had done none other, his name would be immortal.

This victory was of no small importance, as it saved not only South Carolina, but all the Southern colonies, from invasion for three years, and inspired the untrained soldiers with courage, who before this had looked upon the legions of England as being invincible. Colonel Moultrie received the thanks of Congress for the gallant defence, the fort was named in his honor and he promoted to the rank of Brigadier General, while Marion was made Lieutenant Colonel in the regular service. Of the year or two's activity against the Tories, of the advance on Savannah in 1777, of the fall of the latter place in 1778, of the British invasion of Georgia, and of Count De Estaigne's ignoble defeat in the attempt to recapture Savannah, we have not the time to tell in detail. Suffice it to say that Colonel Marion with his command was actively engaged during this time, and that the Second Regiment ever sustained, even in defeat at Savannah, the enviable reputation which it had won. A noble army had been butchered by the inefficiency of De Estaigne, the gloom of defeat settled over the South, and the already thin ranks became thinner by expiration of the term of service.

Now that Georgia was overrun and Savannah securely in possession of the British, Charleston was the next objective point. This city was in poor condition for defence, "the Southern army was totaly broken up," the fortifications were incomplete, poorly manned, and, to add to the dismay and gloom, smallpox was raging in the city. The small and poorly equipped force of four thousand men sustained the siege for six weeks against Sir Henry Clinton's picked army of ten thousand British regulars. However, the siege was hopeless, Fort Moultrie surrendered May 6th and Charleston May 12th, 1780. General Lincoln and his army became prisoners of war, and all the military stores of the city fell into the hands of the British. By an accident, which seems almost providential, Marion was incapacitated for service, and at this time was in the country. The gloom which the fall of Savannah caused deepened and dark-

ened. The cause of liberty in South Carolina and Georgia seemed hopeless. Charleston was not only the gateway to the State, but it had been "the seat of the original movement, had incurred the first dangers, achieved the first victories, and in all public proceedings where action was desirable, had always led in the van." Its fall naturally caused widespread dismay.

The British formed a grand design of subjugating the Carolinas, making Virginia the line of the frontier, opening up the Chesapeake for their vessels, overrunning the South with their victorious legions, and separating it from the federal compact. Lord Cornwallis took command in Charleston, his soldiers devastated and plundered the State, and ground down the people with savage barbarity. Shortly after the fall of Charleston Beaufort was taken, leaving no organized force in the State. Many of the settlers sided with the royal cause, rather than lead what seemed a hopeless resistance.

Marion, during this time, still unfit for service, was securely concealed from his enemies, biding his time till he should come on the scene of action and make his influence felt. As soon as he could mount his horse, in company with a few friends he set out for North Carolina to meet the Continental force under Baron De Kalb, which was sent for the rescue of the State. Gates superceded De Kalb in command and was eagerly pressing forward, as if to send back a message like Cæsar's. Marion was dispatched to South Carolina to take command of a force at Williamsburg, which had risen and chosen him for their leader. So confident was Gates of victory that he ordered Marion to destroy all boats, bridges and means of transportation by which the fleeing enemy might reach Charleston. How the British army advanced from Camden under Lords Rawdon and Cornwallis, how the two armies unexpectedly met and fought the battle of Camden April 16, 1780, how Gates and his forces were most ingloriously driven from the field, are events too well known and too humiliating for us to relate in detail. Suffice it to say, that Gates was a man of only ordinary ability who had become vain in his victory at Saratoga, was entirely unfitted for a commander in the South, for the sake of personal glory rushed his men to the scene of action and in foolhardiness threw away the brightest prospects of victory. Be it said in his memory the brave De Kalb sustained the charge, bore the brunt of the battle like the true soldier he was, and fell on the field mortally wounded, rather than follow his commander in inglorious retreat.

The hope of coming help was ill-fated, for this chilling and wholly unexpected defeat nipped it in its tender bud.

Such daring soldiers as Marion,

Sumter, Pickens, Davie, Hampton, and many others, now came to the rescue and kept up a partisan warfare, which for daring deeds rivals fiction, and for true bravery has never been surpassed in all the annals of war. Marion, whom we saw taking leave of Gates, moved to Williamsburg and took command of that body of men, who were afterwards known as Marion's Brigade. About this time he was commissioned as Brigadier General by Governor Rutledge. He is described as below the middle stature, lean and swarthy, with a countenance remarkably steady, an aquiline nose, projecting chin, high forehead and piercing black eyes; dressed in a close-fitting round-bodied crimson jacket of coarse texture, a leather cap with a silver crescent in front upon which were inscribed the words "Liberty or Death." Such a uniform was of the exigency of the hour rather than his choice. The neighboring saw-mills were robbed and rude sabres made of the saws, and his organized force disciplined as thoroughly as the circumstances would permit. Two days after taking command he crossed the Pee Dee and at midnight fell upon a body of Tories under Major Gainey, He won a complete victory without the loss of a man. Twenty-four hours after this engagement his column was again put in motion, and a superior force under Captain Barfield surprised and defeated. These two victories inspired his followers with courage and gave them confidence in their leader. Likewise the people, subject to the savage cruelties of the British, were aroused to action, and their drooping hopes began to return. The victorious band of thirty received enforcements, but they were greatly in need of weapons and ammunition. Often the little band went into battle with less than three rounds to the man, many waited for weapons till foe or comrade should fall when their weapons were appropriated.

Marion was, until now, ignorant of Gates' shameful defeat. He had, however, sent Colonel Horry to destroy bridges and other means of transportation as ordered. We next hear of him at Nelson's Ferry, where he surprised a large body of Regulars and Tories, recaptured one hundred and fifty prisoners of the Camden battle, and completely routed the whole party. Of this number all save three refused to join his standard, as they looked upon the cause as hopeless.

At this time Marion's was the only body of American troops in the State. The Continentals were dispersed or captured, the Virginia and North Carolina militia scattered, and Sumter's legion cut to pieces by Tarleton. Marion with his "Brigade" completely overran the lower districts, cutting off supplies, capturing recruiting parties, intercepting communications, darting to and fro among the British posts which he had not suf-

ficient force to overcome, disbanding his men at one moment, bringing them together again on the shortest notice—by all these actions showing an ability in the management of a small body of men which has never been surpassed. He next retreats into North Carolina, taking up his camp at White Marsh, advances by forced marches from his retreat and strikes a telling blow at Black Mingo nearly a hundred miles away. A short time afterwards he falls on Colonel Tynes in the dead of night, makes a complete surprise and captures a lot of much needed supplies, such as bridles, saddles, muskets and ammunition. But of all his quick movements, midnight attacks and glorious victories we cannot speak. About this time Cornwallis in a letter to Sir Henry Clinton says: "Colonel Marion had so wrought on the minds of the people, * * * that there was scarcely an inhabitant between the Santee and Pee Dee that was not in arms against us. Some parties had even crossed the Santee and carried terror to the gates of Charleston."

That the capture of such an active enemy would be greatly desired is not surprising, and many were the parties greatly surpassing his own little band which were sent against him. Not a few of these were surprised, and the would-be captor captured. When the opposing force was too large for his little band, he made a successful retreat through deep swamps, dense forests and boggy marshes, where no regularly organized force could follow. Once, when in two miles of Colonel Tarleton, finding the enemy's force was double his own and apprised of his presence, he made a hasty retreat followed by the enemy, who was eager for his game. After an unsuccessful pursuit of two days, Colonel Tarleton, on coming to a well-nigh impassable swamp, is represented as saying: "Come, my boys! let us go back. We will soon find the Game Cock (Sumter), but as for this damned Swamp Fox the devil himself could not catch him." From this speech Marion and Sumter received the names by which they were ever afterwards known.

The victory of the Whigs at Kings Mountain so encouraged the people that Marion's forces were largely increased, and we next find him planning an attack on Georgetown, which however, was unsuccessful. He now retreats to Snow's Island at the confluence of Lynche's Creek and Pee Dee river, where he found a place peculiarly fitted by nature for his purposes. His biographer says: "Marion's career as a partisan in the thickets and swamps of Carolina is abundantly distinguished by the picturesque; but it was while he held his camp at Snow's Island that it received its highest colors of romance." Here he had no fortifications save those which nature had provided in the deep ravines, the en-

circling streams, the tall pillars of pine and cypress, which were the watch towers of his castle and the almost impenetrable hedges of briar and jessamine. "Here, in the possession of his fortress, the partisan slept secure. In the defence of such a place, in the employment of such material as he had to use, Marion stands out alone in our written history as the great master of that sort of strategy which renders the untaught militiaman in his native thickets a match for the best drilled veterans of Europe." Here he was in easy reach of the scenes of his most active operations, and was never more dangerous to his foe than when he seemed quietly encamped. It was here that he entertained the British officer, inviting him to dine with him. The meal consisted of potatoes, roasted in the ashes, with water for drink. This was Marion's usual fare; but the officer of the royal army had no relish for such a meal, and went away so deeply impressed with the spirit of patriotism, which was the ruling passion of Marion's life, that he resigned his commission and returned home.

The year 1781 opened the great drama of war with new hopes and brighter prospects for the partisan chiefs. General Greene now succeeded Gates and acted conjointly with these trooper chiefs, for he knew the value of cavalry forces in such a country as South Carolina. The successes already achieved by Marion, Sumter, Pickens and others, had done much to make larger victories easy in Georgia and South Carolina. They had harassed the enemy with unparalleled audacity, cut off their supplies, captured or cut to pieces their detachments, watched their every movement and narrowed their influence to the fortified posts of greatest strength.

Of the actions of Marion and Colonel Lee against Georgetown and Fort Watson, of the organization of the four new companies by Marion, and their rude weapons made of mill-saws, we must forbear to speak.

Marion executes a series of successful movements along both sides of the Santee, thus intercepting the British line of communication with Charleston. He wins a partial victory over Colonel Tynes on Black river, and the latter, though in command of a superior force, beats a hasty retreat. Colonel Watson, with a select body of five hundred men, now moves against our partisan chieftain, is partially defeated by the latter; he is besieged in the open field and finally retreats to Georgetown. Thus downcast and dejected this would-be captor flees before his captive, who follows in hot pursuit. While engaged in routing Watson, Colonel Doyle captures Snow's Island and destroys the entire military stores of the partisan. Now no less than three hostile bands, each superior to his own

command, rise against him, and it seems that he must flee to the mountains or be routed from the State. Colonel Watson moves into Marion County and camps at Catfish. Marion with his little band follows him, is joined by Colonel Lee, when Watson hastily moves to Georgetown for safety. The united forces of Marion and Lee moved the next day to Fort Watson on the Santee, and laid siege to the work, which after eight days surrendered. He next moved to the high hills of the Santee, from which place he sends out several detachments reducing his main force to eighty men. General Greene, having returned to the State, sends a reinforcement of Regulars with which he spreads terror throughout the lower country. Marion then moved against Fort Mott; Lord Rawdon evacuates Camden and hastens to the rescue. The work was fired by means of an arrow and McPherson forced to surrender, though he knew Rawdon's force was near at hand. Orangeburg and Granby fall into the hands of Sumter, who with the aid of Marion holds Rawdon in check. Marion captures Georgetown with a supply of stores. Thus by the activity of the partisan chieftains, together with the operations of General Greene, the fall of Ninety-six and Eutaw Springs follows in quick succession, leaving the enemy holding only Charleston and Savannah at the close of the year. These actions practically closed the war in the South, though it was not till the 14th of December, 1782, that the British evacuated Charleston. Thus we have seen how the activity of such partisan soldiers as Marion, Sumter and Pickens defeated the grand design of the British to overrun the Carolinas and reduce the South to the mercy of their legions. So much they contributed to the final victory at Yorktown, for, had the British been in secure possession of the Carolinas, their co-operation and re-enforcements would easily have rendered the final victory impossible.

Though Francis Marion was never commander of a large army, though he fought none of the great battles of the Revolution, yet he did gain many of the most signal victories with the fewest men engaged of which the history of any war affords instances. As a cavalry commander, in manœuverings and quick movements, he has had but few equals.

In the words of William Gilmore Simms we close: "While Sumter stands conspicuous for his bold daring, fearless intrepidity and always resolute behavior; while Lee takes eminent rank as a gallant captain of cavalry, the eye and the wing of the Southern liberating army under Greene; Marion is proverbially the great master of stratagem; the wily fox of the swamps—never to be caught, never to be followed, yet always at hand, with unconjectured promptness, at

the moment when he is least feared and is least to be expected.

"His preëminence in this peculiar and most difficult of all kinds of warfare is not to be disputed. * * * His name was the great rallying cry of the yeomanry in battle; the word that promised hope; that cheered the desponding patriot; that startled and made to pause in his career of recklessness and blood the cruel and sanguinary Tory. Unprovided with the means of warfare, no less than of comfort—wanting equally in food and weapons—we find him supplying the one deficiency with a cheerful courage that never failed; the other with the resources of a genius that seemed to wish for nothing from without. With a force constantly fluctuating and feeble in consequence of the most ordinary necessities—half-naked men, feeding upon unsalted pottage—forced to fight the enemy by day, and look after their little families, concealed in swamps or thicket, by night, he still contrived, one knows not well how, to keep alive and bright the sacred fire of his country's liberties at moments when they seemed to have no other champion."

E. S. REAVES.

A DISTINGUISHED ARTIST.

It may be of interest to the people of North Carolina to know that one of the most distinguished artists of New York is an old-fashioned Baptist deacon—Alban Jasper Conant. He was born in Vermont, September 24th, 1821. In 1857 he settled in St. Louis, took a position at once as an artist, and established an art gallery. He visited Washington and painted portraits of many of the distinguished men of the nation. Among his best portraits is one of President Lincoln, of whom he was a great personal friend. He was curator in the University of Missouri for a number of years, and lectured in it before its societies with great acceptance. He was a member of the Second Baptist Church of St. Louis during his stay in the city.

He is the author of "Footprints of Vanished Races in the Mississippi Valley." He has a large and interesting collection of prehistoric relics which he has gathered with great pains in the Mississippi Valley. This book has given him an introduction to the scholars and scientists of the world, and made him the friend and companion of distinguished authors and students.

Some years ago he removed to New York City, and has held a foremost

position among the artists of the metropolis since. He is a member of the Century Club and of the Authors' Club.

A man who is well versed in artistic affairs in New York declares that he is the master portrait painter of America. He has not made many pictures, but they are all masterpieces. For one of his great paintings he received as much as $15,000. He painted the only two great pictures of Beecher which were ever made. The first one is owned by the millionaire S. V. White, from which a number of etchings were made in France that sold for $100 a piece. His last picture of Beecher, which he completed in 1889, was purchased by Plymouth Church for $5,000, and now hangs in Plymouth Church.

He is one of the most interesting conversationalists in New York. He has studied theology and the Bible, particularly the theology of the Bible, with intense interest. He is one of the old men who never grow old. His step is firm and elastic. He is abreast with the times. The world will never pass him, but when he falls he will be in the front rank. Though he is over seventy years of age, his capacity for work is greater than many of his younger competitors. His industry is untiring. His devotion to his art intense. He never does anything slipshod. He paints slowly, with the greatest pains and the greatest pride. When he dies every canvas that bears his name will be doubled in value.

On his easels now in the Studio Building, 51 West Tenth Street, are to be found two of his latest works and two of his greatest. One of them is an historical painting entitled, "The Fall of Sumpter." It is a portrait of Colonel Anderson, the commandant, at the moment of a shot from Beauregard's battery cutting down the flag of the Union. The flag is seen in the picture in the background, as it falls across an immense Columbiad. The coloring of this cannon, and the historic accuracy of this old-fashioned gun-carriage is perfect. He spent months in seeing that every screw in that gun-carriage was in its right place. Drawings were made, in fact, from a gun in the ruins of Fort Sumpter itself. This picture will doubtless adorn some of the great galleries of the nation.

On another easel he has a finished portrait of President McCosh, of Princeton. If ever canvas spoke of life, that canvas is an incarnation. Into Dr. McCosh's face, his attitude, his gesture, he has thrown the whole system of Princetonian theology and philosophy.

I wanted to say this word of introduction, because Wake Forest is to have as one of her treasures, whatever be the weakness of the subject portrayed, a canvas from this masterhand.

Thomas Dixon, Jr.

A QUESTION OF MEDALS.

I wish to call in question the wisdom of the abolition of medals in the college. I know that there were evils connected with them; but it seems to me that the advantages were far greater than the evils. I should like to suggest to the authorities of the college the advisability of restoring some of these prizes. I want to bear my personal testimony at least on the subject. I wish to say that the work which I did in college for medals was the best work, not only of my college course, but of my life; and in the formation of my character, as I look back over those days, there was nothing that played so important a part. The work I did gave me a power of study, of concentration, of command of all the faculties of my being, such as I never would have gotten in any other way.

I was talking with Professor A. T. Robertson of the Louisville Seminary, the other day, and expressed to him my regret that medals were abolished. He replied that he thought they had become an evil in the college, that perhaps they did harm. I looked at the medal which adorned his own watch-chain, and I asked him if it was not a fact that his own success in life, which was no small success, was not dated as a matter of fact from the inspiration of the study of the year in which he worked for that medal. He blushed for a moment, and replied that he must confess that it was true, that that year's work had made him a specialist, had, in fact, been the foundation of his life-work. He further confessed that nothing else would have given him the stimulus and produced the results.

I should like to say that this is true of every man who has fairly fought for and fairly won these prizes in the history of the college. I challenge any man to testify to the contrary. The arguments against such prizes seem to me imaginary.

THOMAS DIXON, JR.

EDITORIAL.

THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

The great Columbian Exposition soon to be held in Chicago is creating considerable interest in this and other lands. No doubt every nation and people will be more thoroughly represented in detail than ever before. Not only are the material achievements and mechanical progress of the world to be on exhibition, but ample provisions are being made for education, liberal arts, charities, and religion.

To indicate the intellectual and spiritual conditions of civilization, the World's Congress Auxiliary has been organized by the Exposition authorities. Religion, the supreme concern and glory of man, has been excluded, as an element of discord, from all previous international assemblies. But in the coming Exposition it will have a most conspicuous place, not only in the material exhibit, but also in a series of congresses, in which will be discussed and compared the different religious creeds and beliefs of the world. One of the distinctive and commendable features of this gathering, is the fact that it is to be a brotherly conference of religious men, a religious fraternity requiring no surrender of personal conviction, no encroaching upon others' rights and beliefs. The important peculiarities distinguishing the religions of the world are not to be interfered with, only so far as will be agreeable to all parties concerned.

The principal object will be to find out how far and in what respects different religions agree. No discussion of differences is largely useful till men discover how much they believe in common. The aim is to compare the different religions in order to find out which is the most complete, and which meets to the fullest extent the moral and spiritual wants of men. Comparisons will be made as to the bearings of the different religions on the conditions of industry which they foster; the social manners and habits of their adherents; the condition of woman and the character of the family for which they are responsible; the organization and structure of the government and the character of the rulers they inspire; the condition and character of public education, and the practical influence of religious worship on actual life. Some may object to the Christian religion being compared to the other religions of the world. But need we fear when they are compared in the above particulars? Surely Christianity stands

far in the front in all these lines. By such a comparison our religion will lose nothing, but will, on the other hand, have an opportunity of showing to the world how far above all other religions it stands.

Here is a subject worthy of thought—a notable international gathering is to be held wherein men far sundered in their inherited and acquired faiths are to confer in the most catholic and peaceful spirit. A contrast indeed to those numerous pages of history which tell the sad story of persecution and death for the sake of religious belief!

Of course the Parliament will be composed of the wisest and most pious advocates of each religion, and it is hoped and expected that they will make the best representation of their own beliefs which can be properly offered. No doubt they will reverently call attention to the noblest teachings of their sacred books, and try to correct the popular and widespread perversions of their scriptures; while, on the other hand, the adherents of Christianity will endeavor to discover wherein these religions fail, and what effects have been produced upon the people among whom they prevail. The results of these meetings in this respect will be of great interest and value to all engaged in evangelical missions among these people.

It is certainly a subject of congratulation that the time has come when representatives of widely different faiths are able to meet in friendly conference without compromising any personal convictions. Believing that Christianity is not only the complement of all other religions, filling out what is imperfect in them and correcting what is erroneous, but is also a direct miraculous revelation of Divine Truth, they who hold this faith will have an opportunity to proclaim it as never before, and show to all the people visiting us the grand secret and power of America's success and greatness. The Christian religion, pure and simple, true and strong, offers its loving challenge to all the world, and entertains no fears of being injured or polluted by coming in contact with other religions.

SAMUEL J. PORTER.

"IS IT WORTH THE TIME AND TROUBLE?"

As we read the "Reveries of an Exchange Editor" in the last issue of THE STUDENT, our attention was called to the above question, which occurred in that article. The writer seems to have wandered from his subject, for he puts this interrogation concerning college journalism in general. Now, we are not at all surprised that an article containing so much pessimism should come from an editor of a college journal when in the midst of such wierd and "melancholy" surroundings as this one was writing,

when under similar circumstances we have not been entirely free from such sentiments. But considering the question in the freshness of morning rather than in "the wee sma' hours" of the night we seriously ask ourselves, Is college journalism worth the time and trouble?

Most emphatically we believe it is, and for several reasons. The influence of a well conducted college magazine is not to be lightly estimated as a means of leading out and developing the natural abilities of the student for literary composition. Let the journal have a reputation for carefully written articles, and the boy just entering college, burning with the zeal of youth and that ambition which knows not of any task too great to be undertaken, finds in it a stimulus such as no other kind of college work affords. Had it not been for the eleven years of experience in college journalism, and the influence of that work upon the successive students, would the standard of literary work be as high to-day at Wake Forest College as it is? We believe not. And, furthermore, we think that a comparison between the work of institutions where journals are edited and where they are not, will abundantly prove that our position is a tenable one. But why discuss the question further, since no one who has seriously considered the question will for a moment deny that a college journal exerts a good influence upon the students by giving an incentive to higher literary attainments.

We believe a college journal not only pays in the manner indicated above, but if it be worthy of the institution from which it emanates, also serves as an effectual advertising agent, and is a valuable help in inducing students to its walls. In many cases young men who are thinking of attending college obtain their most adequate idea of the work done at an institution from the magazine which it sends forth. Now, if the standard of the magazine be high, can its influence be other than valuable? But some one asks: Is the college magazine really of any value as an advertiser for the college? In reply, we know of a certain youth in a neighboring State who, having decided to attend college, was looking about to see what institution offered the greatest advantages for improvement. By chance a few copies of THE STUDENT came into his possession, and after a careful perusal he was so favorably impressed with the grade of literary work, of which he saw unmistakable evidences, that he became a student here. How often this has been the case we do not know, but believe that the instances are not few where college journals have had such influence.

But we come to another question: Is it worth the time and trouble financially to those who edit it? Here we are forced to answer in the negative, for we are reminded of a certain

large deficit which was paid not long since from the treasuries of our societies. Here we have a complaint to make against the friends of the college, in that they have not patronized THE STUDENT more liberally. As a literary journal we believe it is worthy of the college, and being under control of the Board of Trustees through a member of the Faculty, ought it not to receive a hearty endorsement and a more liberal support from Trustees, Alumni and all friends of the college?

E. S. REAVES.

THE LAST LESSON.

The bell is ringing for the recitations of the second period, but it rings for us no more; no more shall we dread to hear it peal forth the rising hour, no more shall it quicken our steps as we hurry to recite our lessons; it seems now to be tolling the knell of our college life, for our last lesson is recited, and our books lie in a confused heap on the table. We had thought to toss them by lightly and joyfully, but now, when the time has come, it is with a pang that we relinquish them, the silent companions of many a bygone hour. The corpse-strewn field of Homer is still before our eyes, and the din of its conflict still rings in our ears. Hernani we left at the end of the third act, but the hero's spirit of loneliness seems to have settled upon us. About to try the unknown sea of life, with its perils as numerous and invisible as those of the Newfoundland fog, we look back to see that a student's life is, after all, a pleasant one; a pleasant one to all except those who invite misery wherever they go. It is a period of growth; and growth is always pleasurable. At no other place can the appetite for companionship with genial and sympathetic fellows be so abundantly gratified; at no other place can such opportunities for cultivating the acquaintance of the best books be offered; at no other place can athletic sports receive so much of our attention. School life has its hard places, to be sure; chalk must be wasted over integrals and binomial theorems; the French particles must be endured; the mazes of German sentences must be threaded, and the mind be puzzled over Greek roots; but these are only bugbears, and furnish lasting trouble only to the "grind" or the indolent. So we believe that no happier class exists than the student. Looking back over our way, we see the course is strewn with enjoyment; if there have been troubles they have all sunk into the valleys; the hill-tops, which alone are in view, recall pleasant memories.

G. W. PASCHAL.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

THE QUESTION of the summer vacation for college students is again being discussed in educational circles. One writer in the *North American Review* claims that the vacation is so long that it fails in the very end it was intended to accomplish; that in thirteen weeks of rest and amusement the average student forgets the greater part of what he had learned the previous year, and at the end of that time returns to college in a worse condition physically and mentally than when he left. But this does not seem to us a just view of the matter. The long vacation period invites the student to throw aside thoughts of his books and to view life in its true aspect, and thus furnishes a safeguard against the inclination to bookishness common among students. A college education is not an end, but only a means to an end, and a part of a student's education should be to see how this means is applied. As to the statement, that in the period of rest students forget the greater part of what they had learned in the time of labor, perhaps this is true as to details, but his mind assimilates what is the most useful. How much more would he forget, if, with insufficient time for this assimilation, at the end of each year the student should be required to crowd his mind with the details of four years work. The statement that students return to college the worse for the dissipations of the summer's amusements, holds true only for a limited number; the greater part do not idle away their vacation, but find some kind of light work. The college student hunts, fishes, gets sunburnt in the harvest fields, and in the meadows, unfortunately gets in tight places in threshing time, eats apples, drinks cider, discusses politics with the neighbors with a great display of his oratorical gifts, talks to the neighborhood girls, and returns to college a new man. Let the long vacation remain.

SUMMER SCHOOLS for the study of the Bible have been organized, and several will be held this summer. The problem of summer vacation, it is thought by the supporters of this movement, will thus be solved. One of these schools will be held at Knoxville in the latter part of this month. Several of the most prominent Southern scholars are to deliver lectures on various lines of Christian work. But we hardly think such schools will result in any real good. A knowledge of the Bible is not to be learned in a

week or in a year, but in a lifetime; the enthusiam of such occasions soon dies away. Besides, the schools are held at the very time when the student is most in need of rest and recreation.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION held in Raleigh on the 18th day of May, was one of the most exciting ever held in North Carolina; and its action will furnish a fund for debate in the political campaign of this summer. In the conflict between the "straight-out" Democrats and the Alliancemen, it seems to us that the latter had decidedly the advantage. The former, Hull-like, ran up the white flag before a single gun was fired, delivered up the fortress and received as the terms of surrender the St. Louis Platform with woman suffrage, government ownership of railroads and the clause in regard to pensions omitted. The Alliancemen manifested a spirit of independence surprising to their former leaders, and sufficient to show for certain that they would endure no bossism. With the Republicans the State ticket is left entirely with the bosses. This is wrong; it is an insult to those who compose the rank and file of that party. The candidates for important offices should be the choice of a considerable majority of the party they represent; a candidate appointed by a committee is not entitled to support in a free State.

COL. A. A. POPE, of Boston, has addressed a letter to the managers of the Chicago Exposition, in which he urges on them the importance of making an extended exhibit of road-making machinery and sections of various kinds of roads, a matter which had been overlooked. This is an effort in the right direction; exhibitions should be made of practical value; if they serve only to gratify curiosity, the great amounts of money expended on them are well-nigh wasted.

BOOK REVIEWS.

CASSELL'S BIBLE FOR THE YOUNG.

Education, as a science, has not been a laggard in the fierce race of progress. The past quarter-century has seen the birth of countless "systems," "methods," and "schools," all of which have in view the same end—the smoothing and shortening of the learner's circuitous, thorny path. The hardest way is no longer considered the best way. Nay, it is whispered that we, in our eagerness to avoid the pedagogic sins of our

forefathers, are in danger of committing the greater sin of making the learner's way too smooth and easy. Be this as it may, we welcome any honest attempt at improving upon the old methods of teaching.

"How can we best teach children the Bible?" This is one of the gravest, most persistent problems that teachers and parents have to solve. All are agreed that the Bible is the first book that the young should be taught; and yet, all are equally agreed that it is not well to put the Bible as a whole into the hands of children. To meet the need felt here, various expedients have been called into service—Bible story-books, Bible histories, Bible lessons,—some of which are fairly good; others, by far the greater number, are but sorry makeshifts; and others still are positively harmful.

There was, moreover, a time when mankind regarded the Bible with a kind of superstitious awe, which, in a great measure, hindered the usefulness of this greatest and best of books. Even we, and our years are not many, can recall our early years, when the Bible must be read as a whole by even the younger members of the household—nothing was to be slighted, nothing omitted. We can vividly recall our terrible struggles with long genealogies, endless accounts of ceremonies and laws which to our youthful mind were utterly unintelligible. Happily, all this is changed now. The Bible is no less dear and sacred in our eyes; it is still our only sure help in time of need, our only safe guide in life. But we have come to see that we must lay aside all overscrupulousness and adapt the Bible to the needs of various degrees of age and intelligence, whether this be of individuals or of generations. The revised version is perhaps the strongest vindication of this statement. Is it not an argument for the inspiration of the Scriptures, that they lend themselves to any treatment, and yet retain, like water, that other imperishable symbol of God, sure evidences of divine origin?

There have been made of late, several attempts at adapting the Bible to the needs of young readers. The most successful of these is the "Child's Bible" published by Cassell & Co., of New York, with an introduction by Dr. J. H. Vincent, of Chautauqua fame. Indeed, this promises to be the ideal book for teaching children the Scriptures. It is, above all, no insipid mixture of inspiration and water. Much of the Bible, as we have it, has been omitted, and now and then in the Old Testament a few words have been inserted in brackets by way of continuity and explanation; but the language of the Bible is unchanged. Moreover, the expurgation has been done with all reverence, and yet with admirable taste and judgment; and the whole is so arranged as to present an uninterrupted account of historical events. The narrative of

Christ's life is made up from all four gospels, the incidents being arranged in due chronological order. The illustrations are abundant, and unusually good.

To parents and teachers we can unconditionally recommend this book. It supplies a need which we ourself have long felt. It should take the place of all Bible story-books; for sacred history cannot be told in more simple, more beautiful language than that of our noble King James version.

Many of our students will go out to canvass for the work this summer; and for them we ask of our people substantial encouragement.

B. F. S.

* STOVALL'S LIFE OF ROBERT TOOMBS.

From the intricacies of German word-order, and the subtleties of French syntax, we turn, and live for a while in the stirring times of anti-slavery agitation, in the soul-harrowing scenes of civil war, and in the yet darker days of reconstruction. "There were giants in those days"; and among the mighty actors in this tragedy of our history, no figure is more conspicuous than that of Robert Toombs, of Georgia. In the biography before us, which has evidently been a labor of love, Mr. Stovall has given us a racy sketch of Toombs' career as statesman, orator and soldier. True, the work is popular, rather than exhaustive, but this very circumstance will contribute to its usefulness. The average reader will find in it just what he wants, and the careful student of history will find a glowing, but truthful narrative, of familiar events. Mr. Stovall has mastered thoroughly the tangled web of history with which he has to do; he is always just, always careful to place events in a clear, full light; but nowhere does he fail to show the ardent sympathy and loyal admiration which he feels for his hero. A good biographer must needs be a pronounced apostle of hero-worship.

Toombs began his political career as an ardent Whig. He was a loyal follower of Clay, and of Webster to the last. But, above all, Toombs was the champion of Georgia, of the South, and of slavery—and so it is easy to account for his sudden change of political opinion, when, in 1852, the Whigs set aside the claims of Webster and nominated for the Presidency, General Winfield Scott, with his unsound views on States Rights and his supposed sympathy with the anti-slavery movement. In this memorable campaign the Whig element of Georgia followed Toombs and gave hearty, though hopeless, support to Webster. But the latter died on the eve of the election, and Toombs with his following passed into the Democratic ranks.

In the bitter warfare of words which preceded the civil war, Toombs was the acknowledged leader of the South.

* Published by Cassell & Co., 68 Whitehall street, Atlanta.

We may question the justness of the cause in which he labored, but we cannot question Toombs' sincerity. The man was terribly in earnest, and earnestness always wins our respect and admiration. Moreover, he was as fearless as he was earnest. He bearded the anti-slavery lion in his den; and in Boston, in 1856, Toombs proclaimed the doctrine of slavery from the very platform on which Sumner, Phillips, and Garrison had sounded the battle-cry of freedom.

We cannot follow Toombs in his varied career as orator, statesman, soldier, and, finally, as fugitive and exile. The cause for which he labored has passed away, and we submit cheerfully to the inevitable; but to the young men of the "New South" we would say, "Forget not your heroes." And we can heartily commend this biography to all who would know more of Robert Toombs, this Harry Percy of the South.

B. F. S.

ALUMNI NOTES.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

—'61. Col. T. F. Toon is Principal of the High School at Fair Bluff N. C. Colonel Toon is a man of pleasant manners, scholarly attainments, and withal a pious Christian. 'Tis needless to say that his school receives a liberal patronage.

—'68. Of Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, pastor at Wake Forest, Dr. William E. Hatcher, in the *Baltimore Baptist*, says: "Nothing touched us more at Atlanta than the devout manner in which Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, of North Carolina, conducted the opening exercises of the Convention. It is positively ennobling to look at as pure and honest a man as Gwaltney is." This we consider a well deserved compliment from a high source.

—'69. Hon. John C. Scarborough is the Democratic nominee for Superintendent of Public Instruction of North Carolina. Mr. Scarborough held this position from '84 to '88, performing the duties of the office to the satisfaction of his constitutents, and with honor to himself. His nomination for a second term attests his faithfulness to duty.

—'79. Dr. C. A. Rominger, of Reidsville, is one of the most skillful dental surgeons in the State. At the recent meeting of the Dental Association in Winston, he read an able and interesting paper on "Dental Pathology and Therapeutics." Dr. Rominger is a godly man and a zealous Christian worker.

—'82. Rev. O. L. Stringfield has for several years been connected with the Wakefield High School, and in this capacity has succeeded in building up a prosperous school. He is also the successful pastor of several churches.

—'87. The oratorical powers of Prof. J. B. Carlyle are being called into frequent exercise at the closing of the various high schools. Among other engagements he is booked to deliver the address at the closing exercises of the Roxobell Academy, June 1. Last June the Board of Trustees elected him to the Chair of Latin, and the exceptionally good work done by all the classes in this language is a standing proof that the Board made no mistake in their selection.

—'87. Rev. W. S. Olive, of Apex, N. C., is the successful pastor of four churches, and is much beloved by his people.

—'88. Claude Kitchin, of Scotland Neck, is one of the rising young lawyers of the State. Already he has built up a paying practice, which is but an earnest of greater achievements yet to be won.

—'89. Invitations are out to the marriage of J. H. Simmons, Professor of English Language and Literature of William Jewell College, Mo., to Miss Mary Lilian White, of Thomaston, Ga., who is a graduate and medalist of the Southern Female College, located at La Grange, Ga. The ceremony will be performed June 15, after which the newly married couple will take steamer at Savannah for an extended tour North. Professor Simmons has held his present position only one year; but already he has taken a high stand among the able Faculty of which he is a member. He and his accomplished bride will have the best wishes of THE STUDENT for many years of joy und usefulness.

—'89. J. A. Bridges recently closed a most prosperous session of Mt. Pleasant Academy. During the session he enrolled more than one hundred pupils, giving entire satisfaction to all concerned. John A. Wray of the class of '92 delivered the literary address.

—'89. T. M. Hufham is Principal of Mars Hill College. This institution is well attended, and under the able management of Professor Hufham is doing a good work for the youth of Western North Carolina.

—'90. Rev. J. O. Atkinson is the efficient Professor of Greek and Latin in Elon College. He is also doing regular pastoral work. Professor Atkinson is a man of no ordinary ability as a speaker and scholar, and we predict that ere long he will be a leading man of his denomination.

—'90. C. Percy Crudup has a good position as teacher in the Scotland Neck Military School. He has

the entire confidence of his employers, and has proved himself a good instructor.

—Rev. J. F. Love, formerly of Rocky Mount, is now assistant pastor of the First Baptist Church of Baltimore. He is a good preacher and an influential pastor.

—Rev. J. A. Campbell ('84–'86) is Principal of Buie's Creek Academy. He is also Superintendent of Public Instruction of Harnett County. He is a successful pastor, and one of the most influential men of his section.

—Revs. A. A. Pippin and L. H. Joyner, are in charge of Stanhope Academy, Finch, N. C. This is a prosperous school affording constant employment for four teachers.

—It is with a sad heart that we record the death of Rev. A. W. Price, of Wadesboro. For several days he was prostrated with that dread disease, meningitis. On the 26th of May the end came. Bro. Price was for a part of two sessions a student at Wake Forest, both times being forced to discontinue his studies because of ill health. His course at the Seminary was a duplicate of the course at college. Fragile as a lily, of scholarly ability, with original oratorical powers, and a rare sweet disposition, he has passed away. Not a few will mourn his loss, for none could know him but to love him.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. B. DANIEL, Editor.

=Commencement!

=What a happy thought.

=Examinations are most over.

=The Senior class is the largest in the history of the college.

=Mrs. Timberlake and children, of Louisburg, are on the Hill visiting her mother, Mrs. Simmons.

=Miss Lena Allen, of the Falls of Neuse, is spending some time on the Hill with friends and relatives.

=Madame Rumor reports that one or two marriages are to come off on the Hill soon after commencement.

=Dr. Gregory, of Camden county, one of Wake Forest's old students, recently spent a day or two on the Hill.

=Professor Taylor and Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, attended the Southern Baptist Convention recently held in Atlanta, Ga.

=Mr. W. B. Wingate, of Greensboro, who has recently retired from the ministry, was on the Hill for a few days not long since.

=The recent census is stated to have embraced upwards of twenty million women. Who would not like to be a census?—*Exchange.*

=In the absence of pastor Gwaltney, his pulpit was occupied Sunday morning the 8th by Rev. Mr. Day, and at night by Prof. W. B. Royall.

=The medals given by the Societies for improvement in oratory during the past term have been awarded to G. E. Lineberry (Philomathesian) and M. P. Davis (Euzelian).

=Dr. C. A. Rominger the popular dentist of Reidsville and an alumnus of Wake Forest, has been here for some days doing dentist work for the students and citizens.

=Dr. Taylor recently filled an engagement to lecture at Oak Ridge Institute, where he was given a cordial reception, and the people were quite pleased with his talk.

=Rev. J. F. Love, recently of Rocky Mount, but now assistant pastor of the first Baptist Church of Baltimore, made the Hill a short but pleasant visit not long since.

=Miss Sallie Wingate, who has made quite an extended visit to relatives in Greensboro, and Miss Ruth, who has been attending school in the same city, have returned home.

=Hubert O. Royster (class of '91), at the close of the past session, won the prize for the best examination in Osteology given to first-year student in the Department of Medicine of the University of Pennsylvania.

=President Taylor does not spend much time on the Hill now. For some time past he has been travelling in the interest of the College, and during his absence Prof. W. L. Poteat was made temporary chairman of the Faculty.

=A tennis tournament is being arranged to come off on Monday and Tuesday of commencement week. The boys who expect to take part in it are playing every opportunity they have, and some fine playing may be looked for.

=The gentlemen who are to succeed the present editors of THE STUDENT are (from the Phi. Society) C. W. Wilson, Editor; R. W. Weaver, Associate Editor; (from the Eu. Society) J. W. Bailey, Jr., Editor; S. J. Porter, Associate Editor.

=The Societies have elected the following as their Representatives in the next anniversary celebration: From the Phi. Society, J. C. Kittrell, orator; R. W. Weaver, first debater; W. D. Burns, second debater; I. T. Newton, secretary of debate. From Eu. Society, E. Y. Webb, orator; S. McIntyre, first debater; J. D. Robertson, second debater, and C. Durham, president of the debate.

=It is with pleasure that we greet again Mr. J. H. Pridgen (class of '91) who, on his way home from Johns Hopkins University, stopped over for Commencement. We are always glad to see and give the old boys a royal greeting.

=The Columbia Bycicle Company, recently offered one hundred bycicles for the best hundred essays written on public roads. Among the number who won bycicles, were three Wake Forest boys, Messrs. Garland, Paschal, and Neal, H.

=We are pleased to grasp once more the hand of Mr. T. W. Bickett, late of the Winston Graded School, who will be with us till after Commencement. Having given up teaching, he will at once enter upon the study of law at Chapel Hill.

=At the last meeting of the Scientific Society, on May 3, papers were read by Mr. Irving Hardesty on "Oscillaria and its Movements"; by Professor Mills on the "Unusual Course of the Recent Rain-Storm"; by Professor Poteat on "An Orchard Tragedy."

=Messrs. Mills and Powell, the renowned short-stop and catch of the Wake Forest baseball team, were invited lately to Mars Hill College to become the battery for the local team in a match game against a might-caring club. The local boys were victorious by a big score, which shows what the Wake Forest boys can do.

=Wake Forest stands fifth in the list of fifty-six colleges represented in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville. The old Wake Forest men there are J. Q. Alderman, J. H. Couch, W. E. Crocker, R. A. Hedgepeth, Howard L. Jones, J. I. Kendrick, C. H. Martin, F. M. Royall and C. J. Thompson.

=Since Chapel Hill refused to play Wake Forest in Raleigh, on the 22d ult., because they were afraid the Forest boys would do 'em up, interest in base ball has somewhat declined. The boys have no stimulus to urge them. In a measure, tennis is becoming the popular outdoor sport now. Every afternoon they may be seen indulging in their favorite game.

=On Memorial Day we all had holiday and a party of the boys and girls spent the day on a picnicking jaunt at the Falls of Neuse. The time was pleasantly passed in sight-seeing, admiring the beautiful scenery around about and rowing. Though the day, owing to the elements, was not favorable to a full enjoyment of the occasion, every one expressed himself as having had an excellent time, and came away joyful and happy over the sweet and pleasant memories of the day.

=A boat club has been formed by C. D. Graves, W. W. Vass, Jr., J. C. Kittrell, T. H. Crudup, J. S. Hall, C. W. Pridgen, E. R. Tull, with J.

W. Millard as advance agent. It bears the attractive name of the "Lollie Lewis Boat Club." The boat has been made and will be launched with the usual ceremonies on June 14 at Neuse. It is named in honor of Miss Lollie Lewis, daughter of General W. G. Lewis, of Goldsboro. From Neuse the boys will descend the beautiful Neuse River to Morehead City, where they will encamp for a few days of rest and recreation, and then will return home.

=On Saturday night, May 14, Professor Rayhill, the famous elocutionist gave an entertainment in the little chapel. The programme consisted of recitations, reading, handling Indian clubs, etc. Some very appropriate remarks were made in the beginning concerning elocution as an art, which were highly instructive. Wake Forest is acquainted with Professor Rayhill, as he gave instruction to a class here in elocution some years ago. He recalled this fact during the evening and complimented his class very highly, saying he found as good material here as it had ever been his pleasure to teach. He also announced his intention of coming to the College next session in order to form another class.

=AGAIN WAKE FOREST WINS—(Reported by E. Y. Webb).—In closing any career it is always pleasant to crown it with an unexpected victory. Our college term was about winding up when our Football Team boarded the train on Tuesday, May 17, for Charlotte, there to play the much talked of and dreamed of Asheville boys, who had by this time assumed the shapes of supernatural beings in our imaginations, and on the following day we expected to meet eleven giant gods descended from the hazy ether that hovers around the lofty peaks of the Blue Ridge. We are never over-sanguine, but on this occasion we were oppressed with the weight of expected defeat, and the thought that the old gold and black flag which waves over the dormitory would have to be lowered from its breezy height, made inevitable defeat way the heavier upon our hitherto unbeaten spirits. We arrived at Charlotte about 10 o'clock and hastily retired, sleepy and fatigued, but rest was uneasy through apprehensions of the coming day. We arose next morning eager to get a glimpse of our terrible opponents; and when we did see them, how happy was our surprise to find that they were really and simply men, and not the objects we thought them to be.

At 2:30 we were at Latta Park to witness a nice game of baseball, after which our game was called. We were still a little fearful of the results, from the Asheville's reputation. The captains tossed for the ball and Wake Forest lost. Game was called about 4:50 P. M. with Asheville holding the ball and lining up for a V.

"Play ball" cried the umpire, when the mountain boys dashed with all their force, but were crushed just where they met Wake Forest's rush line. Soon the ball went over to Wake Forest, and they made a touchdown within eight minutes from the beginning of the game. Three other touchdowns and one goal kick were scored by the Forest boys during the first half of thirty minutes.

The second half found Wake Forest with the ball, who held it till they again scored four points. During this last half four more touchdowns and one goal kick were scored by the College boys, and when the hour had expired the score stood 40 to 0 in favor of Wake Forest.

The features of the game were the good runs and tackles of Lewis and French of the Ashevilles, and the quick dashes of Blanton and good long runs of Tull and Howell.

It has been our pleasure to play many teams of this State and others, but never have we played a more gentlemanly and manly set of boys than those from the pretty and healthful city of Asheville. Courteous and polite before the game, during the game and after their defeat, the boys proved themselves worthy of their western home and reflected honor upon it. We would feel sad had we not hopes of meeting again that same nice, congenial set of boys. Boys, come down to see us, and we will endeavor to treat you as nicely as we know you would treat us at your home.

=WAKE FOREST *vs.* UNIVERSITY. With beating heart and with elated hopes a tremendous crowd left Wake Forest on the morning of the 29th to witness the trial between Wake Forest and Chapel Hill for the Intercollegiate Base Ball Championship for the State of North Carolina. Never had a team more enthusiastic supporters. Soon after Raleigh was reached the rain began to pour in torrents, and the ground was unfitted for play, the field being covered with a growth of clover and the diamond newly prepared. For these reasons the game was postponed till the following afternoon. The immense crowd returned to Wake Forest. When the following morning came, everybody from Wake Forest went—students, Faculty, citizens, all. But no game was played. The largest crowd that has ever assembled in Athletic Park was there promptly at 3:30 o'clock. A more disgusted crowd has never been seen, and they made no effort to conceal it.

At the appointed hour the umpire called "Play ball" and Will Jones took his position, but the University refused to play, so the umpire gave the game to Wake Forest. The reason why the University claims she refused to play was that Wake Forest had a man who had played for money. We do not deny this. Mills, Powell, Quarles and Daniel have all played for money, but they are all now matriculated students.

On the University team is some

well-known professional talent, but we doubt not that they are matriculated. They advised us that if we wished to play an outside man we must matriculate him.

Recognizing the fact that we would meet outside men on their team, we did not think it would be criminal for us to imitate them—just a little—so we matriculated one of the best men of the Southern League. But when the 'Versity boys learned this they told us that we were naughty, that it was wrong for us to play a professional, but right for them to do so. They told us many fairy tales, such as that though some of their men had played several seasons on *professional* teams they had never received any *pay;* that they had come down to the University a short while ago and were playing ball for the *love* of it, and that they were so charmed by the 'Versity boys that they would play with them for nothing.

We had no fairy tale to tell, but simply said our man received pay to play against them with the express purpose of beating them. A great fear seized upon them, and their knees smote together. We offered to take off our man, if they would take off their disputed men, but this they would not do.

Six times has Wake Forest met the University, and five times has triumphed the old gold and black. About the first time we met, the 'Versity gave us a defeat that we shall never forget. Though we saw in the very beginning of that game that there was no shadow of a possibility for scoring a single point, still our men played desperately to the very last. We then learned how to beat them, and have done so ever since. The 'Versity men in those days were spunky and did not throw up games, but twice has the University done so this year. Their boys are generally very lively, and are not unwilling that their many friends in Raleigh shall know they are there by the College "yell," but this time their slogan of war was unheard, the martial spirit was gone.

We are bitterly opposed to playing outside men on college teams, but thought that for one time we would whip our friends at their own game. Henceforth, if there is to be any more intercollegiate athletic contests, we hope there will be more stringent rules, and that the Chapel Hillians will play their games and play them to the end, though defeat should be their only reward.

There was one very strange inconsistency on the part of the 'Versity's captain. Friday after the game had been postponed by the managers, the captain came down with his team in uniform and seemed furious to play. "Play, or we demand the game," was the theme. Of course, the game was not played. But when the morning sun arose, behold his desire to play, like the tents of the Arabs, had

silently stolen away. We have since heard that some of the 'Versity boys wanted to play the game and were ready to do so, but their captain had it in his power to refuse, and overruled them. Pluck and fearlessness are elements of a good captain. Since the college baseball season ended, we notice that one of the University team is playing on the Columbia team—for the "love of ball" we suppose. It is reported that his course of study was too confining, injurious to his health, and he had to go where he could play ball. The plaintive lament of the University for professionalism is almost heart-rending.

=The following is a list of the present Senior class and their prospective avocations in life: M. A. Adams, preaching; H. I. Aydlett, medicine; E. T. Barnes, business; J. G. Blalock, preaching; W. R. Bradshaw, preaching and teaching; D. A. Bridges, law; J. C. Clifford, teaching; R. N. Cook, teaching; J. S. Corpening, preaching; W. R. Cullom, preaching; W. B. Daniel, teaching; O. H. Dockery, law; D. D. Dougherty, teaching; W. A. Garland, teaching; C. D. Graves, teaching; J. E. Green, preaching; Irving Hardesty, teaching; A. P. Harris, teaching; E. V. Howell, pharmacy; Robert Lide, business; James Long, preaching; R. E. Major, teaching; J. A. Mason, preaching; B. H. Mathews, preaching; J. W. Millard, preaching; J. G. Mills, undecided; R. L. Moore, teaching; G. W. Paschal, teaching; O. J. Peterson, teaching; E. S. Reaves, preaching; E. F. Rice, preaching; G. A. Sowell, preaching; J. P. Spence, preaching; J. G. Thomasson, undecided; W. W. Vass, law; S. C. Welch, law; J. A. Williams, medicine; John A. Wray, law.

COLLEGE NEWS AND EXCHANGE.

W. L. FOUSHEE, Editor *pro tem.*

THE LARGEST library in the United States is that of the great Chicago University. It contains 325,000 volumes.

CHAPEL HILL is jubilant over its success in securing the learned and distinguished Senator, J. G. Carlisle, as its commencement orator.

"I've heard of many a boxing-match,
And of boxes to match many things;
And of people who get themselves in a box,
And of the box that with music rings.

"But the best of all boxes a boy may know,
On land or on ocean's foam,
Is the box a mother's hands have filled—
The box that comes from home."

—*Ex.*

IN a German University a student's matriculation card shields him from arrest, admits him at half-price to the theatre, and takes him free to all art galleries.—*Ex.*

WE ARE glad to make such a valuable addition to our exchanges as the *An-x* published in Georgetown, Texas. This is a bright and newsy little paper edited exclusively by young ladies. This magazine is well worth perusal, and is a monument of what girls may do. "Decline of Ceremonial Etiquette" is well written, instructive, and well deserves space in the excellent *An-x.*

The Trinity Archive, in speaking ing of the results from the various debating, oratorical and athletic contests, expresses our sentiments in saying: "One thing it does, and that is to awaken interest in one college as to what others are doing. And thus by learning this, we often become alive to our own interests to a degree which we would not have reached, had there been no incentive to action."

THE boating crew of Richmond College seems to possess as much interest to the stndents as any other department of athletics. The historic James furnishes an excellent place for such sport.

Neuse is near Wake Forest, why may not suitable arrangements be made and the boys be set to pulling oars? Let us not be behind in any particular, and especially when facilities necessary are available.

THE third number of the *Greensboro Message*, which has been dormant for about two years, is greeted with pleasure—a message from such a source generally is. This is a magazine published by the young ladies of Greensboro Female College. The last is decidedly the best number we have seen, and it is improved in style and make-up. "Some Old Maids Who Have Become Famous," is not over-encouraging to those threatened with bachelorhood. We suggest that they have become famous not because they were old maids.

The Messenger from our sister, Richmond College, just across the line, presents some readable and critical articles in its April number. "Chaucer;" Goethe, "Poets' Poet;" "Hamlet Was Insane," furnish themes for them. Such pieces are commendable, though they do not command, in all cases, strict originality. The more we know of the poet, the sweeter are his songs; the more we know of the life of an author, the better we enter into his spirit and thought. No higher incentive can be given to the reader than such knowledge.

The Texas University indicated the approach of spring by its snow-white cover without, within by its fresh and attractive pieces. No college magazine comes nearer our ideal than this. We greatly admire its make-up and

originality, the dignity of its editorials and the business-like and sensible manner of treating every subject it deals with. The March number contains a study of college life: "A School is a World in Miniature." The bright gay youth, the bashful young man, the student, meditative and intent; the poor, pinched, unhealthy "hopeless," are so naturally sketched we fancy we are acquainted with the very characters.

A LARGE number of exchanges lie upon our table, which, with the care shown in their make-up and their general praiseworthiness, bespeak the lively interest which is being taken in college journalism.

In looking over them, we find that few show an existence of more than six or eight years, and but one or two have reached as far as the twentieth volume. The awakening along this line is no less marked than the progress made in the direction of athletics. In both of these, though long backward, the Southern college now holds no mean rank.

The Magazines for last month are uniformly good; some of them attaining to a high degree of literary excellence. However, the shortness of space forbids our noticing all, and some of merit must be unnoticed.

WE are persuaded that human nature is the same everywhere. History, too, often repeats itself. Centre College, of Kentucky, was to play Central University, of same State, a game of baseball on April 1. Beforehand, Centre College, having ascertained that the University had four or five outside men on its team, immediately procured the services of two baseball men of ability. When the day for the game arrived, the Centre men, ready for the game, proceeded to the grounds. The University men, however, tried to secure unfair compromises, but being unsuccessful in this, they rushed to the grounds in order to save themselves from the disgrace of a surrender. The time was consumed in wrangling, the crowd dispersed, and no game was the result. No doubt this account recalls scenes nearly analogous to some fresh in the mind of the reader.

OUT of five Intercollegiate Oratorical Contests held in Kentucky, Centre College has won three.

This fact is boastfully and jubilantly set forth in a three-page article of *Centre College Cento.* This contest seems to be an event of importance and interest in Kentucy colleges, and has proved to be exceedingly beneficial. It is encouraging to know that a similar contest is now arranged for North Carolina, in which Wake Forest will have two representatives. For the year 1892, this contest will be had at Morehead during the week of the Teachers' Assembly. It should be an interesting affair, and every college in the State should be represented. Let each college no longer sit in retirement and boast of its su-

periority, but let them meet on the arena of oratory or athletics in contest; thus in a good-natured way we will have an actual demonstration of the truth, and be highly benefited besides.

The Southern Collegian, the old veteran among Southern magazines, holds an honored place among our exchanges. Holding its models of excellence in the two immortal heroes, Washington and Lee, whose faces appear on the cover, it has a high literary standing. It is quite voluminous, and the practicability of its editorials is to be commended.

The March number, in recounting the great success attending the branch of University Extension established by the Washington and Lee University, says: "No greater plan was ever conceived for enlightening the public on educational questions, and if properly carried out should be a uniting of its work with other agencies. The chief idea of the movement is to stimulate and bring the University to the people. Washington and Lee has instituted a course of free lectures, in attractive form and amply illustrated, given every two weeks; and the reception of these lectures shows they should be permanent."

As we peruse the pages of our exchanges, we cannot help but feel the spirit and enthusiasm of athletics, which is infused into every page.

Perhaps the thing dearest to the heart of a body of students is athletics. To obtain a championship is the goal of college ambition, and the incentive to supreme effort. Hence, a disconsolate wail of defeat is heard on this side, an exultant cry of victory on that. Whether victory comes or defeat, greater enthusiasm is enkindled, and a greater effort is made at subsequent contests. The "crank" continually rises in favor, and the "athletic craze" predominates in every village and institution.

As an exchange says, the poet would not now state that,

> "In the spring a young man's fancy
> Lightly turns to thoughts of love;"

but that fancy turns to baseball, tennis, etc. Extremely practical people are wont to decry this "waste of time," and do not understand athletics.

This is a phase of college life which has been too long neglected in the South, indeed Southern colleges seem just awakening to its importance.

In the game the student finds recreation from work; the unsociable discovers there the delights of society and the value of friendship; the college wins recognition from the world; the State gains strong, robust citizens.

But, born in the pride of strength and skill, nurtured in the quick flow of the blood, it is liable to excess. This we see exemplified in some of our sister colleges. The object ought to be to preserve the golden mean, attaching not too little nor too much importance to it. Intoxicated with the idea, its very usefulness may be abused.

THE

WAKE FOREST STUDENT.

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G. W. PASCHAL ---------- EDITOR.
E. S. REAVES ---------- ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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W. W. VASS, JR ---------- EDITOR.
W. B. DANIEL ---------- ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

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VOL. XI.] WAKE FOREST, N. C., JULY, 1892. [NO. 10.

*THE DAWN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Mr. President, Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that we leave the *old* and begin the *new*. What a series of hallowed emotions arise within us when we bid farewell to the old and well-tried Past and launch out upon the uncertain and mysterious Future!

At the close of each day, when we watch the sun going down behind the western hills, we think of a day that has gone forever; and yet we are cheered by the thought that in a few hours the same sun will rise bright and beautiful as ever and usher in a new day. On the last of each December, as the old year is passing away, though our hearts are cheerful and ready to hail the new year, memory is fond of taking us back over the past twelve months, and it is with feelings of solemnity, and even sadness, that we recall the pleasures and sorrows, the victories and defeats which lie buried in the grave of Time. But still cherishing the fond hope that the new year will deal kindly and gently with us, we welcome the change, and lightly cast our fortunes upon the Future.

And thus, on a grander scale, we view the centuries. They are to nations and people what days and years are to individuals; and as each century passes by, men love to contemplate and tell of its mighty deeds; of great men who have lived and moved, and withal, how the world has gone for a hundred years, and then by comparing these with the events of other ages, we can often foretell the history of the coming years.

The nineteenth century is now

*Class Day Oration, Wake Forest College, June, 1892.

drawing to a close, *1892!* The twentieth, indeed, is dawning. Only eight short years and it will be upon us. Figuratively speaking, the dim gray streaks of twilight can already be seen in the East, heralding the approach of the centennial aurora.

My theme thus stated, it is my humble purpose to-night, by faithfully observing the lessons and analogies furnished by a careful review of other centuries, to endeavor to lift a corner of the veil of the Future, and try, with you, fellow-classmates, to peer through its dim vista, and take a glance into the twentieth century.

The only way that uninspired man can foretell the Future, is by the history of the Past and the signs and tendencies of the Present.

In a close study and comparison of the former centuries, there appears a strange yet true coincidence, as though it were the design of some directing power that, running as a constant stream through all the ages, each hundred years is marked and moulded by some great movement in the world. Go back with me a moment in a glance at modern history.

We pass over the earlier years of the Christian era, the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and then those fearful days when the hordes of Goths and Vandals swept over Europe like a tidal wave, leaving in their wake only the wreck and mouldering ruins of Roman civilization; then on down through the dark ages when a black impenetrable gloom of barbarism overspread the earth and shut out the sunlight of progress and science; on through the years of Feudal oppression and tyranny, brightened here and there by a glimmer of the ennobling influences of Chivalry. Then, coming to the Crusades, when mankind became fanatics, and the height of valor and religious zeal was to whiten the plains of Palestine with the bones of millions of men in the frantic attempt to plant the Cross upon the walls of Jerusalem.

Then passing over the chaotic period following the Crusades, the overthrow of Feudalism and the decline of Chivalry; and then those long, bloody years of war between England and France, when Europe was being moulded into its present state—all these trying times of bloodshed and confusion we pass over and notice, first, the close of the fifteenth century.

The great movement which began then and characterized the sixteenth century, and which, moreover, has been the most powerful and civilizing impulse of the world since that day, was the spirit of maritime discovery. Its greatest triumph was achieved in 1492, just four hundred years ago, when Columbus, a man to whom this world owes a debt of gratitude which it can never pay, sailed across the broad Atlantic and discovered America, adding to the old world a new one, whose unbounded resources surpass even the extravagant dreams of those who first revealed them.

Then, at the close of the sixteenth

century, the mighty movement which shook the world from center to circumference, was the terrific struggle between the Church of Rome and the Protestants; and for a hundred years mankind was held bleeding and torn in the horrors of religious wars and persecutions. For a thousand years the world had groaned and cowered under the exactions of catholicism. But now a strange fire, kindled by Luther, Huss and the martyrs, seemed to leap into the hearts of men, which made them rise for religious freedom, and break the bonds and fetters of long-suffering humanity.

Then, coming to the seventeeth century, we find a hundred years of the absolute power and divine right of kings and rulers. That worthless fop and spendthrift, Charles II, was disgracing the throne of England, and Louis XIV, with his corrupt court and vain pomp and show was steadily bringing France to the brink of that deluge of blood which came after him in the French Revolution.

Then, as a natural consequence to this ruthless domination and inhuman tyranny of kings in the seventeenth century, we find a quick and fearful reaction during the closing years of the last. It was the low, deep murmurs of the people for freedom, and its sullen roar made the very foundations of monarchy heave and tremble. This *powerful* movement, this *grand* spirit, which awoke oppressed nations from their unconscious lethargy and sent the word *Liberty* reverberating in clarion tones around the world, was the noblest impulse that ever stirred the human soul, and its influence alone has made this century the foremost age in the annals of history.

It seemed to have been the design of the Omnipotent God that this spirit of independence, which had lain dormant, stifled and cowed in the bosoms of men since the days when Rome ceased to be a republic, should suddenly burst forth in all its grandeur and strength at the close of the last century. And it is with feelings of pride and devotion that we remember that our own country—grand old America—was the first to give a welcome to this new-born vision of *Liberty*, and our heroic forefathers, under the immortal Washington, were the first to fight and shed their blood for its cause, and win for Freedom a victory which humbled the British lion and set the world ablaze.

And thus, after reviewing the other centuries, we come to the close of our own, the nineteenth. How differently is it closing from any of the past! And as the later years of each century foretell what the next will be, how different must be the twentieth from all that have preceded it!

Classmates, it is a subject of grave importance for *us* to know the characteristics of 1900; for in it our lives are to be spent, our deeds to be recorded, our graves to be filled. We

are graduating at its dawn, ready, when the full, broad daylight breaks forth, to assume the solemn responsibilities of life.

Looking forward through the dim outline of coming years to make a forecast of the twentieth century, my first observation is that it will be an age of peace—of universal peace and brotherhood of nations. The doors of the Temple of Janus are now closed, the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are furled. Grim visaged war, with its gory locks, has fled the earth, and gentle, smiling peace reigns supreme. Ah! what a striking contrast is this to the close of other centuries! Think of one hundred years ago! Our Revolutionary War has just ended, and the thirteen heroic Colonies were still confused, bleeding and exhausted from the seven years of dreadful conflict. In Europe all the continent was throbbing and trembling under the terrific battles and victories of Napoleon. But to-day no haughty England dares molest us, and no ambitious Napoleon stalks abroad to disturb the repose of nations. All is peace.

And yet, in this serene and peaceful sky there may be seen scattered here and there a few dim outlines of war-clouds. That old spirit of hatred and undying envy among the Powers of Europe may at any moment break forth and throw the world into the clash of arms. The Triple Alliance may not last always. France still remembers Alsace and Lorraine, and is abiding the time to avenge herself on Germany. Despotic Russia wants only half an opportunity to attempt her bold and infamous grasp on India. Even our own good-natured "Uncle Sam" may, ere long, grow weary of taking insults and affronts from little upstart countries like Chili. Or he may, in a spirit of righteous indignation, have to call a halt to English insolence in Behring Sea.

Yes, any of these issues may break the spell of Peace; not many years ago, any of them would have caused war; but now the world is changed—arbitration has supplanted the sword.

> "The common sense of man holds the fretful realms in awe,
> And makes them ponder deep, ere they loose the dogs of war."

But what means this age of universal peace? The world never saw it before. To our vision it betokens a change—a grand fundamental change in the life and history of the future centuries.

The great universal maxim of former ages has been that "might makes right." But that is true no longer.

> "Brain, not brawn, must henceforth rule the world,
> And those who think will govern those who toil."

Yes, my classmates, and ladies and gentlemen, the twentieth century is to be a battle of the intellect. Those days are gone when a man could rise to heights of glory and fame by marching through the smoke and

blood of battle, and climbing to greatness over the dead bodies of his countrymen. Ere many years we shall have no generals, or colonels, or captains to be honored in remembrance of war, but merit alone and true ability will be the standards for measuring men. And this conflict of minds will be just as desperate, just as hard fought as ever were Marathon or Waterloo. No moral coward or intellectual drone can stand the strain. This grand onsweep of civilization gives us no time to cringe and falter. The world to-day is taking strides to which the progress of former years seems but the creeping of a snail; and unless we imbibe the spirit of the age, and cling on with a firm, a death-like grasp to the car of civilization as it sweeps onward, we shall be thrown aside and forgotten.

The great preëminent characteristics of the twentieth century will be its progress in science and art, and especially its inventions. We ought to rejoice that we live in this age, and thank our Maker that our advent into the world has been delayed till now. For, from a point of worldly wisdom, what a magnificent time this is! We see more in a day than our forefathers saw in a life-time; we live more in an hour than they did in a year; and what has caused this rapid, this unparalleled advance in the condition of the world? It is the great inventions of the last half century, and every day some new one is added, which changes the world of to-day from the world of yesterday.

Had I stood up here one hundred years ago, and earnestly told the people that the commerce of our great nation would be borne over roads of iron by powerful steam-engines going fifty miles an hour; had I said that huge ocean steamers would plow the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool in a few days; had I told of telegraphy and the other manifold wonders of electricity, they would have thought me a fool, a fanatic, a dreamer, and one dangerous to the welfare of my country.

Now, it is not my purpose to attempt to probe the secrets of eternity, or grapple with the hidden fires of human thought and invention. I shall leave it to others to make extravagant predictions, and hold wild and startling hypotheses about the wonders of the twentieth century. No one will ever discover the "Philosopher's Stone." Men will never invent perpetual motion by destroying the attraction of gravitation, or suspending the law of energy. "*De nihilo nihil fit.*"

Yet, I believe that many of us here to-night shall see the day when men will step off of mother earth and travel in great winged ships through the atmosphere above; and then an expedition to the North Pole or to Central Africa would be only a pleasure trip. I think the time shall soon come when the land will be no longer

dependent upon the seasons, but when rain is needed men will make the clouds to shower down upon the earth; and as for electricity, I would not limit its future developments with predictions, for it seems already about to annihilate time and space on earth, and turn sombre night into day.

In conclusion, the twentieth century will be a fast age—a restless, rushing, excited age. Men will live fast, act, move and think fast. Now, I would not hold the view of a pessimist, nor would I say one word that would mar the glory and beauty of this great age; yet, I fear that with all its conflicting problems and extravagant tendencies brought to bear, the next century will be a corrupt and selfish age. Remember that Rome, when at the height of her civilization and power, in her glorious, palmy days, sowed the seeds of her destruction.

On us, fellow classmates, will devolve the grave responsibility of solving the problems and correcting the evil tendencies of the twentieth century. We shall find it a glorious era; one of great men and mighty deeds; one worthy of our noblest aspirations. But if we encounter in it these fast, corrupt and selfish periods, when the almighty dollar will rule the world, and when men will lose their patriotism, their valor and their pride, and shall think no longer of the good old days of their fathers, Class of '92, let us always remember who *we* are; that noble, knightly, chivalrous Southern blood courses in our veins; blood that should make us true to ourselves, true to our country, and true to our *Alma Mater;* and though the world be against us, let us ever stand up as beacon lights for truth, and let our motto be *Honor*—for "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF ZACHARIAS WILLIAMS.

In his own little community at Big Meadows, Zacharias Williams, student, aged twenty-two, was the lion. He prided himself especially on his personal appearance. Height, six feet; weight, 180 pounds; arms, shoulders and chest well formed. He had, however, a slight double bend in his legs, so that it could not be readily determined whether he was knock-kneed or bow-legged. In his perplexity, Zacharias decided that his legs were straight. His face was his greatest object of care. While at school at Big Meadows Academy, Zacharias often neglected his lessons; was late at morning services, and even lost sleep that he might curl his mustache *a la*

mode of the latest cut in *The Barber's Review.* The other students played at base-ball, cat, prison base; but no games for him; his time was too precious. The greater part of the vacation was spent in his room, sitting with a looking-glass in his hand for an hour at a time. Like a silly school-girl he would survey his face in all of its aspects. Never a pimple appeared without causing serious apprehension that it would disfigure his visage; every whisker was assiduously cultivated. Through all this careful scrutinizing of himself, Zacharias had become firmly convinced that he was a very handsome man; besides, Bessie McNairy said so, too, and his mother boasted that "he was the finest looking boy in Putnam County, and could marry a fortune." It would be rashness to deny such testimony as this; but I have an opinion, and this is a free country—he was not *very* handsome. He had a full head of brown hair; brown eyes—of course he was handsome, then, I hear some girl say—reddish brown mustache; nose, mouth, chin, ears irreproachable as such, but he lacked something. His face wanted intellectual expression; but one expression he did have, the expression of the intensest conviction of his soul, as plain as day—"I am a very handsome fellow." This is what the looking-glass had done for him; besides, he was awkward.

It had long been known at Big Meadows that Zacharias was desperately in love with Bessie McNairy, and she loved him, so it was thought to be a match. But he was so awkward that he could never make a declaration of his passion, but he loved Bessie, and when he saw any other boy walking with her towards the school-house he would become almost frenzied, and more awkward still.

One summer, Zach's parents—let's call him Zach—told him that he could go to LaGrange College in the fall, and then began a conflict between Zach's love and his pride. The struggle was long and hard, but pride conquered; a college-bred man should look higher than Bessie McNairy for a wife so he intimated to her one night in August, when she was expecting avowals of love and constancy; and pretty little Bessie left him on the piazza and went to her room to cry. But Zach went whistling homeward, thinking of LaGrange, where he would go forth in the society world, conquering and to conquer.

No one had ever gone to college from Big Meadows before, and Zach's going was regarded as an important event in the history of that little town. Zach told it at every house in the vicinity. One evening he told it at Mrs. Mason's, where Mrs. Fox and her daughter had come over on a visit. Gay Fox and Dora Mason opened their eyes in astonishment, but their mothers sat in silence, biting hard on their blackgum snuff-brushes,

and seemed to see something of interest down in the corn-field.

"Humph, he ain't fit to be a preacher," remarked Mrs. Fox, after he was gone, perhaps thinking, as is common in rural communities, that denominational colleges are maintained exclusively for preachers.

The day for his departure came, and all the town, except Bessie, was down at the post-office to see him drive off in the open-wagon with his father for Jackson, the nearest railroad station. They watched him out of sight, and I don't know how many thought he might one day be as great as Spurgeon, nor how many girls wished he might prove a faithful student, and let girls alone.

On his way to college a gentleman informed him that they had a pleasant little custom of blacking new students at LaGrange, by way of welcome. Zach spoke out his determination right then and there—"he would not be blacked; he could whip a whole cow-pen full of puny school-boys; let them try him, if they wanted to." Unfortunately for this independent spirit two young gentlemen sitting on the seat behind heard what was said, got off at LaGrange, and formed his closer acquaintance; a night or two after, with blacking-brushes in their hands, Zach was one of the three that were blacked that year, and he did resist valiantly.

Hardly had Zach matriculated before he was given an opportunity for entering the society for which he longed so much. The citizens of the "Hill"—all college towns are called hills—gave a lawn party and invited especially the new students. Zach spent two hours before the glass; buttoned up his coat, smiled, and walked forth and took his stand in the front rank of the new students, who were circled around the spot where the ladies were distributing cake and cream. A young lady, with cream and cake, approached Zach, who, thinking to show what an elegant gentlemen he was, bowed very low, and reached for the cream, but he was trembling so violently that he knocked two saucers of cream off the waiter, and dropped the one he had in his efforts to catch them. He began to mutter a pitiful apology, which the young lady did not stay to hear. This circumstance, seemingly so unpropitious, was very fortunate for Zach—it robbed him of much of his self-complacency and gave the Hill girls something to talk about. So when the afternoon was over, Zach was the best known of all the eighty new students, and Mary Jordan thought that he would do very well. He walked home with her, and returned to his boarding-house snapping his fingers with the old look on his face.

That was on Friday. Saturday night Zach was up to see Mary again, and Sunday night he was at church with her. The other new students felt how insignificant they were, and

the other Hill girls were seen whispering in one another's ears, as he stalked down the main aisle with a broad smile on his face, with her following, her head tucked in triumph.

Then gossip began. Mary had a week of triumph. How the hearts of the other girls would ache when Mary would tell them how nice Zach was. They began to say that Mary was not at all like she used to be—that she acted *strange*—they even told this in confidence to some of the boys. Without this little fault Hill girls would be angels—but women are women. But Mary's exultation hardly lasted a week; with her keen woman's sense she soon found out there was nothing in her "catch;" he was dry "sticks," and right glad would she have been to get rid of him, but she had said so much, in the way of boasting, how could she send him off?

Zach, on his part, was in ecstacies. He wrote his mother: "I have been received into the best society down here. I have made a fine impression on the young ladies." His mother took her snuff-box and knitting and went to tell it to all the other mothers in Big Meadows.

Now it was that Zach began to cultivate himself for society; he read manuals of good form, novels and poetry. Somewhere he had become impressed with the idea that in order to be an accomplished gentleman, he must be able to quote poetry and talk like they do in novels. He memorized some of Shakespeare, and waited for an occasion to say it. The occasion never came; or if it did, poor Zach was interrupted at the end of the first line.

A month and a half had past, and Zach had become unbearable to Mary. One of her student friends of the year before had remonstrated with her at the beginning, but she could 'tend to her own business, and he had left her. Now she would like for him to come back. Zach was intolerable; he must be got rid of, and she hit on a plan of doing it; she would let some of the other girls "cut her out." She managed to get Zach with Mossie Manning on several occasions, treated him rather coolly herself, and in two weeks her end was attained. The story of Zach and Mossie is the same as that of Zach and Mary. And so, from one to another, Zach was handed around among the girls until Christmas, when he went home for the holidays, feeling much too big for Big Meadows.

"That fellow *is* stuck up, that school will ruin him," said the blacksmith, as Zach passed his door without speaking.

After the holidays were over, examinations came off, and Zach failed to pass on two of his studies—Latin and Mathematics. He blamed the professors for it.

"Old Snyde and Old Cole ain't fit to be here; they ought to be drummed away from the college," so Zach said;

and several other young men, conditioned as he was, agreed with him, but a Senior heard it and laughed. *Old* Snyde and *Old* Cole were both young men.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come singly. Zach failed now with the girls. He had gone from one to another until not one was left. He thought of his dear Bessie; what would he have given not to have treated her so cruelly? For consolation, he would write her a letter, beg for mercy, and promise to remain ever true. He did so, and received as an answer an invitation to her wedding. To increase his misfortunes, all manner of evil reports began to be circulated on him. Some one said that old Dr. Moore, the postmaster, said that his wife put out one of her old skirts as a scare-crow to keep the sparrows away from her spring beets, and next morning found Zach sitting by it and crying because it wouldn't talk to him.

But Zach, giving up the girls, turned to his books; he gave away his pocket looking-glass, and gave up curling his mustache. The very appearance of a Hill girl disgusted him. He remained at his room at night, and did the best he could at study, so that when the final examinations came off, he passed with a very good mark. He began once more to say *Professor* Snyde, when speaking of his teacher in Latin. Zach remained on the "Hill" during the Commencement exercises, but had nothing to do with the girls. His old self-complacent principle had been undermined, a soberer look had come on his face.

"I do believe he will make a right good preacher after all," said Mrs. Fox, after his return to Big Meadows; and he may, for all I know. G. W. P.

THE CONVENTION AND ITS CONSTITUTION.

In many respects, the ablest convention that has ever assembled in America was the one that met in Phildaelphia on May 14th, 1787. The convention met in the same hall from which the Declaration of Independence was published forth to the world. Conventions have assembled time and again since this one—many with more delegates, many representing more wealth. We can only judge a tree by its fruits—judge a man by his deeds. The fruit of this convention was the Constitution—"the finest specimen of constructive statesmanship the world has ever seen." After months of deliberation, this document was proposed to the States, and it has proved its

efficiency by time. Truly the Constitution was a strong one for those times, and it has proved its strength for time to come, by wear.

From thirteen small, weak, half-grown colonies lying along the Atlantic coast, the United States has extended its domain from ocean to ocean; from weakness and poverty it has grown into strength and wealth.

Gladstone has said: "That just as the British Constitution is the most subtle organism which has proceeded from progressive history, so the American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

It is well worth our while to spend a few moments in examining into the character and composition of this memorable body. The time and occasion was such as demanded a great innovation. The country had just emerged from that war with Great Britain that was for Liberty. Thirteen separate and distinct colonies had been declared free and independent. They had banded themselves together for mutual protection during the war. Now they were under the Articles of Confederation. There was a Continental Congress. But what could it do? It could make treaties with foreign powers, but could not enforce them; could ask the States for money, but could not get it. Each State was providing for self-interest, forgetful that the interest of all was the interest of each one. Combined, they might become a power; but separate, they would fail. Shays' rebellion in Massachusetts had threatened the prosperity of its citizens and demonstrated the weakness of each separate State. Connecticut and Pennsylvania almost clashed arms in civil war over local differences. Each State had its own currency. Financial affairs, the true criterion of prosperity, were in a deplorable condition. American citizens had been kidnapped from American ships and sold into slavery by the Barbary States. Congress could do nothing. Each State had its own tariff laws, working against each other. Something must be done. Washington realized this, as did the other statesmen of that time.

A call was issued for a convention to meet in Annapolis, September 11th, 1786, to consider how far a uniform commercial system might be essential to the prosperity and permanent harmony of the States. Only five States were represented when the time arrived. In the absence of so many, nothing could be done. It was decided to issue a call for another convention to assemble in Philadelphia in May of the following year, to consider these matters, and also to consider how a closer union between the States might be brought about. There was then not the remotest idea of framing a new Constitution. There was great opposition to this convention throughout the country. The

people had just been freed from British oppression. They had tasted the bitter of monarchism. Republicanism was then a thing unknown. At no time would a direct proposal for a permanent union between the States, each one to become subordinated to the whole, have been accepted. Bitter as was the remembrance of monarchism, the dread of centralization was equally distasteful. Our Republican form of government had no precedent in that day. When formed, it was only an experiment. In England it was thought that the colonies would unite and form a kingdom, and the hope was there expressed that a member of the English royal family might be selected to rule. But it was not so.

Every State was represented in this convention except Rhode Island. She persistently refused to participate.

Fiske says that "An ideally perfect assembly of law-makers will contain two or three men of original constructive genius, two or three leading spirits eminent for shrewdness and tact, a dozen or more excellent critics representing various conflicting interests, and a rank and file of thoroughly respectable common-place men, unfitted for shining in the work of the meeting, but admirably competent to proclaim its results and get their friends and neighbors to adopt them."

Such was this convention. It consisted of fifty-five members—the best men of the country. Twenty-nine were university men, college graduates. Of these fifty-five men assembled, Washington, Franklin, Hamilton and Madison were of the first order of ability. Robert Morris, the able financier, was among those from Pennsylvania. James Wilson, that shrewd, able lawyer, born, reared and educated in Scotland, came with Morris, was one of the powers in the convention, and afterwards Associate Justice in the United States Supreme Court. Oliver Ellsworth, afterwards Chief Justice, came from Connecticut. Roger Sherman was his colleague. John Rutledge, Associate Justice and for a time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, came to represent South Carolina, and with him came the Pinckneys. Franklin was the sage of the convention. He had come, over eighty years of age, to aid in the deliberation and in the framing of the document that was to make his country one of power.

Even now it was not generally understood that a new government would be proposed.

There were two factors in the convention—one favoring the drafting of an entirely new Constitution, the other favoring only amending the old Articles of Confederation.

Washington was chosen presiding officer of the convention, and an excellent choice it was.

In real truth, this convention had assembled to decide whether the Declaration of Independence was a failure; whether the war for liberty had been

fought in vain; whether progress and prosperity should be given to the colonies, or failure and discord. We all know the verdict.

Several times during the deliberations of the body, discord almost reigned. To the tact and influence of Washington is due praise, more than to anyone else, for the fact that the convention did not break up before its work was done.

When it was decided to frame new articles, two plans were proposed—one by Virginia and the other by New Jersey. The Virginia plan proposed that the colonies should unite, be governed by a Congress chosen by the people of the States, as a people. This Congress should have power over the whole country, as the Legislature of each State rules that State. It also provided for an executive department of some kind, whether presided over by one or three men. Congress should elect a Senate, chosen to correspond to the House of Lords in England. Each representative should vote as such, and not by States, as according to the Articles of Confederation.

The New Jersey plan proposed a representation and a vote by States, as was the plan then in operation. According to this plan, Congress would have no more power to regulate commerce or enforce its treaties than it then had.

All things considered, the Virginia plan was too liberal and the New Jersey plan too conservative.

There was a struggle over this question of representation, almost amounting to disruption. The smaller States wanted representation according to States; the larger ones according to population.

In the midst of this confusion Connecticut proposed a compromise. It was that the lower house should represent the people, and the upper house the States. In nearly all discussions there is some right on each side, and the most fair and just method is to gain the "golden mean." This was the plan adopted in this case, and it well illustrates the wisdom of our fathers. The Connecticut compromise was adopted, although not without a fight.

The idea was that the Senate should be composed of an abler, wiser, more conservative set of men, and should act as a check over the impetuosity of the people. The House should come directly from and represent the people. It also seems to me a wise precaution that the Senators should be selected by the State Legislatures, and not directly by the people. As it is, they are independent of the people, and able to perform their duties, regardless of public approval or disapproval, to a greater extent than if they came directly from the people.

The whole Constitution consists of a series of compromises. Many different and varied interests were represented, and different sections had to be satisfied. Not only were the

smaller States arrayed against the larger ones, but the Northern and the Southern States were arrayed against each other. The real beginning was made in this convention of that terrible struggle, culminating nearly one hundred years later, which was ended by the surrender of Lee at Appomattox in 1865.

As regards slavery, a compromise was made in this convention, each side making concessions. But I think that the greater gain was on the side of the South. It was agreed that slaves should be allowed to be imported till 1808, and in return Congress should regulate commerce. Again, each five slaves should be equivalent to three free voters, both in regard to representation and taxation. After these points were settled, the remainder of the work was comparatively smooth sailing.

In examing into the ideas and plans proposed in the convention, it is indeed "curious to see how crude the notions of our greatest statesmen were, and it is wonderful to think they at last agreed on such a wise Constitution." It had been agreed before the deliberations that the meetings should be secret, and no plans or proposals should be made known to the world until the work was done.

When the result was made known, it was the Constitution as a whole, and not by pieces. It is wise that this precaution was taken, for, as opinion then was, each part would have been condemned before formed into a whole.

James Madison has truly been called "the father of the Constitution." The idea was his conception, and it is due to him, more than to any other man, that the Constitution was formed, and afterwards adopted by each of the States. It was from his notes, made public years afterwards, after the last member of the convention had been gathered to his fathers, that the plans and deliberations of the convention were made known.

Finally, the work was done. The Constitution was ready to be signed and submitted to the colonies. It was decided that the Constitution be submitted to each of the States, and that when nine had ratified it, it should go into operation among those having ratified it.

Franklin said, that although he had some objections to it, yet it was freer from them than he had supposed. It was the best that could be done, and he favored it.

Now the fight must be made for its adoption by the States. The first fight was in Pennsylvania, and a fierce one, led by James Wilson for the Constitution. The Constitution won. During the fight in Pennsylvania New Jersey had ratified it, and was the first of the States to do so.

The *Federalist* did noble work in explaining and advocating the Constitution. Much honor is due to its authors, Hamilton, Madison and Jay.

Jefferson said that it contributed much towards clearing away his objections.

The Constitution was adopted by State after State till eight States had adopted it, and Virginia's convention assembled. If Virginia should reject it, there was little hope for its success. During the deliberations of the Virginia convention, New Hampshire, the necessary ninth State, ratified it. But Virginia came into line as the tenth State to ratify it. New York, North Carolina and Rhode Island came afterwards.

The work was done. The Constitution, then an experiment, was to go into effect. How well this experiment has succeeded, we all know, as our growth in wealth, population and resources attest its wisdom.

The Constitution has survived three wars, one of them the fiercest and most bloody on record. It has reigned supreme, and still rules.

The appeal to arms in 1860 was made to decide a constitutional question. By force of arms and might, it has been decided, and decided against the South. Now it is for us, remembering the services of Madison, Washington, Rutledge, and our other Southern statesmen, to remain as steadfast in the support of the Constitution to-day, as we were in support of our views during those years from 1860 to 1865.

The Constitution of that convention of 1787 has governed us long and governed us well, and it will ever exist as a monument to the memory of its founders.

Robert Lide.

NO CONTESTS, NO VICTORY.

The actuating principle of the warrior, as he rushes into the battle fired with justice and patriotism, is that his valor may be crowned with the laurels of victory. "Following the thunderings of the cannons, the dense smoke, and the groans of the wounded, a scene of carnage meets the eye." But the destruction of the government of a despot may have been the result of such a conflict.

There have been contests that have been followed by equally as glorious victories to humanity as those of battles upon the result of which, however, the destiny of many may have depended. The tyranny and ignorance that prevailed during the reign of the Papacy in Europe alone aroused and developed that religious, civil, and intellectual activity of thought which created as grand a Reformation as is known in the history of the world. This universal oppression sent the memorable Mayflower, with its patriotic crew, across the Atlantic

to the bleak New England shore, where, surrounded with famine and pestilence, subjected to the depredations of the natives, they developed that love of freedom and self-government during the hundred and ten long years in which they struggled to plant civilization in the forests of America.

One of the noblest struggles of the patriots of any country, followed by the greatest God-given victory, was that of these Revolutionary fathers. The memorable winter at Valley Forge, the privations and sacrifices of the colonists, the many encounters with superior numbers, the many long and rapid marches of these veterans, the many horrible incidents of the desolation of peaceful homes, are proofs of the fact that there was a contest. And a view of our country, to-day the equal of any nationality on earth, noting the unparalleled progress of its people in wealth, Christianity, education and self-government, is proof of the fact that victory is gained by the contest.

The mind contemplates the lives of great men, and in turn aspires to like greatness, such as will be recognized in the social, political and literary circles of the country. This principle is inherent in nature, and coeval with human history. The young man, as he leaves the scenes of his childhood and enters college, looks with the fondest anticipations into the future, when he will be regarded as one of the necessary citizens of his country; one of the moulders of public opinion; one of the defenders of the morals of the community; and one of those upon whom the happiness and good name of the people will depend.

In all the ages of the world, in all the pursuits and conditions of life—in science, literature and art—there have been those who have risen above their contemporaries and led and moulded and characterized their age, while there have been many who have added nothing to Church, State or Science. It is common among many to expect sudden wealth, or to attain some enviable position, without the labor which secures them.

The world, in its admiration of the worth of the truly great, as Jefferson, Henry, Adams, Wilson, Clay, and the immortal Washington, do not realize the numerous attacks that these men made against obstacles seemingly insurmountable. It may seem as if some receive unmerited honors, or attain a great deal in life with little effort; that, like Joseph, they are elevated from the humblest ranks to the highest places of State; but let this seem as it may, the rule for man holds true: No contest, no victory.

The student of history does not find from the biography of any individual who has imparted knowledge, who has exerted an influence for good, who has been called upon to fill and

honor positions of worth and fame, and who has thus gained an enduring reputation, that he accomplished such otherwise than by *his own perseverance and indomitable will.* Thus, in reviewing the efforts, the struggles of those who have become the victors in the battles of life, we find clearly proven to us in the light of history that which is also in harmony with nature, observation and human experience, that there is no victory where there is no contest.

James A. Garfield, of humble origin, attained fame and distinction, and died holding the first office within the gift of a great people. Daniel Webster, America's greatest legal orator, while in school found it difficult to speak before his fellow students. Then, it may be seen that the greatest men became such from untiring effort.

Some thinker has truthfully said, the greatest philosophers have not been the children of philosophers, the greatest kings the sons of kings, neither have the greatest orators inherited the eloquence.

"In many men, that only satisfied them which they themselves watered and waited till it bore its fruit."

The strength of character that is admired in many men was only acquired in the sieges of the contest, which were more numerous and stubborn in their lives than in those of others. Many admirable traits of character are formed by adversity. Fortitude, perseverance and purpose are developed in individuals by contesting in those positions which necessarily called forth such, this being the only force by which they might hope to gain the victory.

The most consecrated Christians have been those whose natures were at one time the most adverse to it, and the greatest philanthopists of earth, blessing humanity with their gifts and deeds of kindness, learned the lessons of benevolence as they endeavored to rise in the world, where they experienced the bitter pangs of adversity, poverty and disappointment.

The individual who has never known the trials of the contest in the vicissitudes of life, as some have known them, can never appreciate the joy that follows after all opposition has been overcome, as one who, after struggling under all the disadvantages of poverty and obscurity that would have discouraged many, rises with the power and brilliancy of the morning sun, dispels the gloom that hung over his horizon and writes his name by the side of the benefactors, the writers, the lawyers and sages of his age.

Thus it was only from dint of industry and undaunted courage that these opposing forces were borne to earth. All are surrounded with opportunities and endowed with talent, but it is left to everyone to work out his own fortune. There will be gold to reward the digging.

As it is a pleasure to the traveler, after the fatigue incident to the ascent of some rugged height, to gaze upon the landscape outstretched below him, so it is to the individual full of years and laden with honors which are the fulfilment of the most extravagant dreams of his youth.

Surely, if ever true happiness is realized by the human heart in this life, well may one like a Garfield, or even one who has figured in smaller circles of usefulness, with pleasure review his career in the conflicts of the living past.

Young man, let the memory of the heroes of our country be an incentive to attain to that which may be accomplished in the contest by industry and patient devotion to application, remembering that a smooth sea never made a skillful mariner.

Go forth and act your part according to the gift with which nature has endowed you, undaunted by difficulties, moulding the influences which surround you, subordinating those things which may be conducive to the accomplishment of that aim toward which the activity of your being is directed. No young man need expect to succeed in the arena of life, the field of hope, of duty, of *conflicts*, of *victories*, who does not rely on his own strong arm and brave heart, meeting each obstacle, bearing aloft a banner upon which is engraved, No Contest, no Victory.

When having attained the highest success, then will he receive the crown, and, in his realized hopes, attest to the truth of the poet's words—

"Life is a burden, bear it;
Life is a duty, dare it;
Life is a thorn crown, wear it.
Though it break your heart in twain,
Though the burden crush you down,
Close your lips and hide your pain,
First the cross, and then the crown."

JASPER HOWELL, JR.

CALLED BACK.

A wild, wet day. The waves thundered on the shore and boomed against the solid buttresses of rock, lifting themselves perpendicularly from the ocean at their feet, as if the elements of water and earth were at war, and the sea were trying to level the opposing crags that it might sweep on inland in a wild march of ruin and desolation.

Standing on the rocks, in the chill, gray mist, was a woman, with the salt wind blowing her hair about her face like a black veil. Her eyes were afar on the sea. Her thoughts were evidently far away.

"It was such a day as this when he went away," she said, slowly; "and he is dead!"

She walked backward and forward in the cutting wind, haunted by the memory of him who was dead. How many times had they walked along these rocks together! How many tender words he had spoken to her here! She would never forget them. Would he? Did they forget in heaven?

A man's step crushed some bits of rock to fragments behind her. She turned and faced the intruder. Every trace of color died out of her face. Her eyes dilated in wild astonishment. A quick cry leaped to her lips, and she shivered like a leaf.

"Margaret!" the man cried, with eager tones, and his eyes luminous with love. "I have come back to you, Margaret!"

He held out his arms as if to gather her to his breast in the rapture of meeting.

"Oh, John!" she cried, sinking down on the sand, with a ring of anguish in her voice. "I thought you were dead! They told me so."

"We were shipwrecked," he answered. "They thought that some of us who drifted away from the larger boats were lost, but we were picked up at last. I could not have died when I thought of you, darling!"

He came toward her, as if to clasp her in his arms. She shivered and shrank from him, with a terrible look of sorrow in her eyes.

"Oh, John! John!" she cried. "They told me you were dead, and they forced me to marry Colonel Daniels! I always dreaded him; now I shall hate him! I wish I were dead—dead! If I had never been undeceived—if I could have thought of you always as I have for the last few weeks—if I could have lived on, thinking of you as lost to me here, but waiting for me over there—then I might have borne it better; but to know that you are here, and yet so far away! Oh, my God! it is too bitter to bear."

She cowered like a child that had been struck, and poured out her words in wild vehemence. Her face was frightfully pale. She saw her life before her, unutterably desolate and dreary, and the sight of the man she loved and had thought dead brought back to her the dreams of what might be that they had cherished a year ago. Such beautiful dreams! Such sweet hopes of the days to be!

"Married!" He repeated that one word over and over again. "Married!" It held to him the meaning of "dead!" or "lost!" She was his no longer! And yet she loved him.

"You can't blame me!" she cried, at last. "I believed you dead, and I could not hold out against them. My loss crushed me."

"My poor little Margaret!" he said, with a world of pathos in his voice, and a dreary look of loss in his eyes. "I don't blame you."

And then he walked away to the

edge of the cliff, and stood there for many minutes, looking off to sea.

By and by she crept up to his side and touched his hand. He turned about. Her face was pale with the pain at her heart. Her eyes were full of tears.

"We can't change it now," she said, brokenly; "but some day it will be all right. God knows."

"You believe that?" he cried, bitterly. "I don't think I do! Why should He let such things come to pass?"

"I don't know," she answered, slowly; "but He does."

"But to think of life without you!" he cried. "It will be so long, so desolate!"

"Yes; I know." And then there was another silence, during which they looked across the sea, busy with many troubled thoughts. Life held so many snarled and broken threads.

"You must go away," she said, at last; "for your sake and for mine."

"Yes; I know that," he answered. "It is better for both of us. But, if you ever want me, Margaret, send to me, and, no matter where your message finds me, I will come to you."

"I will remember," she answered.

* * * * *

The years had come and gone, and brought white threads to streak the brown hair on John Ray's temples. But it was more the sorrowful loneliness of the years that had aged him, than the number of them.

He had heard but little for a long time of the woman he loved. There was but little for each to hear in this life. Here they were apart; they were waiting.

He paced up and down his room in the still loneliness of the October day, thinking of many things, but most of her. It was always of her that he thought most—of her, and also of a happier day.

Suddenly a voice seemed to call him. Her voice! It sounded faint and far off, and yet distinct, as if it came floating up to him from the garden.

"John, I want you!" it said, and the pulses of his heart thrilled swiftlly at the sound of it; it was full of earnest supplication.

He looked about him wonderingly. There was no one near. The shrubs in the garden were rustling their russet leaves together crisply, and the crimson creeper's leaves were stirring in the soft wind about the window. But the sound he had heard came from none of these.

He sat down and thought about it. He was sure that he had heard her voice. Could he ever forget it? Could he ever mistake it? But whence had it come? It haunted him, and kept ringing in his ears all day—that sorrowful, longing, appealing cry:

"John, I want you!"

That night he heard it again. It was in the still time that comes at midnight. It was full of the same

longing, and held the same pathetic appeal it had before.

"Oh, John, I want you! Come to me before I die!"

He knew, then, as well as he did afterward, that the woman he loved was dying.

When the early morning train steamed eastward, it bore John Ray to the woman who had called him across a thousand miles of space, and made the yearning voice of her soul heard by the soul she called to.

The first man he met at his journey's end was Colonel Daniels.

"Margaret?" he said, simply, but the other understood what he meant.

The man who had loved her and lost her, asserted his rights, in this hour, over the man whom she had never loved, and the other recognized them, and stood aside deferentially.

"She is dying," he answered, solemnly. "She has been looking for you. It seems as if she were only waiting for your coming, to die."

She was lying with her eyes closed when John came into the room. But she felt his presence, and put her hand out toward him before she looked that way, with her face full of ineffable peace.

"Margaret! Margaret!" he cried, and knelt down at her side, and held her head upon his heart while he kissed her thin, colorless cheeks. "Oh, my darling, I heard you, and have answered your call!"

And then the face he loved faded and grew dim in tears that blinded him for many minutes, while neither spoke. But, heart to heart, they understood each other.

"I wanted you to hold my hand at the last," she whispered. "I wanted to tell you that I was glad to go."

The night fell like a shadow. They heard the nightingales singing in the fields, while the pale moonlight flooded hill and meadow with silvery glory.

He sat there long and silently, with her head upon his breast—waiting. It was an hour of sweet communion. It had no need of words. Heart spoke to heart in the language words cannot express.

"Kiss me once more, John," she said by and by. "I think the end has come. I see the gates"—

There was a flutter of her breath, one last, loving look, and then—*death.*

A. H.

ODDS AND ENDS OF HISTORY.

[EXTRACTS.]

A history of the State, political or denominational, cannot be written in any specified period of time, nor can it be writen by any single individual. It must be done by concert of effort.

Every locality, every old library, musty old records of every character must be ransacked, and the results brought together and carefully and philosophically classified. Church records, and school records and family records have drifted away from the sections where they properly belong.

Recently the writer found in a bundle of old papers, in Davie County, some original *grants* for land and some family records in Camden County. Frequently persons finding such old papers and records, conclude they are of no value and destroy them.

We do not need any speculation in history. We have had enough bookmakers. We want a rigidly correct exhaustive history of men and times and events that have passed into eternity with the current of time.

"A wonderful stream is the river of time,
As it runs through the realm of tears,
And broader it sweeps and surges sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years."

As the vigorous throngs of humanity drift along with the current, who will cast anchor and drop behind to gather up the records of men and events that once agitated and controlled the world, and from them gather the lessons of morality and philosophy that men should know? He who would rehearse the scenes of former years and rescue them from oblivion, must be content to spend time and energy in silent, secluded research. The young and vigorous are more concerned about making history, and regard the archæologist as a kind of fossilated crank with a sneaking fondness for unresurrected mummies.

Those bending with the weight of years are rather looking forward to the triumphs of a revelation that is to be.

* * *

There are many remnants of an interesting history, which, from neglect, is now almost gone forever. Deeds of moral chivalry and heroism have been forgotten, and their influence lost to our race. Accounts of villainy and crime find their way into history, and perpetuate themselves in a nation's annals.

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow.
He that would search for pearls, must dive below."

Sad, indeed, must be the state of that man's heart who can gain no inspiration or encouragement from a recital of the sufferings and toils and

triumphs of those consecrated Christian pioneers who paved the way for the glorious gospel privileges which we enjoy. They display to us the power of God's grace in transforming the savage desperado into the beautiful life and character of a Christian. They accumulate as a great cloud of witnesses to hover around and persuade men to a better life. Shall the influence of those men and times be lost, and their names forgotten?

"O, there are voices of the Past,
Links of a broken chain,
Wings that can bear us back to times
Which cannot come again;
Yet, God forbid that we should lose
The echoes that remain."

The sources from which these odds and ends of church history may be collected are meagre, and are fast passing out of existence. Nearly all records have been destroyed and the facts forgotten.

We are reminded of the old darkey's rendering of the first chapter of Matthew—

"And Abraham he *forgot* Isaac, and Isaac he forgot Jacob, and Jacob he forgot a lot mo'. 'Pears like nobody remembered nobody."

* * *

When the civil officers of colonial times had gone to every extreme of oppression, it was in the vicinity of the old Sandy Creek Baptist Church and Association that the people banded themselves to resist the heartless officials.

The Regulators had honestly tried to be faithful to their king and his representatives. But what brute or reptile would not bite or sting the merciless hand by which it was continually oppressed and tortured?

Could intelligent men submit to every species of outrage upon themselves and their families without striking a blow in self-defence? O, what a picture was there! The well-armed and well-officered forces were led by the cruel Tryon on one side. On the other, were men enduring all the privations of a frontier life; their rights and privileges disregarded; their respectful petitions for redress of grievances torn up in derision; their wives and daughters grossly insulted and maltreated by fiendish minions in office.

There is something pathetic in the story of Alamance. The Regulators were butchered and driven from the field, but this unhappy contest was only the beginning of the mighty upheaval that was soon to follow.

"The struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

To-day the people are loud in their acclamations of praise for the patriots of Mecklenburg, and well they deserve it. But had the Baptists on the field of Alamance succeeded, there would have been garlands of praise showered upon the patriots who first dared to face the British lion in the

cause of Liberty. Time will yet be kind enough to withdraw the veil and let those faithful heroes stand forth in their merited honor. The spirit of Alamance cannot be smothered in dust and doubt forever.

Those men were overpowered, but not subdued; for, of the 606 members of Sandy Creek Church, although in a newly settled country, all but fourteen left and moved to the wilds of Tennessee.

Governor Tryon unwittingly gave evidence in their favor when he wrote that it was an "insurrection of Baptists and Quakers."

There were many Presbyterians and others, who deserve chaplets to their memory, in the ranks of the men of Alamance; but they were mainly Baptists.

* * *

We have a history, and we cannot expect it to be fairly written by those not in sympathy with us. * * * Could those Christian patriots who blazed the way into the deeply wooded forests of Carolina, and planted the "Olive Branch" of Peace and good will to men—could they have seen through the dim years the great results of their sacrifices of love, how their full hearts would have swelled in triumphs of praise for the fruit of their labors which we enjoy.

It is said that in building the temple of an eastern city the walls were laid with mortar saturated with musk. Hundred of years have passed away, and still the odor of musk can be detected in the chambers of the temple.

Our moral edifice may be raised in weakness, but if the cement be tempered with heavenly grace, it shall never cease to breathe forth the sweet incense of peace and good will to men.

J. T. A.

EDITORIAL.

WHAT NEXT?

To-night I sat in the campus, my heart still throbbing with noble emotions awakened by the graduating sermon. The atmosphere was cool and pleasant, the moon shone through rifting skirts of hazy clouds, here and there bright stars peeped forth as from behind their silvery curtains. Nor was the occasion without its music. The cheerful note of the cricket in the grass near by, the mellow note of the whippoorwill, the sonorous voice of the frog in the neighboring creek, these, together with the many notes of smaller insects, made complete the orchestra of Nature. Nor was this all. The melodious notes of the First Regiment Band, as it rendered the "Old North State," came to me borne on the zephyrs of evening, and made the tenderest chords of the soul to vibrate with patriotic emotion. In the midst of such surroundings, as the last note of music died on the air, I sat lost in reverie.

On the morrow we will quit the walls of our foster-mother, under whose tender care we have spent four years of tutelage. The past is secure, its memories we will not now recall. Nor will we stop to utter the parting words to old associations, since that task devolves upon another. Our thoughts now turn to the land of the future, whither we journey. We would fain draw aside the curtain of Time which veils that mystic land from our view, that we might catch one glimpse of our heritage. Ere we push our little barges from the moorings of college life, out upon the swiftly flowing river of Time, we would, were it possible, consult the oracles of the gods, in order to learn of the journeying breezes, the tempestuous winds, the angry waves, the shallow shoals, the rock-bound coasts. But of these things we cannot know. They are hid from mortal view.

But concerning some things we need not to consult those endowed with prophetic art, since we know them ourselves. Our lives are not governed by blind chance and uncertain destiny, but they are to be largely what we make them. Would we be scholars, deep and profound? Then we must pay the student's price. Would we be successful in any career? Then we must merit success. Great things are in store only for those who bravely toil and patiently wait.

Revelation and experience alike join in the testimony that if we would have success, we must win it. Only with toil, devotion, strength and reso-

lution as our capital, and these freely spent, need we hope to make life worth living. In the beautiful sentiment so nicely expressed by Hon. Octavius Cohen, "Let us look to the hallowed past for our memories, but to the active future for our prosperity."

E. S. REAVES.

HARRISON AND REID.

The recent nomination of Ben. Harrison and Whitelaw Reid, the New York journalist, to head the national Republican ticket, was a disappointment to the masses, and especially to the people of the South. James G. Blaine was the choice of the people, but four years in the White House had given the President the control of the Republican machine, and hence it was not difficult for him to obtain the nomination, despite the efforts of Mr. Blaine's friends. While Mr. Harrison's administration is not openly antagonistic to the interest of the Southern people, it has not been in the least conciliatory. In the formation of his Cabinet, not a single Southern statesman was recognized, and in almost all of his appointments in the South Negroes have taken precedence over white men.

Mr. Reid's views as a journalist are well known to the people generally. I need but make passing comment here. In all his career he has never uttered one word of friendship for the South or its people. His paper—the *New York Tribune*—has always been the South's bitter enemy. It belongs to the partisan press of the North, which can never see anything good in the Southern people. They are a class of people that belong to a different race entirely, so far as the *Tribune* is able to see. In its progress and prosperity this paper cannot rejoice; but whenever the least blunder is committed it never fails to ply the most caustic criticism.

And so these are the two men who are to rule the destinies of the South and the Southern people for the next four years. In all probability they will be elected. The next step then will be the resurrection and passage of the Force Bill, which can have no other effect than to perpetuate Negro supremacy in the South.

W. B. DANIEL.

A PARTING WORD.

And now the Editors of '91–'92 write the last line in their volume, and hand over their pens to their successors. On severing our connection with THE STUDENT as its editors, we will say a few words as to what we have attempted to do.

In the matter of contributions, we have tried to obtain the greater number from the students. A college magazine should be designed, first of all, to cultivate literary taste among them, and they should feel free to write for it. The standard of the

contributions received from them this year has been very high—not a prose article has been rejected, and only two or three poetical efforts have been returned to the writers. One source of regret, however, in connection with the contributions, is the small number that have been received. We believe that everyone, from his sophomore year until his graduation, should furnish at least one article a year for his college magazine. Although all these articles could not be published, every writer would have his literary instincts quickened, his inventive powers improved, his ability clearly and forcibly to express his views in writing increased. Not more than one article per month from Alumni, or from others not connected with the institution, should be sought.

It has been thought best to continue the editorials and departments as we found them. In an editorial any phase of any subject can be treated with propriety. Our departments have been found well adapted to the ends for which our predecessors designed them, and have been almost universally commended by our exchanges. Only one adverse criticism has been noticed, and that one regarded the Portfolio. It was objected that political matters should not be discussed in a college magazine; that the daily papers give us enough matter of that kind. But the criticism, it seems to us, was hastily made; very many magazines and reviews, whose end is much higher than that of the college magazines, are made up wholly of such matter, and are eagerly read by intelligent readers everywhere long after the dailies have had their say. Besides, the college student should not be shackled in the expression of his opinions; he should cultivate the habit of reaching independent conclusions on matters of all kinds, religious, social and political. That his views frequently coincide with the "common sense of most," is no reason for repressing them.

The Alumni department has been made as full as possible. In connection with this, on invitation of the editors of last year, Dr. Pritchard furnished a history of his class. This article was widely read and copied. We believe that the histories of other classes of the first years of the college would prove to be of much interest, and we hope to see more of them in the future. This department should be as attractive as possible, for a college magazine must depend, in a great measure, for its support abroad on the graduates of the institution it represents.

During the year the Literary Societies have decided to take one copy of THE STUDENT for each of their members, and it is hoped that this will go far towards putting our magazine on a firm financial basis. It was hoped that the Trustees of the College would co-operate with the students in

their endeavors, and it gives us pleasure to state that some individual members have, but as a body, we regret to say they did not grant us any support.

Fellow students, members of the Euzelian and Philomathesian Societies, THE STUDENT is yours! Yours to make, yours to love, yours to maintain. Write for it, work for it, exert your endeavors to maintain and raise its literary tone; give your time to prepare contributions for its columns; take advantage of every favorable opportunity to increase its subscription list; make it the very best college magazine in the world. You can do it. We commit it to you as we would the idol of our hearts; we have loved it and love it still, and will love it forever. We received it feeling unworthy of its duties, we give it up with sorrow and regret. Yet we will not give it up entirely; we expect it to be our champion for life; every month we expect it to come to tell us what is transpiring in connection with our dear old *Alma Mater*. Every month we expect it to give us evidence that the students of Wake Forest College are forming beautiful nuggets of golden literature from the crude ores of the mines of truth.

G. W. PASCHAL.

EDITOR'S PORTFOLIO.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

WHATEVER may be the diversity of opinion as to Colonel Polk's work in the last four years, everyone recognizes the fact that in him our State loses one of her most distinguished citizens. No other North Carolinian has been so well known abroad. His name and his ends were known in two continents; the progress of his theories has caused a tremor of anxiety to run through the busy marts of Liverpool, and cheered the heart of the oppressed Southern farmer with the hope of something better. Whether these theories were wise, we will not attempt to say—they were revolutionary, and therefore difficult to be judged without prejudice on the one hand and blind enthusiasm on the other—but the rapidity with which they spread over the country shows that the farmer is not prosperous, and is seeking some means of remedying his condition. We believe, however, that Colonel Polk was wedded heart and soul to his plans; before the Alliance was heard of, he was laboring for the elevation

of the farming and laboring classes, and we can but admire the zeal and energy he displayed in his labors for them. Nor have his labors been without their good fruits; evil fruits they may have which have not yet appeared, but a united country of farmers, studying means for their material improvement, and schooling themselves in politics and government, are to be placed on the side of the good. "By their fruits ye shall know them." Colonel Polk's plans have not yet ripened into maturity; when they shall ripen, then the world will judge him; if they mature happily, the world will remember him; if they mature badly, the world will forget him. We are too near him to call him great, but we can call him distinguished. Our State, at least, is proud that he was her son.

* * *

THE COURSE which our Senators and Representatives have in recent years followed at the national capital has become a disgrace to the nation. Those who are entrusted with the interests of the country spend the greater part of their time at home practicing their profession, or, what is equally as bad, leave their seats to watch cock-fights, horse-races and games of base-ball. Not infrequently amusements of a more vicious nature are sought. While a few, more honest, go to their seats in the morning and strive in vain for a quorum, the majority seem too busily engaged in betting on the result of a horse-race or base-ball game to give thought to the great matters which should claim a statesman's attention. They go to their seats only at the behest of the lobbyist, or under the lash of the party whip to vote as they are directed. Hence it is that we have the McKinley tariff; hence it is that the last Congress was called "The Billion Dollar Congress," and this one bids fair to gain a like appellation by its ruthless expenditure of the people's money. Such men as Randolph, Calhoun, Webster and Clay have grown scarce in our Congress halls; in their places sit the puppets of corporations and monopolies, moving only when these enemies of republicanism pull more heavily on the chain of lucre which controls them. What wonder that we hear rumors of socialism, what wonder that we hear of third parties with visionary schemes of reform. Affairs are becoming corrupt at the nation's heart; but there shall be a day of reckoning, and woe to the party or to the man that shall continue in this evil way.

* * *

IF WE should judge by the demonstrations of the Catholics over the counterfeited relic, the hand of Anna the mother of Mary the mother of Jesus, it would seem that the superstitions of the Middle Ages have not all been dispelled even in this land of religious enlightenment. We fail to

see in what respect the homage paid to these bones which no more surely belong to the grandmother of Jesus than they did to Rahab the harlot, differs from the Chinaman's worship of his idols. Doubtless the majority even of the Catholics in this country do not believe that this pretended relic should be regarded with reverence, or that it possesses miraculous power. The presence of a large foreign element in New York rendered its reception there favorable, but it found no home with us. Canada has it, and when she tires of it, may she send it toward the pole.

* * *

IN HIS Alumni Address, Professor Carlyle said that young men should give much attention to politics, and study deeply political science. This seems to us to be right. Too frequently we see and hear young men enjoined to steer clear of politics as they would of a maelstrom where their lives and characters may be hopelessly wrecked; the pulpit and secular press are too ready to denounce politics as "dirty." Although there may be peculiar temptations in the political world, yet it is not only right, but it is the imperative duty of young men to give their attention to matters that pertain to their country's welfare; the need of our nation to-day is young men of worth and character, whom neither love of gold, nor ambition for a great name can turn aside from the path of right young men, like Randolph and Calhoun, not to be corrupted. The old cry, "Keep out of politics," has been already preached too long; there must be a change, or the country must be surrendered altogether to the corrupt and self-aspiring.

ALUMNI NOTES.

E. S. REAVES, Editor.

—'68. J. B. Brewer is President of the Chowan Baptist Female Seminary, located at Murfreesboro. Under his wise supervision this Seminary has become one of the most efficient and best equipped institutions of its kind in North Carolin.. It is worthy of a liberal share of patronage from our people.

—'69. W. H. Pace, Esq., of Raleigh, N. C., by his intellectual ability, perseverance and attention to duty, has built up a large law practice. He is also a member of the Board of Trustees of Wake Forest College, and in the deliberations of that body his wisdom and good judgment are duly recognized.

—'75. John E. Ray is President of the Deaf and Dumb Institute of Colorado, and is located at Colorado Springs. In the far-away State of his adoption, he is endeavoring to make smooth the pathway of life for the unfortunate. We were glad to note his success, and see him on a visit to his native State and to his *Alma Mater* during the recent Commencement.

—'78. J. C. Caddell, of Wake Forest, is traveling agent for the *Biblical Recorder*. He is an excellent writer, and his bright, newsy articles add no little to the attractiveness of that paper.

—'78. Rev. J. Rufus Ford is pastor at New Berne. Brother Ford is comparatively a new man in this State, but already, by his ability as a preacher, and his general worth as a man, he has made his influence felt for good. He is also corresponding editor of the *North Carolina Baptist*, and has been contributing quite an able and interesting series of articles to that paper.

—'78. Walter E. Daniel is one of the most prominent and influential lawyers of the Weldon bar. He is yet a young man comparatively, and has a bright future before him.

—'80. J. T. Alderman, who has made an enviable reputation as a teacher, has been elected Superintendent of the Reidsville Graded School. The Reidsville people are fortunate in securing the services of such an able educator.

—'85. Cards are out to the marriage of Mr. W. W. Holding, an enterprising young merchant of Wake Forest, to Miss Columbia Fowler, also of Wake Forest, on June 22d, 1892. THE STUDENT extends congratulations and best wishes to this happy young couple for a long life of unalloyed joy and usefulness. Who next of the Hill will assume the marriage vows?

—'87. D. O. McCullers, of Clayton, is proprietor of one of the largest dry goods houses of his town. He receives a liberal share of the patronage.

—'90. For two years Josiah Crudup has held a professorship in the High Point Female College. He was an excellent student, and we are not surprised to know that he has made an efficient teacher.

—'90. Wake Forest College has many sons, but only one daughter, Miss Eva Belle Simmons. The Co-operative Publishing Company, of Columbus, Ohio, has recently issued a most charming book of poetry, "Flowers by the Wayside," of which she is author of two excellent poems, "The Lesson of the Stars" and "Memories." Miss Simmons is principal of the Wake Forest Academy, and as a teacher, has achieved marked success.

—'91. R. G. Kendrick, who has been in charge of an academy at

Simpsonville, S. C., has been elected to the chair of Latin and Greek in Elon College. He takes the place which for two years has been so ably and satisfactorily filled by Prof. J. O. Atkinson ('90), who will go to Harvard next fall in order to equip himself more thoroughly for his life's work. We take off our hat to the new professor, and extend our best wishes.

—'92. O. H. Dockery, Jr., took steamer at New York a few days after graduation, for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, where his father, O. H. Dockery, Sr., is located as Consul General from the United States. We wish our classmate a safe voyage and a pleasant and profitable stay abroad. The readers of THE STUDENT will be pleased to hear from him through these columns.

—'92. E. V. Howell accepts work in King's drug store, Raleigh, and begins immediately. Vernon received his license last spring as a druggist, and will, we are sure, be successful.

—'92. Rev. M. A. Adams returned to his pastorate at Jonesboro, Tenn., where for several months he has been employed. So far as we are informed, not one of the others of the class of '92 are as yet guilty of anything worthy of mention in these columns.

—Among the rising young physicians of the State the name of Dr. N. H. Street should receive honorable mention. In addition to his large and growing practice, he was not long since elected City Physician of New Berne.

—James W. Biddle is the efficient Register of Deeds for Craven County.

—Hon. C. C. Clark, of New Berne, holds a prominent position among the lawyers of North Carolina. Already he has held some of the first places in the gift of the State, and has ever discharged the public duties entrusted to his care with credit to himself and his constituents. He is now a director of of the Penitentiary.

—Rev. Oscar Haywood ('85) is pastor of the Baptist church at Morristown, Tenn. By his ability as a preacher, and his fidelity as a man, he has won the entire confidence of the people among whom he labors. He is editor of the *Pulpit and Pen.* We are told that this paper has no subscribers nor subscription price, but many readers, who pay what they think it is worth. If by this arrangement the paper pays expenses, we know of no higher compliment to its editor than the simple statement of this fact.

IN AND ABOUT COLLEGE.

W. B. DANIEL, Editor.

=Gone.

=Commencement.

=And the Class of '92.

=A few boys are still lingering on the hill.

=Prof. Ed. Earley, Class of '90, Aulander, N. C., is on the Hill.

=Mr. R. P. Dickson, of Cool Creek, Tennessee, is on the Hill visiting his mother.

=Some members of the graduating class leave their *Alma Mater* with many regrets and much reluctance.

=Ten years hence, it is the purpose of the Class of '92 to have a grand reunion at their beloved *Alma Mater*. Each member of the class will please note this, and arrange his affairs accordingly.

=The familiar forms of friends and schoolmates are no longer seen on the campus, but instead a bevy of girls takes possession every evening, and their merry voices are heard till late in the night.

=The Board of Trustees, at their last meeting, elected Mr. A. R. Foushee, of Roxboro, and Prof. W. J. Ferrell, Principal of Wakefield Academy, to fill the vacancies in the Board caused by the death of Messrs. G. W. Thompson and S. S. Lea.

=Prof. George C. Thompson, of Keatchie College, Louisiana, is visiting friends and relatives in Wake Forest.

=The Faculty has elected Mr. J. C. Kittrell Superintendent of the Reading-room, and Mr. S. McIntyre, Librarian, for the ensuing session.

=Mr. O. H. Dockery, while on his way home in Brazil, where his father is consul, had the misfortune to lose his trunk in the conflagration which consumed the old Bay Line wharf in Baltimore.

=The following Wake Forest boys obtained scholarships in Johns Hopkins University at the past Commencement: E. V. Howell, W. A. Montgomery, B. S. Mitchell, J. H. Pridgen and E. E. Bynum.

=Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. W. W. Holding to Miss Columbia Fowler, both of Wake Forest, on the 22d of June. The marriage will take place in the morning at 9 o'clock in the College chapel, and the happy couple will leave for Morehead City, where they expect to spend a portion of the summer.

=Miss Lollie Lewis, of Goldsboro; Miss Mary Yancey, Raleigh; Miss Lillian Irene Daniel, Weldon; Miss Lena Allen, Falls; Miss Poe, South

Carolina; Miss Hobgood, Oxford, N. C.; Misses Julia and Bruce Brewer, Murfreesboro; Miss Annie Shields, Chatham, Va.; Miss Fannie Eleanor Wray, Knoxville, Tenn.; Miss Sallie Street, Roxboro; and Miss Zua Pace, Neuse, remained on the Hill for a few days after Commencement.

=The following announcement by President Taylor will explain itself: "A General Catalogue of Wake Forest College, from 1834 to 1892, is now in the printer's hands, and will be ready for distribution at an early day. It will contain the names of all the Trustees of the College and their officers; of all the professors and other instructors; of all the graduates in annual classes, and of all the students who have ever matriculated at Wake Forest, their societies, counties, towns, occupations, degrees, removals and present addresses, so far as it has been possible to obtain information. A limited edition will be published. Copies will be mailed, postpaid, to any address on receipt of *thirty cents.* This will barely cover the cost of publication and postage. Two-cent stamps will be accepted."

LAUNCHING OF THE "LOLLIE L."

On the morning of Monday, June 13, 1892, occurred the christening and launching of the boat of the first boat club ever organized at Wake Forest College. The occasion was one of great enjoyment, a party of over fifty going out on the morning train from Wake Forest to the Neuse bridge, about six miles distant. A number of these were young ladies, several being from a distance, among whom we noted Miss Lollie Lewis, Goldsboro, N. C.; Misses Julia and Bruce Brewer, Murfreesboro, N. C.; Miss Sophie Lanneau, Ashley, N. C.; Miss Lillian Irene Daniel, Weldon; Miss Annie Shields, Chatham, Va.; Miss Mary Yancey, Raleigh; Miss Fannie Wray, Knoxville, Tenn.; Miss Sallie Street, Roxboro; Miss Carrie Hobgood, Oxford.

Several members of the Faculty were on the grounds also, with their wives, while nearly all of the Hill beauty graced the occasion with its presence.

The boat club is composed of seven students of Wake Forest College, as follows: W. W. Vass, Jr., Raleigh; C. D. Graves, Selma; J. C. Kittrell, Kittrell; J. S. Hall, Raleigh; C. W. Pridgen, Kinston; T. H. Crudup, Kittrell, and E. R. Tull, Kinston.

The boat, the "*Lollie L,*" is a beauty. It is twenty-four feet in length, with two side wheels and covered deck. It is painted old gold, with black trimmings, Wake Forest colors. In it the crew expect to go down Neuse river to Morehead City, which place they expect to reach about June 22. They have tents, cook, guns, provisions, and everything to insure a good time, and, as they are jolly good fellows, no fear need be had on this score.

The boat was launched without trouble, after which, the crew on deck, they proceeded to the exercises of christening. Prof. E. W. Sikes, of the Department of Physical Culture at Wake Forest, spoke eloquent words of good will and good-bye, which were shortly responded to by Mr. Junius W. Millard, of Goldsboro, of the late graduating class, on the part of the crew. The two speakers then led forward the belle of the occasion, Miss Lollie Lewis, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Gen. W. G. Lewis, of Goldsboro. This young lady, whose name the boat bears, then christened it, breaking over the bow a champagne bottle filled with wine collected from the different homes of Wake Forest village. Amid deafening cheers the boat moved off, with Messrs. Crudup and Tull at the wheel and Mr. Pridgen at the rudder. All at once, the beautifully cultivated voice of Miss Lillian Daniel led off in the words of a boating song, all present taking up the chorus, which swelled and rolled out upon the still waters of the old Neuse. The crew answered with the Wake Forest yell, and, after giving three cheers for the "*Lollie L*," and for its gallant crew, the visitors came away to wait for the train back to Wake Forest.

The weather was beautiful, and the occasion was truly enjoyed by all present.—*J. W. M., Cor. of News and Observer.*

WAKE FOREST COMMENCEMENT.

We take the liberty to clip the following excellent report of the Commencement exercises which was furnished the *Biblical Recorder* by Mr. J. C. Caddell, its traveling correspondent:

There was a larger number of visitors to enjoy the Class Day exercises than have ever been present at this stage of Commencement before.

Mr. O. H. Dockery, the chosen orator for the class, made a fine impression on his audience, both as regards the matter his speech contained as well as the admirable manner in which the speech was presented. Mr. Dockery's style is clear, argumentative and carries with it a force that might be considered rare for one so young.

W. A. Garland, the poet of the class, read an original poem, which was listened to with interest by the audience.

Mr. J. E. Spence disclosed the history of the Class of '92 in a way which was interesting, and very characteristic of students at college.

Mr. Hardisty, whom the class chose to prophesy as to the future career of its members, went about his work in somewhat of a unique way, but which was highly entertaining to all present. The young, beardless graduate placed himself thirty years into the future, and then found himself surrounded by a condition of things almost as startling as that in Bellamy's "Look-

ing Backward." In the place of the buildings we now have at Wake Forest, the prophetic acumen of the speaker saw great granite buildings, with electric lights and all other modern improvements, and in his address, made in the twentieth century, he congratulated his audience on the good fortune which had come to so many of his old classmates of '92, placing them in the highest places in Church and in State. The speech was well received, and showed real genius on the part of the speaker.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Dr. Ramsay, of Georgia, who was to have delivered the Alumni Address, failing to come, the address was delivered by Prof. J. B. Carlyle, Professor of Latin in Wake Forest College. After being introduced in a spirited speech by Dr. J. B. Powers, President of the Alumni Association, the speaker announced as his subject: "The Mission of the College Man in North Carolina." The speaker declared that our State, in point of education, was far behind many of her sister States; that a large number of her citizens who, by their votes, were to decide the honor and prosperity the State should enjoy, could not so much as read the ballots they cast on election day, and in view of this condition of things the college graduate ought to lead in the matter of perfecting as well as dignifying a first-class common school system.

The speaker dwelt with special emphasis upon the duty of educated men to lay hold upon the public economic questions, and discuss them for the good of the public, from a scientific as well as a patrotic standpoint. That, too, it devolved upon our educated men to preserve for posterity the historic records of our State. We have the records of men whose lives have done honor to the State and to the world, and in many cases their labor and sacrifices are to pass away forever, unless preserved by men who are being educated.

The speaker dwelt with enthusiasm upon the duty of our North Carolina college men to spend their lives in their own State—for there is none better—rather than go to the wild West, or in the already crowded and stagnated cities.

The speech was good from beginning to end, and the unstinted applause and hearty congratulations to the speaker left no suggestion that anybody felt any regrets at the failure of the speaker who was elected to perform this duty to be present.

At the close of the address a session of the Alumni was held in Memorial Hall. After completing the routine work of the Association, there was an interesting discussion by a number of gentlemen, looking to the closer organization and more effective work of the Alumni of the College.

On motion of Rev. W. R. Gwaltney, a banquet will be served in the dining-

halls of the Yarborough House in Raleigh at the annual meeting of the Baptist State Convention in Raleigh next December.

Mr. W. E. Daniel, of the Class of '78, was elected to deliver the Alumni Address before the Association next June. If, however, he should fail to put in his appearance (which has come to be so frequent with men who accept these duties), the occasion will be saved by the alternate, Mr. W. W. Kitchin, of Roxboro, N. C.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

This is a typical Commencement Day. A light rain last night has done away with dust and the air is fresh, and all things seem to be aiding to give visitors and students a pleasant time.

News came yesterday that sickness had prevented Congressman Bailey being here, as previously announced, to deliver the oration before the Literary Societies. Dr. Taylor, after announcing that the audience would be led in prayer by Dr. J. D. Hufham, stated that what had happened might look like a disappointment, yet he had the satisfaction of stating that we had six Alumni of the College who had kindly consented to speak ten minutes each on topics which had been assigned them.

The first speaker, Hon. John C. Scarborough, told of the needs of our common schools. The speaker said we had a great State, with a million and a half population, and sixty-five per cent. of these are white people. The towns and cities are, to a great extent, provided with public schools, but those who live in the country have not, in many sections, been provided with any schools. The average school term in the State is less than twelve weeks out of the fifty-two. This subject of public education is specially important to the Baptist and Methodist denominations, as they are composed largely of people who live in the country. Mr. Scarborough made an earnest appeal to the colleges in the State to show greater earnestness in behalf of common school education.

Hon. C. M. Cook was the next on the programme. Subject: "How to Supply the Needs of Our Schools." The speaker said, to find the *how* was the puzzling point in nearly all discussions. Plenty of people can point out difficulties, but to find the remedy is another question. Our schools are supplied in one particular, and only one. We have the children by a good large majority, and nearly everything else is to be supplied. We need good County Superintendents. This will secure good teachers, and this will mean better schools. Continuing, the speaker said the best interests of the common schools was, after all, vested in the good women of the State. Men were not willing to sacrifice for the education of their boys, but mothers were always ready to make any sacri-

fice for the sake of sending their children to school. Captain Cook's speeches are always strong, practical and original, and his remarks on this occasion were roundly applauded by the audience.

The subject, "More and Better Academies," was assigned to Dr. J. D. Hufham. The subject could not have been better placed. Dr. Hufham has for years led in this particular phase of education. The speaker alluded with much feeling to the condition of the University just after the war; also to Wake Forest College. He had felt for years that we needed the academies to come between the common schools and the colleges and University; that the best endowment our colleges can have are well-manned academies, which shall serve as feeders for their support.

Dr. T. H. Pritchard made an eloquent appeal for the higher education of the girls. He believed we had made a mistake in not providing better for the education of our girls. If any had to be deprived of an education, it ought to be the boys, and not the girls. The speaker declared, in a most emphatic manner, that our Baptist people were making a great mistake in not at once establishing a seminary of high grade in Raleigh for the education of girls.

"Our College, Its Work and Its Needs," was responded to by Mr. E. E. Hilliard, of Scotland Neck, and Hon. G. W. Sanderlin. Mr. Hilliard fully sustained his growing reputation as an orator. He emphasized forcibly and with fine effect the necessity of individual effort on the part of the College representatives, and that the aggregation of these individual efforts must constitute the highest success of the College.

A North Carolina audience always hails with real pride the appearance on the rostrum of Dr. Sanderlin. He had spoken in eighty-five counties in North Carolina, and that from Wake Forest College had gone out streams which were educating and uplifting humanity in every section of the State. Wake Forest needs no other President than the one she now has. The Baptists in the State are ready to follow him whithersoever he goes. Wake Forest needs no better boys, but only more of them. These will be supplied as the interest in our common schools shall increase and our academies be built up.

Amid deafening applause, the exercises of the morning were closed.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

At 8 o'clock a large audience assembled in Memorial Hall to listen to the baccalaureate sermon by Rev. C. H. Jones, of Knoxville, Tenn. He is the youngest man who ever preached here on an occasion of this sort. Taking his youthful, student-like appearance, it would seem that this might have been his own graduating day. After singing, and prayer

by Rev. Dr. Carter, he took as his text, I Samuel xvii: 39, 40. The members of the graduating class, as well as the readers of the *Recorder*, will appreciate the following reference to the sermon by Dr. Wm. Royall, made by request of the writer:

Taking David and his sling as the occasion of his remarks, he made "Consecrated Individuality" his subject, and by an ingenious chain of analogies deduced lessons of moment for the benefit of young men. The call for a "man" was emphasized—a man, not a class or mass of men—a man to meet a giant—a man endowed by God and specially equipped for the specific work in hand.

In terse and beautiful language he painted the scene and the coming conflict, the man's strength in his seeming weakness, the ground of his confidence in its apparent groundlessness, and the impulse which drove him to the contest.

In David's individual case the pebble and the sling were more potent than Saul's armor. Each is strongest on that good point which distinguishes him from his fellows. One's strength may be another's weakness.

When the oil from the horn held by some Samuel has flowed down into the soul, and the Spirit of the Lord comes with it, then follows intensified individuality—a dauntless preparedness for any work, toil, suffering which needs be met in championship of a great truth and a great cause.

"This one thing" enlists all the powers, sympathies, prayers of him in whose bones the fire burns. Concentration of forces, specialization, the gathering up to a focus of all energies and potencies for some high and noble venture—these are God-appointed harbingers of a brighter day for a languishing cause or a downtrodden principle of right.

Moral intensity in the law, in medicine, in the pulpit, in citizenship, in every good cause, God demands, all times call for.

Upon the educated young men of to-day rests a responsibility augmented by the conditions of a complex civilization of which preceding ages had no conception—a civilization involving problems the solution of which must devolve, under God, upon the men who can, by virtue of education, analyze and measure them.

But no sketch can do justice to either the argument or the style of this magnificent address.

There was a logical coherence and consecutiveness, a faultlessness and finish in diction, a felicity in word-painting, and a grace and manliness in delivery which seldom meet in such admirable and equisite proportions.

THURSDAY MORNING.

This is Commencement day. Everything conspired to make this one of the most pleasant and cheering occasions. Several prominent gentlemen occupied seats on the rostrum.

After giving, at the entrance of the hall, the "college yell," the largest class which has graduated in the State since the war, filed up the main aisle and took their places on the rostrum amid great enthusiasm from the audience. Dr. Taylor presented Rev. J. B. Richardson, of High Point, who led the audience in prayer, in which he gave most devout thanks for the prosperity of the College, and invoked a continuance of these blessings for yet greater and wider usefulness for the College.

At this juncture Dr. R. H. Marsh read some extracts from the report of President Taylor, stating that the session just closed had been the best the College had ever had. Two hundred and thirty-three students had been in attendance during the year; the work of the students had been exceptionally well done; there had not been a single case of serious discipline during the entire year; that the parents of no student had been advised to discontinue their son for failure to make proper use of his time at college.

At the close of Dr. Marsh's remarks, which elicited the most hearty applause, the following program was gone through with in a manner which reflected the highest credit on the speakers and the training they had received:

Salutatory—G. W. Paschal, Chatham.

Oration—We are Drifting, Whither? C. D. Graves, Selma.

Oration—The Coming Man. James Long, Union county.

Oration—Napoleon's Greatest Marshal. O. H. Dockery, Jr., Richmond county.

Oration—A Meeting and a Farewell. J. W. Millard, Goldsboro.

Oration—A Disciple of Peace. S. P. Spence, Elizabeth City.

Valedictory—W. W. Vass, Jr., Raleigh.

Thesis—A Plea for Woman. M. A. Adams, Wilson county.

Thesis—Mutatis Mutandis. H. T Aydlett, Camden county.

Thesis—Buddha and Buddhism. E. T. Barnes, Wilson.

Thesis—Do the Stars Revolve About a Common Centre? J. G. Blalock, Granville county.

Thesis—Oxygen. W. R. Bradshaw, Burke county.

Thesis—Should the United States Annex Canada? D. A. Bridges, Grayson county, Texas.

Thesis—The Story of the Cosmos. J. C. Clifford, Davie county.

Thesis—La Nation Dispersee. R. N. Cook, Cabarrus county.

Thesis—Evolution of our Idea of Nature. J. S. Corpening, Burke county.

Thesis—Our Heritage. W. R. Cullom, Halifax county.

Thesis—Frederick the Great. W. B. Daniel, Northampton county.

Thesis—Polar Lights. D. D. Dougherty, Watauga county.

Thesis—The Memory. W. A. Garland, Macon county.

Thesis—Catholicism. J. E. Green, Cleveland county.

Thesis—The Chemistry of Character. I. Hardesty, Wake county.

Thesis—Grecian Literature, its Influence. A. P. Harris, Montgomery county.

Thesis—Ku-Klux-Klan. E. V. Howell, Caswell county.

Thesis—The Convention and Its Constitution. R. Lide, Orangeburg county, S. C.

Thesis—A Phase of Politics. R. E. Major, Bedford county, Va.

Thesis—Charlemagne. J. A. Mason, Richmond county.

Thesis—Sherman in South Carolina. J. G. Mills, Wake Forest.

Thesis—Pope Leo XIII v. King Humbert. R. L. Moore, Burke county.

Thesis—The Discovery of Neptune. O. J. Peterson, Sampson county.

Thesis—The Swamp Fox General. E. S. Reaves, Marion county, S. C.

Thesis—Three Reasons Why One Should Study Greek. E. F. Rice, Beaufort.

Thesis—The Sage of Monticello. G. A. Sowell, Lancaster county, S. C.

Thesis—The Potentiality of Woman in Literature—Her Advantages. J. T. Thomasson, Ashe county.

Thesis—Why We Have Been Misrepresented. S. C. Welsh, Haywood county.

Thesis—The Probable Future of Nations. J. A. Williams, Caswell county.

MERIT ROLL.

Absent from no duty during fall term: M. O. Carpenter, L. R. Mills, Jr., G. W. Paschal. Absent from no duty during spring term: E. J. Harrell, T. B. Lambeth, G. E. Lineberry, S. W. Oldham, R. H. Savage, F. E. Parham, C. D. Peterson. Absent from no duty during past session: W. R. Bradshaw, R. W. Haywood, J. F. Swann, H. Long.

At the conclusion of the orations, Dr. Taylor, after reading the degrees which had been conferred on the class, delivered the following baccalaureate address:

WHAT THE WORLD HAS A RIGHT TO EXPECT FROM A COLLEGE GRADUATE.

Thirty-six more college graduates! Does the world need so many? Is not the supply outgrowing the demand? The reports that come every June from a hundred colleges, and such a numerous class as this, standing where twenty years ago were only three, might, for a moment, suggest that it is an open question. But only for a moment. In this presence our judgment is easily beguiled. When, however, we go forth into the crowded activities of trade, of agriculture, of manufacture, we see things in a truer light. For the right sort of college graduate the demand is far greater than the supply. Roughly estimating, there is in North Carolina, to every thousand of population, one college graduate. For each one who has a true Master's or Bachelor's degree, there are in our State probably fifty score who have never received credentials of scholarship of equal value.

This consideration suggests a grave responsibility. Often have I addressed you as college students. To-day, for the first time, and, as a body, for the only time, do I speak to you as college graduates. And now, while you feel the joyous elation in the wearing of your new laurels, I would remind you that every honor brings also its burden, that each one of you is, in a sense, a representative man, standing as one among a multitude who have not had your opportunities, and that where much has been given much will be required.

If any of you have dreamed that life is only beauty, may you awake as you enter upon its activities and find that life is also duty. *Much will be required!* The thought is not a som-

bre, but it is a serious one. There is nothing in it to depress. There is much that should stimulate.

May I be allowed to suggest at least three things that the world has a right to require and expect in a college graduate?

First. Scholarship. This goes without saying. Yet it is worth while to emphasize it. The diplomas in your hands are guarantees of attainments which are creditable to you now. They represent many, many hours of patient toil, as you have bent over the microscope or test-tube, or untangled the puzzle of a sentence, or solved the intricacies of a problem, or stood for the first time with uncovered heads before the majesty of a moral of physical law. But if, ten years from now, you have not, by study, reading, observation, reflection and travel, made large new acquisitions, these bits of parchment will be reproaches. They will cry out for shame against you. We have sought in vain to train you, if you have not learned to set a modest estimate upon your powers and present attainments, and to form some ideal, large and true. Crudities and sophomoric affectations you doubtless have, as all your predecessors have had. And the world will, good humoredly, tolerate them, and laugh at them for a while. Then, if, when these have disappeared like thin veneering, amid the knocks of life, it does not appear after all you have the genuine, solid, accurate scholarship which the world has a right to expect in a college graduate, the procession will still move on, but you will not be in it. The Muses yield their secrets and powers only to patient wooing. The price of true scholarship you will find in the future, as you have found in the past, to be arduous and continued labor.

Second. The world will require large *common sense and practical activity* of the graduate. I do not say that the world expects it, but it longs to see it, and will surely demand it as a condition of success in any career. The days are not far gone when the college-bred man was popularly supposed to be an amateur, unfamiliar with labor and the practicalities of life. Some, even now, imagine him to be an effeminate creature to be kept under glass, handled delicately with sugar-tongs, and laid away in tissue-paper. They will hardly think this of the graduates who have played foot-ball. The truth is that part of the good in physical culture and college athletics is in their tendency to develope activity and vigor and endurance in habits of life as well as in the body. If this be true, some of you have earned the right to become heroes, and to get to your goal.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in a recent article, said: "I have inquired and searched everywhere, in all quarters for the college graduate, but find scarcely a trace of him." One trouble, with Mr. Carnegie was, I imagine, that he did not look high enough; for

the graduate, especially when willing to go in at the bottom, has a way of getting to the top. And the millionaire's sneer is, after all, a compliment. He not only looked too low, but he looked in the wrong direction. Success in life with him means the acquisition of money, and nothing but that. But the wealth of the Indies could not buy a ticket for a back seat at the panorama which is forever passing before the eye of a true scholar and thinker. The intellectual, as well as the spiritual life of a man consists not in the abundance of things that he possesses. May your ideal of a successful life be higher than that of the man who measures all things by a money standard, and regards with contempt the nectared sweets of scholarship.

Of course there is a modicum of truth in the criticism. We do need to get more thoroughly rid of the idea that only so-called professional men need be college graduates. Especially in the South is it desirable that thoroughly educated men should pursue technical courses of study and devote themselves to manufacture and the better tillage of the soil. We have had false pride enough among our young men. It has begotten sloth and extravagance. And their child is poverty. Young men, be examples, I charge you, to your generation, in the exaltation of labor and the display of common sense. The thousand people whom each of you represents have a right to expect it of you. Let witlings scoff. Let butterflies of society sneer. Your time to laugh will come later.

Third. The world has a right to look for *character* in a college graduate. Why, especially in him? you ask. Because he has come to see things—all things—in their wider relations. In whatever department he has studied he has found law. If he has done no violence to his reason, he has discerned a Law Maker. He has found himself environed with obligations. There is something anomalous, almost monstrous, in the sight of a man who has given several years to the study of nature and man and human thought, as revealed in language and philosophy, who has found himself encompassed with stupendous forces and unvarying laws, and who can yet think lightly and speak flippantly and irreverently. Deep moral earnestness is a natural result of thoughtfulness and application to study. Unless a young man has poisoned his moral and intellectual life, or put a mortgage upon himself by the formation of evil habits, his culture, especially culture in a Christian college, under Christian influences, may be expected to reveal itself, not only in his genuine scholarship and true manliness, but also in his exalted character. Young gentlemen, do not forget that each of you stands for a thousand who have not had your chance. You have no right

to be vicious or unfaithful in trust or uncharitable in judgment. Sad enough for any man to be bad. But that a college graduate, with his opportunities for moral development, and with the eyes of so many upon him, should ever make shipwreck—alas, alas! Young men, you will not, surely you will not. God help you, that you may not.

And need I remind you that in order to have character you must have convictions? On the lips of men are a thousand plausible generalities about largeness and broadness. They are lurking places for fatal fallacies. They will not help in character building. Better some definite beliefs, some well defined principles, some certain hope than a wide and trackless moor without a sign-board or a finger-post, over which to make life's journey.

Despise not the paths trodden by your fathers and mothers. You have come, through their love and sacrifice, to know more of language and science and philosophy than some of them know, but in the things that, after all, are the best and the highest, they can still be your teachers. That path is still straight and narrow. It can never be otherwise, for it is the path of virtue, and it leads to heaven. Other paths, broad and alluring, will open before you. But in them you can never satisfy the deeper hunger of your natures, as your hearts come to pant and cry, as they surely will—for you are his offspring—for the living God. In them you may have spotless reputations, but you cannot form the shapeliest characters. In them you may make real some dream of selfish ambition, but the highest aspirations you can never fulfil. For it is only as our lives connect themselves with the plans of the Eternal, that they can reach their fullest and most exalted dignity.

Successive classes, as year after year they have gone forth from these halls, have, with rare exceptions, proven themselves to be men of character, and have developed in usefulness. This hour closes the best session and crowns the largest class that the College has ever known. See to it, I charge you, as I bid you farewell—for we have a right to expect it of you as Wake Forest graduates—that each of you shall become a center of illuminating, purifying, sweetening influence, and, in order to this, strive to be men, not only of true learning and intelligent industry, but also of high, heroic, truthful, honest, stainless character.

The concert in Memorial Hall and the gatherings in the Literary Society Halls were the closing scenes of a most enjoyable and successful Commencement. J. C. C.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

G. W. PASCHAL, Editor.

Miss Jessamy Harte, the daughter of Bret Harte, will make her literary debut shortly.

General Longstreet is now engaged in writing a book titled "*A Soldier Under Two Flags*," which doubtless will be interesting, as the General himself prominently figures in it. The South will never weary of the brave deeds of its heroes.

Women as Human Beings is the very striking title of an article of Marion Harland's in the June number of the *North American Review*. It is an open question, and much argument might be produced on the negative. We are pleased to differ with her when she rebels against *woman* being written with a capital, and holds that woman ought to "move" for themselves, and that "with the world of knowledge and opportunity thrown open to her, it argues little for her ambition and less for her ability to grasp cardinal principles, that she elects to build fences about her reservation, and expend time and forces in patroling precincts nobody cares to attack." A woman's sphere is, or ought to be, peculiarly her own, and the higher the fence about her reservation and the less *human* she is the better for her and her country. Madam Terhune finally exclaims, in tones of disgust, "I am half sick of womanhood! I want to be a human being." What a pity she cannot be a man.

We advise all to read C. D. Lanier's article on Walt Whitman which appears in the June number of the *Chautauquan*.

The German scholars are preparing to write a Latin dictionary. Their object is to trace every Latin word through its historical ups and downs, including new and vulgar Latin. It will be an historical and philosophical dictionary of the Latin language worthy the place that language occupies in the literature of the world. Being a book of classical philology beyond any yet known, it will be the desideratum of linguists, and must necessarily be of material profit on account of its vast researches and results.

There are not less than five thousand volumes published annually in this country, to say nothing of England and the Continent. It is true, by far the greater number of these books will be consigned to oblivion, and it is equally true that a great number will be literary monuments to their authors, and handed down from gen-

eration to generation. Thus books, good books, books that ought to be read by everyone, exclusive of the periodicals, are so rapidly increasing in number that after awhile it will be an insuperable task to read what ought to be read, and the students of literature will verily have something to do. "In the Garden of Eden there were no books; in Heaven there will be none, but between times (and of this we speak) it is otherwise."

The present is preëminently the age of purposeful fiction. The great political, social, economic, ethical and religious problems of to-day are being most effectively presented under the veil of fiction. But few writers have the gift of so hiding the ass' ears as to render the lion's skin effective. That is the great question of modern fiction — how to so subordinate the moral of the story as to entertain the careless reader, and yet at the same time have the work so imbued with its intent as to leave the desired effect in the reader's mind. This gift Helen Gardner is said to possess in a remarkable degree, and which is admirably utilized in her new work, *Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?*

Some time ago a monthly periodical of New York made the following statement: "We will send five pounds of reading matter, prepaid, for one dollar; nothing sent but that will be found of general interest and always a rarity. In this way, good reading matter can be put in circulation. Early orders will get the best selection. Prices are net; no discount to agents; not less than five pounds sent." The *New York Sun* makes comment: "We object. Why should those who desire to fertilize their brains with this kind of reading matter be required to buy it by the wholesale or in job lots of five pounds? There may be people who, if it were sold at retail, might take a pound for twenty cents, or half a pound for a dime, or even a quarter of a pound for a nickel, and then, if they liked it, they might afterwards get a dollar's worth and carry it home in a hamper. The notion of selling intellectual matter by weight is not to be condemned with malice aforethought, but we persist in demanding that small purchasers of narrow means and craniums shall not be denied the privilege of procuring it at retail."